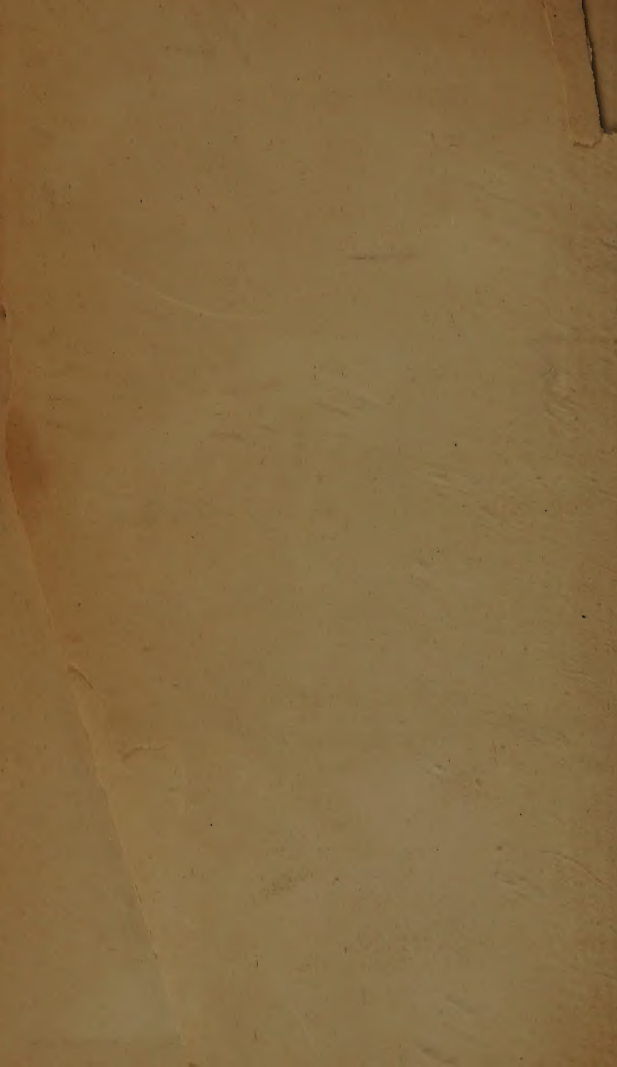








THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
J. J. ROUSSEAU,

R
2053
CITIZEN OF GENEVA.

IN TWO PARTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, THE
REVERIES OF A SOLITARY WALKER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

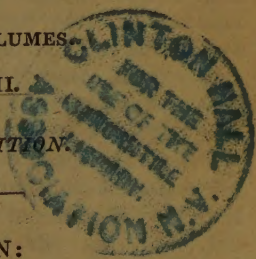
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THE
CONFESSIONS
OF
J. J. ROUSSEAU.

BOOK IX.

My impatience to inhabit the Hermitage not permitting me to wait until the return of fine weather, the moment my lodging was prepared I hastened to take possession of it, to the great amusement of the *Coterie H——chique*, which publicly predicted I should not be able to support solitude for three months, and that I should unsuccessfully return to Paris, and live there as they did. For my part, having, for fifteen years, been out of my element, and finding myself upon the eve of returning to it, I paid no attention to their pleasantries. Since, contrary to my inclinations, I have again entered the world, I have incessantly regretted my dear Charmettes, and the agreeable life I led there. I felt a natural inclination to retirement and the country; it was impossible for me to live happily elsewhere. At they

L. III.

Venice, in the train of public affairs, in the dignity of a kind of representation, in the pride of projects of advancement; at Paris, in the vortex of the great world, in the luxury of suppers, in the brilliancy of spectacles, in the rays of splendour; my groves, rivulets, and solitary walks, constantly presented themselves to my recollection, interrupted my thoughts, rendered me melancholy, and made me sigh with desire. All the labour to which I had subjected myself, every project of ambition which by fits had animated my ardour, all had for object this happy country retirement, which I now thought near at hand. Without having acquired a genteel independence, which I had judged to be the only means of accomplishing my views, I imagined myself, in my particular situation, to be able to do without it, and that I could obtain the same end by a means quite opposite. I had no regular income; but I possessed some talents, and had acquired a name. My wants were few, and I had freed myself from all those which were most expensive, and which merely depended on prejudice and opinion. Besides this, although naturally indolent, I was laborious when I chose to be so; and my idleness was less that of an indolent man, than that of an independent one who applies to business when it pleases him. My profession of a copyist of music was neither splendid nor lucrative, but it was certain. The world gave credit for the courage I had shewn in mak-

choice of it. I might depend upon having sufficient employment to enable me to live. Two thousand livres, which remained of the produce of the *Devin du Village*, and my other writings, were a sum which kept me from being streightened, and several works I had upon the stocks promised me, without extorting money from the booksellers, supplies sufficient to enable me to work at my ease without exhausting myself, even by turning to advantage the leasures of my walks. My little family, consisting of three persons, all of whom were usefully employed, was not expensive to support. Finally, from my resources, proportioned to my wants and desires, I might reasonably expect a happy and permanent existence, in that manner of life which my inclination had induced me to adopt.

I might have taken the interested side of the question, and, instead of subjecting my pen to copying, entirely devoted it to works which, from the elevation to which I had soared, and at which I found myself capable of continuing, might have enabled me to live in the midst of abundance, nay even of opulence, had I been the least disposed to join the manœuvres of an author to the care of publishing a good book. But I felt that writing for bread would soon have extinguished my genius, and destroyed my talents, which were less in my pen than in my heart, and solely proceeded from an elevated and noble manner of thinking, by which alone they could be cherished and preserved. No-

thing vigorous or great can come from a pen totally venal. Necessity, nay even avarice, perhaps, would have made me write rather rapidly than well. If the desire of success had not led me into cabals, it might have made me endeavour to publish fewer true and useful works than those which might be pleasing to the multitude; and instead of a distinguished author, which I might possibly become, I should have been nothing more than a scribbler. No: I have always felt that the profession of letters was illustrious in proportion as it was less a trade. It is too difficult to think nobly when we think for a livelihood. To be able, to dare even to speak great truths, an author must be independent of success. I gave my books to the public with a certainty of having written for the general good of mankind, without giving myself the least concern about what was to follow. If the work was thrown aside, so much the worse, for such as did not choose to profit by it. Their approbation was not necessary to enable me to live, my profession was sufficient to maintain me, had not my works had a sale, for which reason alone they all sold.

It was on the ninth of August, 1756, that I left cities, never to reside in them again; for I do not call a residence the few days I afterwards remained in Paris, London, or other cities, always on the wing, or contrary to my inclinations. Madame D'——y came and took us all three in her coach; her farmer carted away my little baggage, and I was put into

possession the same day. I found my little retreat simply furnished, but neatly and with some taste. The hand which had lent its aid in this furnishing, rendered it inestimable in my eyes, and I thought it charming to be the guest of my female friend in a house I had made choice of, and which she had caused to be built purposely for me.

Although the weather was cold, and the ground lightly covered with snow, the earth began to vegetate: violets and primroses already made their appearance, the trees began to bud, and the evening of my arrival was distinguished by the song of the nightingale, which was heard, almost under my window, in a wood adjoining to the house. After a light sleep, forgetting when I awoke my change of abode, I still thought myself in the Rue Grenelle, when, suddenly, this warbling made me give a start, and I exclaimed in my transport, At length, all my wishes are accomplished! The first thing I did was to abandon myself to the impression of the rural objects with which I was surrounded. Instead of beginning to set things in order in my new habitation, I began by doing it for my walks, and there was not a path, a copse, a grove, nor a corner in the environs of my place of residence that I did not visit the next day. The more I examined this charming retreat, the more I found it to my wishes. This solitary, rather than savage spot, transported me in idea to the end of the world. It had striking beauties which are but seldom

found near cities, and never, if suddenly transported thither, could any person have imagined himself within four leagues of Paris.

After abandoning myself for a few days to this rural delirium, I began to arrange my papers, and regulate my occupations. I set apart, as I had always done, my mornings to copying, and my afternoons to walking, provided with my little paper book and a pencil, for never having been able to write and think at my ease except *sub dio*, I had no inclination to depart from this method, and I was persuaded the forest of Montmorency, which was almost at my door, would in future be my closet and study. I had several works begun: these I cast my eye over. My mind was indeed fertile in great projects, but in the noise of the city the execution of them had gone on but slowly. I proposed to myself to use more diligence when I should be less interrupted. I am of opinion, I have sufficiently fulfilled this intention; and for a man frequently ill, often at la C——e, at E——y, at Eaubonne, at the castle of Montmorency, at other times interrupted by the indolent and curious, and always employed half the day in copying. If what I produced, during the six years I passed at the Hermitage, and at Montmorency, be considered, I am persuaded it will appear, that if, in this interval, I lost my time, it was not in idleness.

Of the different works I had upon the stocks, that I had longest resolved in my mind, which was most to my taste, to which I destined a

certain portion of my life, and which, in my opinion, was to confirm the reputation I had acquired, was my *Institutions Politiques*.* I had, fourteen years before, when at Venice, where I had an opportunity of remarking the defects of that government so much boasted of, conceived the first idea of them. Since that time my views had become much more extended by the historical study of morality. I had perceived every thing to be radically connected with politics, and that upon whatever principles these were founded, a people would never be more, than that which the nature of the government made them; therefore the great question of the best government possible appeared to me to be reduced to this: What is the nature of a government the properest to form the most virtuous and enlightened, the wisest and best people, taking the last epithet in its most extensive meaning? I thought this question was much if not quite of the same nature with that which follows: What government is that which by its nature always maintains itself nearest to the laws, (or least deviates from the laws).† Hence, what is the law? and a series of questions of similar importance. I perceived these led to great truths, useful to the happiness of mankind, but more especially to that of my country, wherein, in the journey I had just made to it, I had not found notions of laws and liberty either suffi-

* Political Institutions.

† *Quel est le gouvernement qui par sa nature se tient toujours le plus près de la loi?*

ciently just or clear. I had thought this indirect manner of communicating these to my fellow-citizens would be least mortifying to their pride, and might obtain me forgiveness for having seen a little farther than themselves.

Although I had already laboured five or six years at the work, the progress I had made in it was not considerable. Writings of this kind require meditation, leisure, and tranquillity. I had besides written the *Institutions Politiques*, as the expression is, *en bonne fortune*, and had not communicated my project to any person, not even to Diderot. I was afraid it would be thought too daring for the age and country in which I wrote, and that the fears of my friends would restrain me from carrying it into execution.* I did not yet know that it would be finished in time and in such a manner as to appear before my decease. I wished fearlessly to give to my subject every thing it required; fully persuaded that not being of a satirical turn, and never wishing to be personal, I should in equity always be judged irreprehensible. I undoubtedly wished fully to enjoy the right of

* It was more especially the wise severity of Duclos which inspired me with this fear; as for Diderot, I know not by what means all my conferences with him tended to make me more satirical than my natural disposition inclined me to be. This prevented me from consulting him upon an undertaking, in which I wished to introduce nothing but the force of reasoning without the least appearance of ill humour or partiality. The manner of this work may be judged of by that of the *Contrat Social* †, which is taken from it.

† Social Contract.

thinking which I had by birth; but still respecting the government under which I lived, without ever disobeying its laws, and, very attentive not to violate the rights of persons, I would not from fear renounce its advantages.

I confess even that, as a stranger, and living in France, I found my situation very favourable in daring to speak the truth; well knowing that continuing, as I was determined to do, not to print any thing in the kingdom without permission, I was not obliged to give to any person in it an account of my maxims nor of their publication elsewhere. I should have been less independent even at Geneva, where, in whatever place my books might have been printed, the magistrate had a right to criticise their contents. This consideration had greatly contributed to make me yield to the solicitations of Madame D'—y, and abandon the project of fixing my residence at Geneva. I felt, as I have remarked in my *Emilius*, that unless an author be a man of intrigue, when he wishes to render his works really useful to any country whatsoever, he must compose them in some other.

What made me find my situation still more happy, was my being persuaded that the government of France would, perhaps, without looking upon me with a very favourable eye, make it a point to protect me, or at least not to disturb my tranquillity. It appeared to me a stroke of simple, yet dexterous policy, to make a merit of tolerating that which there was no means of preventing; since had I been driven

from France, which was all government had the right to do, my work would still have been written, and, perhaps, with less reserve; whereas if I were left undisturbed, the author remained to answer for what he wrote, and a prejudice, general throughout all Europe, would be destroyed by acquiring the reputation of observing a proper respect for the rights of persons.

They who, by the event, shall judge I was deceived, may perhaps be deceived in their turn. In the storm which has since broken over my head, my books served as a pretence, but it was against my person that every shaft was directed. My persecutors gave themselves but little concern about the author, but they wished to ruin *Jean Jacques*; and the greatest evil they found in my writings was the honour they might possibly do me. Let us not encroach upon the future. I do not know that this mystery, which is still one to me, will hereafter be cleared up to my readers; but had my avowed principles been of a nature to bring upon me the treatment I received, I should sooner have become their victim, since the work in which these principles are manifested with most courage, not to call it audacity, seemed to have had its effect previous to my retreat to the Hermitage, without I will not only say my having received the least censure, but without any steps having been taken to prevent the publication of it in France, where it was sold as publicly as in Holland. The new *Eloisa* afterwards appeared with the same facility, I dare add, with the same ap-

plause; and, what seems incredible, the profession of faith of this Eloisa at the point of death, is exactly similar to that of the Savoyard vicar. Every strong idea in the Social Contract had been before published in discourse on inequality; and every bold opinion in Emilius previously found in Eloisa. This unrestrained freedom did not excite the least murmur against the two first works; therefore it was not that which gave cause to it against the latter.

Another undertaking much of the same kind, but of which the project was more recent, then engaged my attention: this was the extract of the works of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, of which, having been led away by the thread of my narrative, I have not hitherto been able to speak. The idea was suggested to me after my return from Geneva, by the Abbé Mably, not immediately from himself, but by the interposition of Madame D——n, who had some interest in engaging me to adopt it. She was one of the three or four pretty women of Paris, of whom the Abbé de Saint Pierre had been the spoiled child, and although she had not decidedly had the preference, she had at least partaken of it with Madame d'A———n. She preserved for the memory of the good man a respect and an affection which did honour to them both; and her self-love would have been flattered by seeing the still-born works of her friend brought to life by her secretary. These works contained excellent things, but so badly told that the reading of them was almost insupportable;

and it is astonishing the Abbé de Saint Pierre, who looked upon his readers as school boys, should nevertheless have spoken to them as men, by the little care he took to induce them to give him a hearing. It was for this purpose that the work was proposed to me as useful in itself and very proper for a man laborious in manœuvre, but idle as an author, who finding the trouble of thinking very fatiguing, preferred, in things which pleased him, throwing a light upon and extending the ideas of others, to producing any himself. Besides, not being confined to the function of a translator, I was at liberty sometimes to think for myself; and I had it in my power to give such a form to my work, that many important truths would pass in it under the name of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, much more safely than under mine. The undertaking also was not trifling; the business was nothing less than to read and meditate twenty-three volumes, diffuse, confused, full of long narrations and periods, repetitions, and false or little views, from amongst which it was necessary to select some few that were great and useful, and sufficiently encouraging to enable me to support the painful labour. I frequently wished to have given it up, and should have done so could I have got it off my hands with a good grace; but when I received the manuscripts of the Abbé, which were given me by his nephew, the Comte de Saint Pierre, I had, by the solicitation of St. Lambert, in some measure engaged to make use of them, which I must either have done,

or have given them back. It was with the former intention I had taken the manuscripts to the Hermitage, and this was the first work to which I proposed to dedicate my leisure hours.

I had likewise in my own mind projected a third, the idea of which I owed to the observations I had made upon myself, and I felt the more disposed to undertake this work, as I had reason to hope I could make it a truly useful one, and, perhaps, the most so of any that could be offered to the world, were the execution equal to the plan I had laid down. It has been remarked that most men are in the course of their lives frequently unlike themselves, and seem to be transformed into others very different from what they were. It was not to establish a thing so generally known that I wished to write a book; I had a newer and more important object. This was to search for the causes of these variations, and, by confining my observations to those which depend on ourselves, to demonstrate in what manner it might be possible to direct them, in order to render us better and more certain of our dispositions. For it is undoubtedly more painful to an honest man to resist desires already formed, and which it is his duty to subdue, than to prevent, change, or modify the same desires in their source, were he capable of tracing them to it. A man under temptation resists once because he has strength of mind, he yields another time because this is overcome; had it been the same as before, he would again have triumphed.

By examining within myself, and searching in others what could be the cause of these different manners of being, I discovered that, in a great measure, they depended on the anterior impression of external objects; and that, continually modified by our senses and organs, we, without knowing it, bore in our ideas, sentiments, and even actions, the effect of these modifications. The striking and numerous observations I had collected were beyond all manner of dispute, and by their natural principles seemed proper to furnish an exterior regimen, which, varied according to circumstances, might place and support the mind in the state most favourable to virtue. From how many mistakes would reason be preserved, how many vices would be stifled in their birth, were it possible to force animal economy to favour moral order, which it so frequently disturbs! Climates, seasons, sounds, colours, light, darkness, the elements, aliments, noise, silence, motion, rest, all act on the animal machine, and consequently on the mind; all offer us a thousand means, almost certain of directing in their origin the sentiments by which we suffer ourselves to be governed. Such was the fundamental idea of which I had already made a sketch upon paper, and whence I hoped for an effect the more certain, in favour of persons well disposed, who, sincerely loving virtue, were afraid of their own weakness, as it appeared to me easy to make of it a book as agreeable to read as it was to compose. I have, however,

applied myself but very little to this work, the title of which was to have been *Morale Sensitive ou le Materialisme du Sage*.* Interruptions, the cause of which will soon appear, prevented me from continuing it, and the fate of the sketch, which is more connected with my own than it may appear to be, will hereafter be seen.

Besides this, I had for some time meditated a system of education, of which Madame de C———x, alarmed for her son by that of her husband, had desired me to consider. The authority of friendship placed this object, although less in itself to my taste, nearer to my heart than any other. On which account this subject, of all those of which I have just spoken, is the only one I carried to its utmost extent. The end I proposed to myself in treating of it should, I think, have procured the author a better fate. But I will not here anticipate this melancholy subject. I shall have too much reason to speak of it in the course of my work.

These different objects offered me subjects of meditation for my walks: for, as I believe I have already observed, I am unable to reflect when I am not walking: the moment I stop, I think no more, and as soon as I am again in motion, my head resumes its workings. I had, however, provided myself with a work for the closet upon rainy days. This was my dictionary of music, which my scattered, mutilated, and unshapen materials made it necessary to re-

* Sensitive Morality, or the Materialism of the Sage.

write almost entirely. I had with me some books necessary to this purpose; I had spent two months in making extracts from others, which I had borrowed from the king's library, whence I was permitted to take several to the Hermitage. I was thus provided with materials for composing in my apartment when the weather did not permit me to go out, and my copying fatigued me. This arrangement was so convenient that I made it turn to advantage as well at the Hermitage as at Montmorency, and afterwards even at Motiers, where I completed the work whilst I was engaged in others, and constantly found a change of occupation to be a real relaxation.

During a considerable time I exactly followed the distribution I had prescribed myself, and found it very agreeable; but as soon as the fine weather brought Madame D'——y more frequently to E——y, or to the C———e, I found that attentions, in the first instance, natural to me, but which I had not considered in my scheme, considerably deranged my projects. I have already observed that Madame D'——y had many amiable qualities: she sincerely loved her friends; served them with zeal; and, not sparing for them either time or pains, certainly deserved on their part every attention in return. I had hitherto discharged this duty without considering it as one; but at length I found I had given myself a chain of which nothing but friendship prevented me from feeling the weight, and this was still aggravated by my

dislike to numerous societies. Madame D'—y took advantage of these circumstances to make me a proposition seemingly agreeable to me, but which was more so to herself: this was to let me know when she was alone, or had but little company. I consented without perceiving to what a degree I engaged myself. The consequence was that I no longer visited her at my own hour, but at her's, and that I never was certain of being master of myself for a day together. This constraint considerably diminished the pleasure I had in going to see her. I found the liberty she had so frequently promised was given me upon no other condition than that of my never enjoying it; and once or twice when I wished to do this there were so many messages, notes, and alarms relative to my health, that I perceived I could have no excuse but being confined to my bed for not immediately running to her upon the first intimation. It was necessary I should submit to this yoke, and I did it, even more voluntarily than could be expected from so great an enemy to dependence: the sincere attachment I had to Madame D'—y preventing me in a great measure from feeling the inconvenience with which it was accompanied. She, on her part, filled up, well or ill, the void which the absence of her usual circle left in her amusements. This for her was but a very slender supplement, although preferable to absolute solitude, which she could not support. She had the means of doing it much more at her ease after she began with literature, and

at all events to write novels, letters, comedies, tales, and other trash of the same kind. But she was not so much amused in writing these, as in reading them; and she never scribbled over two or three pages at one sitting, without being previously assured of having, at least, two or three benevolent auditors at the end of so much labour. I seldom had the honour of being one of the chosen few, except by means of another. When alone, I was, for the most part, considered as a cypher in every thing; and this not only in the company of Madame D'——y, but in that of M. d'H——k, and in every place where Grimm gave the *ton*. This nullity was very convenient to me, except in a *tête-à-tête*, when I knew not what countenance to put on, not daring to speak of literature, of which it was not for me to say a word; nor of gallantry, being too timid, and fearing, more than death, the ridiculousness of an old gallant; besides that, I never had such an idea when in the company of Madame D'——y, and that it perhaps would never have occurred to me, had I passed my whole life with her: not that her person was in the least disagreeable to me; on the contrary, I loved her perhaps too much as a friend to do it as a lover. I felt a pleasure in seeing and speaking to her. Her conversation, although agreeable enough in a mixed company, was uninteresting in private; mine, not more elegant or entertaining than her own, was no great amusement to her. Ashamed of being long silent, I endeavoured to enliven our *tête-*

à-tête, and although this frequently fatigued me, I was never disgusted with it. I was happy to shew her little attentions, and give her little fraternal kisses, which seemed not to be more sensual to herself; these were all. She was very thin, very pale, and had a bosom which resembled the back of her hand. This defect alone would have been sufficient to moderate my most ardent desires; my heart never could distinguish a woman in a person who had it; and besides other causes, useless to mention, always made me forget the sex of this lady.

Having resolved to conform to an assiduity which was necessary, I immediately and voluntarily entered upon it, and for the first year at least, found it less burthensome than I could have expected. Madame D'——y, who commonly passed the summer in the country, continued there but a part of this; whether she was more detained by her affairs at Paris, or that the absence of Grimm rendered the residence of the C———e less agreeable to her, I know not. I took the advantage of the intervals of her absence, or when the company with her was numerous, to enjoy my solitude with my good Thérèse, and her mother, in such a manner as to taste all its charms. Although I had for several years past been frequently in the country, I seldom had enjoyed much of its pleasures; and these excursions, always made in company with people who considered themselves as persons of consequence, and rendered insipid by constraint, served to increase in me

the natural desire I had for rustic pleasures. The want of these was the more sensible to me as I had the image of them immediately before my eyes. I was so tired of saloons, jets-d'eau, groves, parterres, and of the more fatiguing persons by whom they were shewn; so exhausted with pamphlets, harpsichords, trios, unravellings of plots, stupid *bon mots*, insipid affectation, pitiful story-tellers, and great suppers; that when I gave a side glance at a poor simple hawthorn bush, a hedge, a barn, or a meadow; when, in passing through a hamlet, I scented a good cheivil omelette, and heard, at a distance, the burden of the rustic song of the *Bisquières*; I wished all rouge, furbelows, and amber at the d—l, and envying the dinner of the good house-wife, and the wine of her own vine-yard, I heartily wished to give a slap on the chops to Monsieur le Chef, and Monsieur le Maître, who made me dine at the hour of supper, and sup when I should have been asleep, but especially to Messieurs the lackeys who devoured with their eyes the morsels I put into my mouth, and upon pain of dying with thirst, sold me the adulterated wine of their master, ten times dearer than that of a better quality would have cost me at a public house.

At length I was settled in an agreeable and solitary asylum, at liberty to pass there the rest of my days, in that peaceful, equal, and independent life for which I felt myself born. Before I relate the effect this situation, so new to me, had upon my heart, it is proper I should

recapitulate its secret affections, that the reader may better follow in their causes the progress of these new modifications.

I have always considered the day on which I was united to Thérèse as that which fixed my moral existence. An attachment was necessary for me, since that which should have been sufficient to my heart had been so cruelly broken. The thirst after happiness is never extinguished in the heart of man. Mamma was advancing into years, and dishonoured herself! I had proofs that she could never more be happy here below; it, therefore, remained to me to seek my own happiness, having lost all hopes of partaking of hers. I was some time irresolute, and fluctuated from one idea to another, and from project to project. My journey to Venice would have thrown me into public life, had the man with whom, almost against my inclination, I was connected there had common sense. I was easily discouraged, especially in undertakings of length and difficulty. The ill success of this disgusted me with every other; and, according to my old maxim, considering distant objects as deceitful allurements, I resolved in future to provide for immediate wants, seeing nothing in life which could tempt me to make extraordinary efforts.

It was precisely at this time that we became acquainted. The mild character of the good Thérèse seemed so fitted to my own, that I united myself to her with an attachment which neither time nor injuries have been able to im-

pair, and which has constantly been increased by every thing by which it might have been expected to be diminished. The force of this sentiment will hereafter appear when I come to speak of the wounds she has given my heart in the height of my misery, without my ever having, until this moment, once uttered a word of complaint to any person whatever.

When it shall be known, that after having done every thing, braved every thing, not to separate from her; that after passing with her twenty years in despatch of fate and men; I have, in my old age, made her my wife, without the least expectation or solicitation on her part, or promise or engagement on mine, the world will think that love bordering upon madness, having from the first moment turned my head, led me by degrees to the last act of extravagance; and this will no longer appear doubtful when the strong and particular reasons which should for ever have prevented me from taking such a step are made known. What, therefore, will the reader think when I shall have told him, with all the truth he has ever found in me, that from the first moment in which I saw her, until that wherein I write, I have never felt the least love for her, that I never desired to possess her more than I did to possess Madame de Warrens, and that the physical wants which were satisfied with her person were, for me, solely those of the sex, and by no means proceeding from the individual? He will think that, being of a constitution

different from that of other men, I was incapable of love, since this was not one of the sentiments which attached me to women the most dear to my heart. Patience, Oh my dear reader ! the fatal moment approaches in which you will be but too much undeceived.

I fall into repetitions; I know it; and these are necessary. The first of my wants, the greatest, strongest, and most insatiable, was wholly in my heart; the want of an intimate connection, and as intimate as it could possibly be: for this reason especially, a woman was more necessary to me than a man, a female rather than a male friend. This singular want was such, that the closest corporal union was not sufficient: two souls would have been necessary to me in the same body, without which I always felt a void. I thought I was upon the point of filling it up for ever. This young person, amiable by a thousand excellent qualities, and at that time, by her form, without the shadow of art or coquetry, would have confined within herself my whole existence, could hers, as I had hoped it would, have totally been confined to me. I had nothing to fear from men; I am certain of being the only man she ever really loved, and her moderate passions seldom wanted another, not even after I ceased in this respect to be one to her. I had no family; she had one; and this family was composed of individuals, whose dispositions were so different from mine, that I could never make it my own. This was the first cause of

my unhappiness. What would I not have given to have been the child of her mother ! I did every thing in my power to become so, but could never succeed. I in vain attempted to unite all our interests : this was impossible. She always created herself one different from mine, contrary to it, and to that even of her daughter, which already was no longer separated from it. She, her other children, and grandchildren became so many leeches, and the least evil these did to Thérèse was robbing her. The poor girl, accustomed to submit, even to her nieces, suffered herself to be pilfered and governed without saying a word ; and I perceived with grief that by exhausting my purse, and giving her advice, I did nothing that could be of any real advantage to her. I endeavoured to detach her from her mother ; but she constantly resisted such a proposal. I could not but respect her resistance, and esteemed her the more for it ; but her refusal was not on this account less to the prejudice of us both. Abandoned to her mother and the rest of her family, she was more their companion than mine, and rather at their command, than mistress of herself. Their avarice was less ruinous than their advice was pernicious to her ; in fact, if, on account of the love she had for me, added to her good natural disposition, she was not quite their slave, she was enough so to prevent in a great measure the effect of the good maxims I endeavoured to instil into her ; and, notwithstanding all my efforts, to prevent our being united.

Thus was it, that notwithstanding a sincere and reciprocal attachment, in which I had lavished all the tenderness of my heart, the void in that heart was never completely filled. Children, by whom this effect should have been produced, were brought into the world, but these only made things worse. I trembled at the thought of entrusting them to a family ill brought up, to be still worse educated. The risk of the education of the Foundling Hospital was much less. This reason for the resolution I took, much stronger than all those I stated in my letter to Madame de F——l, was, however, the only one with which I dared not make her acquainted, I chose rather to appear less excusable than expose to reproach the family of a person I loved. But by the conduct of her wretched brother, notwithstanding all that can be said in his defence, it will be judged whether or not I ought to have exposed my children to an education similar to his.

Not having it in my power to taste, in all its plenitude, the charms of that intimate connection of which I felt the want, I sought for substitutes which did not fill up the void, yet they made it less sensible. Not having a friend entirely devoted to me, I wanted others, whose impulse should overcome my indolence; for this reason I cultivated and strengthened my connections with Diderot, and the Abbé de Condillac, formed with Grimm a new one still more intimate, till at length, by the unfortunate discourse, of which I have related some par-

ticulars, I unexpectedly found myself thrown back into a literary circle which I thought I had quitted for ever.

My first steps conducted me, by a new path, to another intellectual world, the simple and noble economy of which I cannot contemplate without enthusiasm. I reflected so much upon the subject that I soon saw nothing but error and folly in the doctrine of our sages, and oppression and misery in our social order. In the illusion of my foolish pride, I thought myself capable of destroying all imposture; and thinking that, to make myself listened to, it was necessary my conduct should agree with my principles, I adopted the singular manner of life which I have not been permitted to continue, the example of which my pretended friends have never forgiven me, which at first made me ridiculous, and would at length have rendered me respectable, had it been possible for me to persevere.

Until then I had been good; from that moment I became virtuous, or at least infatuated with virtue. This infatuation had begun in my head, but afterwards passed into my heart. The most noble pride there took root amongst the ruins of extirpated vanity. I affected nothing: I became what I appeared to be, and during four years at least, whilst this effervescence continued at its greatest height, there is nothing great and good that can enter the heart of man, of which I was not capable between heaven and myself. Hence flowed my

sudden eloquence, hence, in my first writings, that fire really celestial, which consumed me, and whence, during forty years, not a single spark had escaped, because it was not yet lighted up.

I was really transformed; my friends and acquaintance scarcely knew me. I was no longer that timid, and rather bashful than modest man, who neither dared to present himself, nor utter a word; whom a single pleasantry disconcerted, and whose face was covered with a blush the moment his eyes met those of a woman. I became bold, haughty, intrepid, with a confidence the more firm, as it was simple, and resided in my soul rather than in my manner. The contempt with which my profound meditations had inspired me for the manners, maxims, and prejudices of the age in which I lived, rendered me proof against the raillery of those by whom they were possessed, and I crushed their little pleasantries with a sentence as I would have crushed an insect with my fingers. What a change! All Paris repeated the severe and acute sarcasms of the same man, who, two years before, and ten years afterwards, knew not how to find what he had to say, nor the word he ought to employ. Let the situation in the world the most contrary to my natural disposition be sought after, and this will be found. Let one of the short moments of my life in which I became another man, and ceased to be myself, be recollected; this also will be found in the time of which I speak; but, instead of con-

tinuing only six days, or six weeks, it lasted almost six years, and would perhaps still continue, but for the particular circumstances which caused it to cease, and restored me to nature, above which I had wished to soar.

The beginning of this change took place as soon as I had quitted Paris, and the sight of the vices of that city no longer kept up the indignation with which it had inspired me. I no sooner had lost sight of men than I ceased to despise them, and once removed from those who designed me evil, my hatred against them no longer existed. My heart, little fitted for hatred, pitied their misery, and even their wickedness. This situation, more pleasing, but less sublime, soon allayed the ardent enthusiasm by which I had so long been transported; and I insensibly, almost to myself even, again became fearful, complaisant, and timid: in a word, the same Jean Jacques I before had been.

Had this resolution gone no farther than restoring me to myself, all would have been well; but unfortunately it rapidly carried me away to the other extreme. From that moment my mind in agitation passed the line of repose, and its oscillations, continually renewed, have never permitted it to remain here. I must enter into some detail of this second revolution; terrible and fatal æra, of a fate unparalleled amongst mortals.

We were but three persons in our retirement, it was therefore natural our intimacy should be

increased by leisure and solitude. This was the case between Thérèse and myself. We passed in conversations in the shade, the most charming and delightful hours, more so than any I had hitherto enjoyed. She seemed to taste of this sweet intercourse more than I had until then observed her to do; she opened her heart, and communicated to me, relative to her mother and family, things she had had resolution enough to conceal for a great length of time. Both had received from Madame D——n numerous presents, made them on my account, and mostly for me, but which the cunning old woman, to prevent my being angry, had appropriated to her own use, and that of her other children, without suffering Thérèse to have the least share, strongly forbidding her to say a word to me of the matter: an order the poor girl had obeyed with an incredible exactness.

But another thing which surprised me more than this had done, was the discovery that besides the private conversations Diderot and Grimm had frequently had with both to endeavour to detach them from me, in which, by means of the resistance of Thérèse, they had not been able to succeed, they had afterwards had frequent conferences with the mother, the subject of which was a secret to the daughter. However, she knew little presents had been made, and that there were mysterious goings backward and forward, the motive of which was entirely unknown to her. When we left Paris, Madame le Vasseur had long been in the habit

of going to see Grimm twice or thrice a month, and continuing with him for hours together in conversation so secret that the servant was always sent out of the room.

I judged this motive to be of the same nature with the project into which they had attempted to make the daughter enter, by promising to procure her and her mother, by means of Madame D'——y, a salt hucksterer's licence, or a shuff shop; and, in a word, by tempting her with the allurements of gain. They had been told that, as I was not in a situation to do any thing for them, I could not, on their account, do any thing for myself. As in all this I saw nothing but good intentions, I was not absolutely displeased with them for it. The mystery was the only thing which gave me pain, especially on the part of the old woman, who moreover daily became more parasitical and flattering towards me. This, however, did not prevent her from reproaching her daughter in private with telling me every thing, and loving me too much, observing to her, she was a fool and would at length be made a dupe.

This woman possessed, to a supreme degree, the art of multiplying the presents made her, by concealing from one what she received from another, and from me what she received from all. I could have pardoned her avarice, but it was impossible I should forgive her dissimulation. What could she have to conceal from me whose happiness she knew principally con-

sisted in that of herself and her daughter? What I had done for the daughter I had done for myself, but the services I had rendered the mother, merited on her part some acknowledgement. She ought, at least, to have thought herself obliged for them to her daughter, and to have loved me for the sake of her by whom I was already beloved. I had raised her from the lowest state of wretchedness; she received from my hands the means of subsistence, and was indebted to me for her acquaintance with the persons from whom she found means to reap considerable benefit. Thérèse had long supported her by her industry, and now maintained her with my bread. She owed every thing to this daughter, for whom she had done nothing, and her other children, to whom she had given marriage portions, and on whose account she had ruined herself, far from giving her the least aid, devoured her subsistence and mine. I thought that in such a situation she ought to consider me as her only friend and most sure protector, and that, far from making of my own affairs a secret to me, and conspiring against me in my house, it was her duty faithfully to acquaint me with every thing in which I was interested, when this came to her knowledge before it did to mine. In what light, therefore, could I consider her false and mysterious conduct? What could I think of the sentiments with which she endeavoured to inspire her daughter? What monstrous ingratitude was hers, to endeavour to instil it into

her from whom I expected my greatest consolation?

These reflections at length alienated my affections from this woman, and to such a degree that I could no longer look upon her but with contempt. I nevertheless continued to treat with respect the mother of the friend of my bosom, and in every thing to shew her almost the reverence of a son: but I must confess I could not remain long with her without pain, and that I never knew how to bear constraint.

This is another short moment of my life, in which I approached near to happiness without being able to attain it, and this by no fault of my own. Had the mother been of a good disposition we all three should have been happy to the end of our days; the longest liver only would have been to be pitied. Instead of which, the reader will see the course things took, and judge whether or not it was in my power to change it.

Madame le Vasseur, who perceived I had got more full possession of the heart of Thérèse, and that she had lost ground with her, endeavoured to regain it; and instead of striving to restore herself to my good opinion by the mediation of her daughter, attempted to alienate her affections from me. One of the means she employed was to call her family to her aid. I had begged Thérèse not to invite any of her relations to the Hermitage, and she had promised me she would not. These were

sent for in my absence, without consulting her, and she was afterwards prevailed upon to promise not to say any thing of the matter. After the first step was taken all the rest were easy. When once we make a secret of any thing to the person we love, we soon make but little scruple of doing it in every thing. The moment I was at the C——e the Hermitage was full of people who sufficiently amused themselves. A mother has always great power over a daughter of a mild disposition; yet notwithstanding all the old woman could do, she was never able to prevail upon Thérèse to enter into her views, nor to persuade her to join in the league against me. For her part, she resolved upon doing it for ever; and seeing on one side her daughter and myself, who were in a situation to live, and that was all; on the other, Diderot, Grimm, d'H——k and Madame D'——y, who promised great things, and gave some little ones, she could not conceive it was possible to be in the wrong with the wife of a farmer-general and a baron. Had I been more clear sighted, I should from this moment have perceived I nourished a serpent in my bosom. But my blind confidence, which nothing had yet diminished, was such that I could not imagine she wished to injure the person she ought to love. Though I saw numerous conspiracies formed on every side, all I complained of was the tyranny of persons who called themselves my friends, and who, as it seemed, would force me to be happy in the manner

they should point out, and not in that I had chosen for myself.

Although Thérèse refused to join in the confederacy with her mother, she afterwards kept her secret. For this her motive was commendable, although I will not determine whether she did well or ill. Two women, who have secrets between them, love to prattle together; this attracted them towards each other, and Thérèse, by dividing herself, sometimes let me feel I was alone; for I could no longer consider as a society that which we all three formed.

I now felt the neglect I had been guilty of, during the first years of our connection, in not taking advantage of the docility with which her love inspired her, to improve her talents and give her knowledge, which, by more closely connecting us in our retirement, would agreeably have filled up her time and my own, without once suffering us to perceive the length of a private conversation. Not that this was ever exhausted between us, or that she seemed disgusted with our walks; but we had not a sufficient number of ideas, common to both, to make ourselves a great store, and we could not incessantly talk of our future projects which were confined to those of enjoying the pleasures of life. The objects around us inspired me with reflections beyond the reach of her comprehension. An attachment of twelve years' standing had no longer need of words: we were too well acquainted

with each other to have any new knowledge to acquire in that respect. The resource of puns, jests, gossiping and scandal was all that remained. In solitude especially is it, that the advantage of living with a person who knows how to think is particularly felt. I wanted not this resource to amuse myself with her; but she would have stood in need of it to have always found amusement with me. The worst of all was our being obliged to hold our conversations when we could: her mother, who was become importunate, obliged me to watch for opportunities to do it. I was under constraint in my own house: this is saying every thing; the air of love was prejudicial to good friendship. We had an intimate intercourse without living in intimacy.

The moment I thought I perceived that Thérèse sometimes sought for a pretext to elude the walks I proposed to her, I ceased to invite her to accompany me, without being displeased with her for not finding in them so much amusement as I did. Pleasure is not a thing which depends upon the will. I was sure of her heart, and the possession of this was all I desired. As long as my pleasures were hers, I tasted of them with her; when this ceased to be the case I preferred her contentment to my own.

In this manner it was that, half deceived in my expectation, leading a life after my own heart in a residence I had chosen with a person who was dear to me, I at length found myself

almost alone. What I still wanted prevented me from enjoying what I had. With respect to happiness and enjoyment, every thing or nothing, was what was necessary to me. The reason of these observations will hereafter appear. At present I return to the thread of my narrative.

I imagined that I possessed treasures in the manuscripts given me by the Comte de Saint Pierre. On examination I found they were little more than the collection of the printed works of his uncle, with notes and corrections by his own hand, and a few other trifling fragments which had not yet been published. I confirmed myself by these moral writings in the idea I had conceived from some of his letters, shewn me by Madame de Crequi, that he had more sense and ingenuity than at first I had imagined; but after a careful examination of his political works, I discerned nothing but superficial notions, and projects that were useful but impracticable, in consequence of the idea from which the author never could depart, that men conducted themselves by their sagacity rather than by their passions. The high opinion he had of the knowledge of the moderns had made him adopt this false principle of improved reason, the basis of all the institutions he proposed, and the source of his political sophisms. This extraordinary man, an honour to the age in which he lived, and to the human species, and perhaps the only person, since the creation of mankind, whose sole

passion was that of reason, wandered in all his systems from error to error, by attempting to make men like himself, instead of taking them as they were, are, and will continue to be. He laboured for imaginary beings, while he thought himself employed for the benefit of his contemporaries.

All these things considered, I was rather embarrassed as to the form I should give to my work. To suffer the author's visions to pass was doing nothing useful; fully to refute them would have been unpolite, as the care of revising and publishing his manuscripts, which I had accepted, and even requested, had been entrusted to me; this trust had imposed on me the obligation of treating the author honourably. I at length concluded upon that which to me appeared the most decent, judicious, and useful. This was to give separately my own ideas and those of the author, and, for this purpose, to enter into his views, to set them in a new light, to amplify, extend them, and spare nothing which might contribute to present them in all their excellence.

My work therefore was to be composed of two parts absolutely distinct: one, to explain, in the manner I have just mentioned, the different projects of the author; in the other, which was not to appear until the first had had its effect, I should have given my opinion upon these projects, which I confess might sometimes have exposed them to the fate of the sonnet of the misanthrope. At the head of the whole was

to have been the life of the author. For this I had collected some good materials, and which I flattered myself I should not spoil in making use of them. I had been a little acquainted with the Abbé de Saint Pierre, in his old age, and the veneration I had for his memory warranted to me, upon the whole, the Comte would not be dissatisfied with the manner in which I should have treated his relation.

I made my first essay on the Perpetual Peace, the greatest and most elaborate of all the works which composed the collection; and before I abandoned myself to my reflections I had the courage to read every thing the Abbé had written upon this fine subject, without once suffering myself to be disgusted either by his slowness or repetitions. The public has seen the extract, on which account I have nothing to say upon the subject. My opinion of it has not been printed, nor do I know that it ever will; however, it was written at the same time the extract was made. From this I passed to the *Poly-synodie*, or Plurality of Councils; a work written under the regent to favour the administration he had chosen, and which caused the Abbé de Saint Pierre to be expelled the academy, on account of some remarks unfavourable to the preceding administration, and with which the duchess of Maine and the Cardinal de Polignac were displeased. I completed this work, as I did the former, with an extract and remarks; but I stopped here without intending to con-

tinue the undertaking which I ought never to have begun.

The reflection which induced me to give it up naturally presents itself, and it was astonishing I had not made it sooner. Most of the writings of the Abbé de Saint Pierre were either observations, or contained observations, on some parts of the government of France, and several of these were of so free a nature that it was happy for him he had made them with impunity. But in the offices of all the ministers of state the Abbé de Saint Pierre had ever been considered as a kind of preacher rather than a real politician, and he was suffered to say what he pleased, because it appeared that nobody listened to him. Had I procured him readers the case would have been different. He was a Frenchman, and I was not one; and by repeating his censures, although in his own name, I exposed myself to be asked, rather rudely, but without injustice, what it was with which I meddled. Happily before I proceeded any farther, I perceived the hold I was about to give government against me, and I immediately withdrew. I knew that living alone in the midst of men more powerful than myself, I never could by any means whatever be sheltered from the injury they chose to do me. There was but one thing which depended upon my own efforts: this was, to observe such a line of conduct that whenever they chose to make me feel the weight of authority they could not do it without being unjust. The maxim which induced me to de-

cline proceeding with the works of the Abbé de Saint Pierre, has frequently made me give up projects I had much more at heart. People who are always ready to construe adversity into a crime, would be much surprised were they to know the pains I have taken, that during my misfortunes, it might never with truth be said of me, *Thou hast deserved them.*

After having given up the manuscript, I remained some time without determining upon the work which should succeed it, and this interval of inactivity was destructive, by permitting me to turn my reflections on myself, for want of another object to engage my attention. I had no project for the future which could amuse my imagination. It was not even possible to form any, as my situation was precisely that in which all my desires were united. I had not another to conceive, and yet there was a void in my heart. This state was the more cruel, as I saw no other that was to be preferred to it. I had fixed my most tender affections upon a person who made me a return of her own. I lived with her without constraint, and, so to speak, at discretion. Notwithstanding this, a secret grief of mind never quitted me for a moment, either when she was present or absent. In possessing Thérèse, I still perceived she wanted something to her happiness; and the sole idea of my not being every thing to her had such an effect upon my mind that she was next to nothing to me.

I had friends of both sexes, to whom I was

attached by the purest friendship and most perfect esteem; I depended upon a real return on their part, and a doubt of their sincerity never entered my mind: yet this friendship was more tormenting than agreeable to me, by their obstinate perseverance, and even by their affectation, in opposing my taste, inclinations, and manner of living; and this to such a degree, that the moment I seemed to desire a thing which interested myself only, and depended not upon them, they immediately joined their efforts to oblige me to renounce it. This continued desire to controul me in all my wishes, the more unjust, as I did not so much as make myself acquainted with theirs, became so cruelly oppressive, that I never received one of their letters without feeling a certain terror as I opened it, and which was but too well justified by the contents. I thought being treated like a child by persons younger than myself, and who, of themselves, stood in great need of the advice they so prodigally bestowed upon me, was too much: love me, said I to them, as I love you, but, in every other respect, let my affairs be as indifferent to you, as yours are to me: this is all I ask. If they granted me one of these two requests it was not the latter.

I had a retired residence in a charming solitude, was master of my own house, and could live in it in the manner I thought proper, without being controlled by any person. This habitation imposed on me duties agreeable to discharge, but which were indispensable. My

liberty was precarious. In a greater state of subjection than a person at the command of another, it was my duty to be so by inclination. When I arose in the morning, I never could say to myself, I will employ this day as I think proper. And moreover, besides my being subject to obey the call of Madame D'——y, I was exposed to the still more disagreeable importunities of the public and chance comers. The distance I was at from Paris did not prevent crowds of idlers, not knowing how to spend their time, from daily breaking in upon me, and, without the least scruple, freely disposing of mine. When I least expected visitors, I was unmercifully assailed by them, and I seldom made a plan for the agreeable employment of the day, that was not counteracted by the arrival of some stranger.

In short, finding no real enjoyment in the midst of the pleasures I had been most desirous to obtain, I, by sudden mental transitions, returned in imagination to the serene days of my youth, and sometimes exclaimed with a sigh, Ah! this is not *Les Charmettes*!

The recollection of the different periods of my life led me to reflect upon that at which I was arrived, and I found I was already on the decline, a prey to painful disorders, and imagined I was approaching the end of my days without having tasted in all its plenitude, scarcely any one of the pleasures after which my heart had so much thirsted, or having given scope to the lively sentiments I felt it had in reserve. I had

not savoured even that intoxicating voluptuousness with which my mind was richly stored, and which, for want of an object, was always compressed, and never exhaled but by signs.

How was it possible that, with a mind naturally expansive, I, with whom to live was to love, should not hitherto have found a friend entirely devoted to me; a real friend: I who felt myself so capable of being such a friend to another? How can it be accounted for that, with such warm affections, such combustible senses, and a heart wholly made up of love, I had not once at least felt its flame for a determinate object? Tormented by the want of loving, without ever having been able to satisfy it, I perceived myself approaching the eve of old age, and hastening on to death without having lived.

These melancholy but affecting reflections led me to others which, although accompanied with regret, were not wholly unsatisfactory. I thought something I had not yet received was still due to me from destiny.

To what end was I born with exquisite faculties? To suffer them to remain unemployed? The sentiment of conscious merit, which made me consider myself as suffering injustice, was some kind of reparation, and caused me to shed tears which with pleasure I suffered to flow.

These were my meditations during the finest season of the year, in the month of June, in cool shades, to the song of the nightingale, and the warbling of brooks. Every thing concurred in plunging me into that too se-

ducing state of indolence for which I was born, but from which my austere manners, proceeding from a long effervescence, should forever have delivered me. I unfortunately recollected the dinner of the Chateau de Toure, and my meeting with the two charming girls in the same season, in places much resembling that in which I then was. The remembrance of these circumstances, which the innocence that accompanied them rendered to me still more dear, brought several others of the same nature to my recollection. I presently saw myself surrounded by all the objects which, in my youth, had given me emotion. Mademoiselle Galley, Mademoiselle de G———d, Mademoiselle de Breil, Madame Bazile, Madame de Larnage, my pretty scholars, and even the bewitching Zulietta, whom my heart could not forget. I found myself in the midst of a seraglio of houris of my old acquaintance, for whom the most lively inclination was not new to me. My blood became inflamed, my head turned, notwithstanding my hair was almost grey, and the grave citizen of Geneva, the austere *Jean Jacques*, at forty-five years of age, again became the fond shepherd. The intoxication with which my mind was seized, although sudden and extravagant, was so strong and lasting, that, to enable me to recover from it, nothing less than the unforeseen and terrible crisis it brought on was necessary.

This intoxication, to whatever degree it was carried, went not so far as to make me forget my

age and situation, to flatter me that I could still inspire love, nor to make me attempt to communicate the devouring flame by which, ever since my youth, I had felt my heart in vain consumed. For this I did not hope; I did not even desire it. I knew the season of love was past; I knew too well in what contempt the ridiculous pretensions of superannuated gallants were held, ever to add one to the number, and I was not a man to become an impudent coxcomb in the decline of life, after having been so little such during the flower of my age. Besides, as a friend to peace, I should have been apprehensive of domestic dissensions; and I too sincerely loved Thérèse, to expose her to the mortification of seeing me entertain for others more lively sentiments, than those with which she inspired me for herself.

What step did I take upon this occasion? My reader will already have guessed it, if he has taken the trouble to pay the least attention to my narrative. The impossibility of attaining real beings threw me into the regions of chimera, and seeing nothing in existence worthy of my delirium, I sought food for it in the ideal world, which my imagination quickly peopled with beings after my own heart. This resource never came more *à propos*, nor was it ever so fertile. In my continual ecstasy I intoxicated my mind with the most delicious sentiments that ever entered the heart of man. Entirely forgetting the human species, I formed to myself societies of perfect beings, whose virtues were as celestial

as their beauty, tender and faithful friends, such as I never found here below. I became so fond of soaring in the empyrean, in the midst of the charming objects with which I was surrounded, that I thus passed hours and days without perceiving it; and, losing the remembrance of all other things, I scarcely had eaten a morsel in haste before I was impatient to make my escape and run to regain my groves. When ready to depart for the enchanted world, I saw arrive wretched mortals who came to detain me upon earth, I could neither conceal nor moderate my vexation; and, no longer master of myself, I gave them so uncivil a reception, that it might justly be termed brutal. This tended to confirm my reputation as a misanthrope, from the very cause which, could the world have read my heart, should have acquired me one of a nature directly opposite.

In the midst of my exaltation I was pulled down like a paper kite, and restored to my proper place by means of a smart attack of my disorder. I recurred to the only means that had before given me relief, and this made a truce with my angelic amours: for besides that it seldom happens that a man is amorous when he suffers, my imagination, which is animated in the country, and beneath the shade of trees, languishes and becomes extinguished in a chamber, and under the joists of a ceiling. I frequently regretted that there existed no Dryads; it would certainly have been amongst these that I should have fixed my attachment.

Other domestic broils came at the same time to increase my chagrin. Madame le Vasseur, while making me the finest compliments in the world, alienated from me her daughter, as much as she possibly could. I received letters from my late neighbourhood, informing me, that the good old lady had secretly contracted several debts in the name of Thérèse, to whom these had become known, but of which she had never mentioned to me a word. The debts to be paid hurt me much less than the secret that had been made of them. How could she, for whom I had never had a secret, have one for me? Is it possible to dissimulate with persons whom we love? The *Coterie H——chique*, who found I never made a journey to Paris, began seriously to be afraid I was happy and satisfied in the country, and madman enough to reside there.

Hence the cavils by which attempts were made to recall me indirectly to the city. Diderot, who did not immediately wish to shew himself, began by detaching from me De Leyre, whom I had brought acquainted with him, and who received and transmitted to me the impressions Diderot chose to give without suspecting to what end they were directed.

Every thing seemed to concur in withdrawing me from my charming and mad reverie. I was not recovered from the late attack I had had when I received the copy of the poem on the destruction of Lisbon, which I imagined to be sent me by the author. This made it neces-

sary I should write to him and speak of his composition. I did so, and my letter was a long time afterwards printed without my consent, as I shall hereafter have occasion to remark.

Struck by seeing this poor man, overwhelmed, if I may so speak, with prosperity and honour, bitterly exclaiming against the miseries of this life, and finding every thing to be wrong: I formed the mad project of making him turn his attention to himself, and of proving to him that every thing was right. Voltaire, while he appeared to believe in God, never really believed in any thing but the devil; since his pretended deity is a malicious being, who, according to him, has no pleasure but in evil. The glaring absurdity of this doctrine is particularly disgusting from a man enjoying the greatest prosperity; who, from the bosom of happiness, endeavours, by the frightful and cruel image of all the calamities from which he is exempt, to reduce his fellow-creatures to despair. I, who had a better right than he to calculate and weigh all the evils of human life, impartially examined them, and proved to him that of all possible evils there was not one to be attributed to Providence, and which had not its source rather in the abusive use man made of his faculties than in nature. I treated him, in this letter, with the greatest respect and delicacy possible. Yet, knowing his self-love to be extremely irritable, I did not send the letter

immediately to himself, but to Doctor Tronchin, his physician and friend, with full power either to give it him or destroy it. Voltaire informed me in a few lines that being ill, having likewise the care of a sick person, he postponed his answer until some future day, and said not a word upon the subject. Tronchin, when he sent me the letter, enclosed in it another, in which he expressed but very little esteem for the person from whom he received it.

I have never published, nor even shewn, either of these two letters, not liking to make a parade of such little triumphs; but the originals are in my collections. Since that time Voltaire has published the answer he promised me, but which I never received. This is the novel of *Candide*, of which I cannot speak, because I have not read it.

All these interruptions ought to have cured me of my fantastic amours, and they were perhaps the means offered me by heaven to prevent their destructive consequences; but my evil genius prevailed, and I had scarcely begun to go out before my heart, my head, and my feet returned to the same paths. I say the same in certain respects; for my ideas, rather less exalted, remained this time upon earth, but yet were busied in making so exquisite a choice of all that was to be found there amiable of every kind, that it was not much less chimerical than the imaginary world I had abandoned.

I figured to myself love and friendship, the two idols of my heart, under the most ravish-

ing images. I amused myself in adorning them with all the charms of the sex I had always adored. I imagined two female friends rather than two of my own sex, because, although the example be more rare, it is also more amiable. I endowed them with different characters, but analogous to their connection, with two faces, not perfectly beautiful, but according to my taste, and animated with benevolence and sensibility. I made one brown and the other fair, one lively and the other languishing, one wise and the other weak, but of so amiable a weakness that it seemed to add a charm to virtue. I gave to one of the two a lover, of whom the other was the tender friend, and even something more, but I did not admit either rivalry, quarrels, or jealousy; because every painful sentiment is painful to me to imagine, and I was unwilling to tarnish this delightful picture by any thing which was degrading to nature. Smit-ten with my two charming models, I drew my own portrait in the lover and the friend, as much as it was possible to do it; but I made him young and amiable, giving him, at the same time, the virtues and defects which I felt in myself.

That I might place my characters in a residence proper for them, I successively passed in review the most beautiful places I had seen in my travels. But I found no grove sufficiently delightful, no landscape that pleased me. The valleys of Thessaly would have satisfied me had I but once had a sight of them; but my

imagination, fatigued with invention, wished for some real place which might serve it as a point to rest upon, and create in me an illusion with respect to the real existence of the inhabitants I intended to place there. I thought a good while upon the Boromean islands, the delightful prospect of which had transported me, but I found in them too much art and ornament for my lovers. I however wanted a lake, and I concluded by making choice of that about which my heart has never ceased to wander. I fixed myself upon that part of the banks of this lake where my wishes have long since placed my residence in the imaginary happiness to which fate has confined me. The native place of my poor mamma had still for me a charm. The contrast of the situations, the richness and variety of the sites, the magnificence, the majesty of the whole, which ravishes the senses, affects the heart, and elevates the mind, determined me to give it the preference, and I placed my young pupils at Vevey. This is what I imagined at the first sketch; the rest was not added until afterwards.

I for a long time confined myself to this vague plan, because it was sufficient to fill my imagination with agreeable objects, and my heart with sentiments in which it delighted. These fictions, by frequently presenting themselves, at length gained a consistence, and took in my mind a determined form. I then had an inclination to express upon paper some of the situations fancy presented to me, and re-

collecting every thing I had felt during my youth, thus, in some measure, gave an object to that desire of loving, which I had never been able to satisfy, and by which I felt myself consumed.

I first wrote a few incoherent letters, and when I afterwards wished to give them connection, I frequently found a difficulty in doing it. What is scarcely credible, although most strictly true, is my having written the two first parts almost wholly in this manner, without having any plan formed, and not foreseeing I should one day be tempted to make it a regular work. For this reason the two parts afterwards formed of materials not prepared for the place in which they are disposed, are full of unmeaning expressions not found in the others.

In the midst of my reveries I had a visit from Madame d'H——, the first she had ever made me, but which unfortunately was not the last, as will hereafter appear. The Comtesse d'H—— was the daughter of the late M. de B———e, a farmer-general, sister to M. D'—y, and Messieurs de L—— and de la B——, both of whom have since been introductors to ambassadors. I have spoken of the acquaintance I made with her before she was married; since that event I had not seen her, except at the fêtes of la C——e, with Madame D'—y, her sister-in-law. Having frequently passed several days with her, both at la C———e and E——y, I always thought her amiable, and that she seemed to be my well-wisher. She

was fond of walking with me; we were both good walkers, and the conversation between us was inexhaustible. However I never went to see her in Paris, although she had several times requested and solicited me to do it. Her connections with M. de St. L——t, with whom I began to be intimate, rendered her more interesting to me, and it was to bring me some account of that friend who was, I believe, then at Mahon, that she came to see me at the Hermitage.

This visit had something of the appearance of the beginning of a romance. She lost her way. Her coachman, quitting the road which turned to the right, attempted to cross straight over from the mill of Clairvaux to the Hermitage: her carriage stuck in a quagmire in the bottom of the valley, and she got out and walked the rest of the road. Her delicate shoes were soon worn through; she sunk into the dirt, her servants had the greatest difficulty in extricating her; and she at length arrived at the Hermitage in boots, making the place resound with her laughter, in which I most heartily joined. She was obliged to change every thing. Thérèse provided her with what was necessary, and I prevailed upon her to forget her dignity and partake of a rustic collation, with which she seemed highly satisfied. It was late, and her stay was short; but the interview was so mirthful that it pleased her, and she seemed disposed to return. She did not however put this project into execution until

the next year: but, alas! the delay was not favourable to me in any thing.

I passed the autumn in an employment no person would suspect me of undertaking; this was guarding the fruit of M. d'Espinay. The Hermitage was the reservoir of the waters of the park of the C——e; there was a garden walled round and planted with espaliers and other trees which produced M. D'——y more fruit than his kitchen garden at the C——e, although three-fourths of it were stolen from him. That I might not be a guest entirely useless, I took upon myself the direction of the garden and the inspection of the conduct of the gardener. Every thing went on well until the fruit season, but as this became ripe, I observed that it disappeared without knowing in what manner it was disposed of. The gardener assured me it was the dormice which eat it all. I destroyed a great number of these animals, notwithstanding which the fruit still diminished. I watched the gardener's motions so narrowly, that I found he was the great dormouse. He lodged at Montmorency, whence he came in the night with his wife and children to take away the fruit he had concealed in the day-time, and which he sold in the market at Paris as publicly as if he had brought it from a garden of his own. This wretch, whom I loaded with kindness, whose children were cloathed by Thérèse, and whose father, who was a beggar, I almost supported, robbed us with as much ease as effrontery, not one of the

three being sufficiently vigilant to prevent him; and in one night he emptied my cellar. Whilst he seemed to address himself to me only I suffered every thing, but being desirous of giving an account of the fruit, I was obliged to declare by whom a great part of it had been stolen. Madame D'—y desired me to pay and discharge him and look out for another: I did so. As this rascal rambled about the Hermitage in the night armed with a thick club staff with an iron ferrule, and accompanied by other villains like himself, to relieve the governesses from their fears, I made his successor sleep in the house with us; and this not being sufficient to remove their apprehensions, I sent to ask M. D'—y for a musket, which I kept in the chamber of the gardener, with a charge not to make use of it except an attempt was made to break open the door or scale the walls of the garden, and to fire nothing but powder, meaning only to frighten the thieves. This was certainly the least precaution a man indisposed could take for the common safety of himself and family, having to pass the winter in the midst of a wood, with two timid women. I also procured a little dog to serve as a sentinel. De Leyre coming to see me about this time, I related to him my situation, and we laughed together at my military apparatus. At his return to Paris he wished to amuse Diderot with the story, and by this means the Coterie d'H——e learned that I was seriously resolved to pass the winter at the Hermitage.

This perseverance, of which they had not imagined me to be capable, disconcerted them, and, until they could think of some other means of making my residence disagreeable to me, they sent back, by means of Diderot, the same De Leyre, who, though at first he had thought my precautions quite natural, now pretended to discover that they were inconsistent with my principles, and stiled them more than ridiculous in his letters, in which he overwhelmed me with pleasantries sufficiently bitter and satirical to offend me had I been the least disposed to take offence. But at that time being full of tender and affectionate sentiments, and not susceptible of any other, I perceived in his biting sarcasms nothing more than a jest, and believed him only jocose when others would have thought him mad.

By my care and vigilance I guarded the garden so well, that although there had been but little fruit that year, the produce was triple that of the preceding years: it is true, I spared no pains to preserve it, and I went so far as to escort what I sent to the C——e and to E——y, and to carry baskets of it myself. The aunt and I carried one of these, which was so heavy that we were obliged to rest at every dozen steps, and when we arrived with it we were quite wet with perspiration.

As soon as the bad season began to confine me to the house, I wished to return to my indolent amusements, but this I found impossible. I had every where the two charming female

friends before my eyes, their friend, every thing by which they were surrounded, the country they inhabited, and the objects created or embellished for them by my imagination. I was no longer myself for a moment, my delirium never left me. After many useless efforts to banish all fictions from my mind, they at length seduced me, and my future endeavours were confined to giving them order and coherence, for the purpose of converting them into a species of novel.

What embarrassed me most was, that I had contradicted myself so openly and fully. After the severe principles I had just so publicly asserted, after the austere maxims I had so loudly preached, and my violent invectives against books, which breathed nothing but effeminacy and love, could any thing be less expected or more extraordinary, than to see me, with my own hand, write my name in the list of the authors of those books I had so severely censured? I felt this incoherence in all its extent, I reproached myself with it, I blushed at it and was vexed; but all this could not bring me back to reason. Completely overcome, I was at all risks obliged to submit, and to resolve to brave the *what will the world say of it?* except only deliberating afterwards whether or not I should shew my work, for I did not yet suppose I should ever determine to publish it.

This resolution taken, I entirely abandoned myself to my reveries, and by frequently revolving these in my mind, formed with them

the kind of plan of which the execution has been seen. This was certainly the greatest advantage that could be drawn from my follies; the love of good which has never once been effaced from my heart, turned them towards useful objects, the moral of which might have produced its good effects. My voluptuous descriptions would have lost all their graces, had they been devoid of the colouring of innocence.

A weak girl is an object of pity, whom love may render interesting, and who frequently is not therefore the less amiable; but who can see without indignation the manners of the age, and what is more disgusting than the pride of an unchaste wife, who, openly treading under foot every duty, pretends that her husband ought to be grateful for her unwillingness to suffer herself to be taken in the fact? Perfect beings are not in nature, and their examples are not near enough to us. But whoever says that the description of a young person born with good dispositions, and a heart equally tender and virtuous, who suffers herself, when a girl, to be overcome by love, and when a woman, has resolution enough to conquer in her turn, is upon the whole scandalous and useless, is a liar and a hypocrite — hearken not to him.

Besides this object of morality and conjugal chastity which is radically connected with all social order, I had in view one more secret in behalf of concord and public peace, a greater, and perhaps more important object in itself, at least for the moment for which it was created.

The storm brought on by the *Encyclopedie*, far from being appeased, was at this time at its height. The two parties exasperated against each other to the last degree of fury, soon resembled enraged wolves, set on for their mutual destruction rather than christians and philosophers, who had a reciprocal wish to enlighten and convince each other, and lead their brethren to the way of truth. Perhaps nothing more was wanting to each party than a few turbulent chiefs, who possessed a little power, to make this quarrel terminate in a civil war; and God only knows what a civil war of religion founded on each side upon the most cruel intolerance would have produced. Naturally an enemy to all spirit of party, I had freely spoken severe truths to each, to which they had not listened. I thought of another expedient, which, in my simplicity, appeared to me admirable: this was to abate their reciprocal hatred by destroying their prejudices, and shewing to each party the virtue and merit which in the other was worthy of public esteem and respect. This project, little remarkable for its wisdom, which supposed sincerity in mankind, and whereby I fell into the error with which I reproached the Abbé de Saint Pierre, had the success that was to be expected from it: it drew together and united the parties for no other purpose than that of crushing the author. Until experience made me discover my folly, I gave my attention to it, with a zeal worthy of the motive by which I was inspired; and I

imagined the two characters of Wolmar and Julia in an ecstasy, which made me hope to render them both amiable, and, what is still more, by means of each other.

Satisfied with having made a rough sketch of my plan, I returned to the situations in detail, which I had marked out; and from the arrangement I gave them resulted the two first parts of the *Eloisa*, which I finished during the winter with inexpressible pleasure, procuring gilt paper to receive a fair copy of them, azure and silver powder to dry the writing, and blue narrow riband to tack my sheets together; in a word, I thought nothing sufficiently elegant and delicate for my two charming girls; of whom, like another Pygmalion, I became madly enamoured. Every evening, by the fire-side, I read the two parts to the governesses. The daughter, without saying a word, was like myself, moved to tenderness, and we mingled our sighs; her mother, finding there were no compliments, understood nothing of the matter, remained unmoved, and at the intervals when I was silent, always repeated: *Sir, that is very fine.*

Madame D'——y, uneasy at my being alone, in winter, in a solitary house, in the midst of woods, often sent to enquire after my health. I never had such real proofs of her friendship for me, to which mine never more fully answered. It would be wrong in me were not I, amongst these proofs, to make special mention of her portrait, which she sent me, at the same time requesting instructions from me in

what manner she might have mine, painted by La Tour, and which had been shewn at the exhibition. I ought equally to speak of another proof of her attention to me, which, although it be laughable, is a feature in the history of my character, on account of the impression received from it. One day when it froze to an extreme degree, in opening a packet she had sent me of several things I had desired her to purchase for me, I found a little under-petticoat of English flannel, which she told me she had worn, and desired I would make of it an under-waistcoat. This care, more than friendly, appeared to me so tender, and as if she had stripped herself to clothe me, that in my emotion I repeatedly kissed, shedding tears at the same time, both the note and the petticoat. Thérèse thought me mad. It is singular that of all the marks of friendship Madame D'——y ever shewed me, this touched me the most, and that even since our rupture I have never recollected it without being very sensibly affected. I for a long time preserved her little note, and this would still have been in my possession had not it shared the fate of my other notes, received at the same period.

Although my disorder then gave me but little respite in winter, and that a part of the interval was employed in seeking relief from pain, this was still upon the whole the season which, since my residence in France, I had passed with most pleasure and tranquillity. During four or five months, whilst the bad weather

sheltered me from the interruptions of importunate visits, I tasted to a greater degree than I had ever yet, or have since done, of that equal simple and independent life, the enjoyment of which still made it more desirable to me; without any other company than the two governesses in reality, and the two female cousins in idea. It was then especially that I daily congratulated myself upon the resolution I had had the good sense to take, unmindful of the clamours of my friends, who were vexed at seeing me delivered from their tyranny; and when I heard of the attempt of a madman, when De Leyre and Madame D'—y spoke to me in their letters of the trouble and agitation which reigned in Paris, how thankful was I to heaven for having placed me at a distance from all such spectacles of horror and guilt. These would have continued and increased the bilious humour which the sight of public disorders had given me; whilst seeing nothing around me in my retirement but gay and pleasing objects, my heart was wholly abandoned to sentiments which were amiable.

I remark here with pleasure the course of the last peaceful moments that were left me. The spring succeeding to this winter, which had been so calm, developed the germ of the misfortunes I have yet to describe: in the tissue of which, a like interval, wherein I had leisure to respire, will not be found.

I think however, I recollect, that during this interval of peace, and in the bosom of my so-

itude, I was not quite undisturbed by the H——s. Diderot stirred me up some strife, and I am much deceived if it was not in the course of this winter that the *Fils Naturel* *, of which I shall soon have occasion to speak, made its appearance. Independently of the causes which left me but few papers relative to that period, those even which I have been able to preserve are not very exact with respect to dates. Diderot never dated his letters. Madame D'——y and Madame d'H——— seldom dated theirs, except the day of the week, and De Leyre mostly confined himself to the same rule. When I was desirous of putting these letters in order, I was obliged to supply what was wanting by guessing at dates, so uncertain that I cannot depend upon them. Unable therefore to fix with certainty the beginning of these quarrels, I prefer relating in one subsequent article every thing I can recollect concerning them.

The return of spring had increased my amorous delirium, and in my melancholy occasioned by the excess of my transports, I had composed for the last parts of Eloisa, several letters wherein evident marks of the rapture in which I wrote them are found. Amongst others, I may quote those from the Elysium, and the excursion upon the lake, which, if my memory does not deceive me, are at the end of the fourth part. Whoever, in reading these

* Natural Son; a comedy, by Diderot.

letters, does not feel his heart soften and melt into the tenderness by which they were dictated, ought to lay down the book: Nature has refused him the means of judging of sentiment.

Precisely at the same time I received a second unforeseen visit from Madame d'H—— in the absence of her husband, who was captain of the *Gendarmerie*, and of her lover, who also was in the service. She had come to Eau-bonne, in the middle of the valley of Montmorency, where she had taken a pretty house, from thence she made a new excursion to the Hermitage. She came on horseback, and dressed in men's cloaths. Although I am not very fond of this kind of masquerade, I was struck with the romantic appearance she made, and, for once, it was with love. As this was the first and only time in all my life, the consequences of which will for ever render it terrible to my remembrance, I must take the permission to enter into some particulars on the subject.

The Comtesse d'H—— was nearly thirty years of age, and not handsome; her face was marked with the small-pox, her complexion coarse; she was short-sighted, and her eyes were rather round; but she had fine long black hair, which hung down in natural curls below her waist; her figure was agreeable, and she was at once both awkward and graceful in her motions; her wit was natural and pleasing; to this, gaiety, heedlessness, and ingenuity, were perfectly suited; she

abounded in charming sallies after which she so little sought, that they sometimes escaped her lips in spite of herself. She possessed several agreeable talents, played the harpsichord, danced well, and wrote pleasing poetry. Her character was angelic, this was founded upon a sweetness of mind, and, except prudence and fortitude, contained in it every virtue. She was besides so much to be depended upon in all intercourse, so faithful in society, that even her enemies were not under the necessity of concealing from her their secrets. I mean by her enemies the men, or rather the women, by whom she was-not beloved, for as to herself she had not a heart capable of hatred, and I am of opinion this conformity with mine greatly contributed towards inspiring me with a passion for her. In the confidence of the most intimate friendship, I never heard her speak ill of persons who were absent, not even of her sister-in-law. She could neither conceal her thoughts from any one, nor disguise any of her sentiments, and I am persuaded she spoke of her lover to her husband, as she spoke of him to her friends and acquaintance, and to every body without distinction of persons. What proved, beyond all manner of doubt, the purity and sincerity of her nature was, that subject to very extraordinary absences of mind, and the most laughable inconsiderateness, she was often guilty of some very imprudent ones with respect to herself, but never in the least offensive to any person whatsoever.

She had been married very young and against her inclinations to the Comte d'H——, a man of fashion, and a good officer; but a man who loved play and chicane, who was not very amiable, and whom she never loved. She found in M. de Saint L——t all the merit of her husband, with more agreeable qualities of mind, joined with virtue and talents. If any thing in the manners of the age can be pardoned, it is an attachment which duration renders more pure, to which its effects do honour, and which becomes cemented by reciprocal esteem. It was a little from inclination, as I am disposed to think, but much more to please St. L——t, that she came to see me. He had requested her to do it, and there was reason to believe the friendship which began to be established between us, would render this society agreeable to all three. She knew I was acquainted with their connection, and as she could speak to me without restraint, it was natural she should find my conversation agreeable. She came; I saw her; I was intoxicated with love without an object; this intoxication fascinated my eyes, the object fixed itself upon her. I saw my Julia in Madame d'H——, and I soon saw nothing but Madame d'H——, but with all the perfections with which I had just adorned the idol of my heart. To complete my delirium she spoke to me of St. L——t with all the fondness of a passionate lover.—Contagious force of love! while listening to her, and perceiving myself

near her, I was seized with a delicious trembling which I had never before experienced when near to any person whatsoever. She spoke, and I felt myself affected; I thought I was nothing more than interested by her sentiments, when I perceived I possessed those which were similar: I drank deeply of the empoisoned cup, of which I yet tasted nothing more than the sweetness. Finally, imperceptibly to us both, she inspired me for herself with all she expressed for her lover. Alas! it was very late in life, and cruel was it to consume with a passion not less violent than unfortunate for a woman whose heart was already in the possession of another.

Notwithstanding the extraordinary emotions I had felt when near to her, I did not at first perceive what had happened to me; it was not until after her departure that, wishing to think of Julia, I was struck with surprise at being unable to think of any thing but Madame d'H——. Then was it that my eyes were opened: I felt my misfortune, and lamented what had happened, but I did not foresee the consequences.

I hesitated a long time on the manner in which I should conduct myself towards her, as if real love left behind it sufficient reason to deliberate and act accordingly. I had not yet determined upon this when she unexpectedly returned and found me unprovided. It was this time, perfectly acquainted with my situation, shame, the companion of evil, rendered

me dumb, and made me tremble in her presence ; I neither dared to open my mouth nor raise my eyes ; I was in an inexpressible confusion which it was impossible she should not perceive. I resolved to confess to her my troubled state of mind, and left her to guess the cause whence it proceeded : this was telling it her in terms sufficiently clear.

Had I been young and amiable, and Madame d'H—— afterwards weak, I should here blame her conduct ; but this was not the case, and I am obliged to applaud and admire it. The resolution she took was equally prudent and generous. She could not suddenly break with me without giving her reasons for it to St. L——t, who himself had desired her to come and see me ; this would have exposed two friends to a rupture, and perhaps a public one, which she wished to avoid. She had for me esteem and good wishes ; she pitied my folly without encouraging it, and endeavoured to restore me to reason. She was glad to preserve to her lover and herself a friend, for whom she had some respect ; and she spoke of nothing with more pleasure than the intimate and agreeable society we might form between us three the moment I should become reasonable. She did not always confine herself to these friendly exhortations, and, in case of need, did not spare me more severe reproaches which I had richly deserved.

I spared myself still less : the moment I was alone, I began to recover ; I was more calm

after my declaration: love, known to the person by whom it is inspired, becomes more supportable.

The forcible manner in which I reproached myself with mine ought to have cured me of it had the thing been possible. What powerful motives did I call to my aid to stifle it! My morals, sentiments, and principles; the shame, the treachery, and crime, of abusing what was confided to friendship, and the ridiculousness of burning, at my age, with the most extravagant passion for an object whose heart was pre-engaged, and who could neither make me a return, nor leave me the least hope; moreover with a passion which, far from having anything to gain by constancy, daily became less sufferable.

Who would imagine that the last consideration, which ought to have added weight to all the others, was that whereby I eluded them? What scruple, thought I, ought I to make of a folly prejudicial to nobody but myself? Am I then a young man of whom Madame d'H—— ought to be afraid? Would not it be said, by my presumptive remorse, that, by my gallantry, manner, and dress, I was going to seduce her? Poor *Jean Jacques*, love on at thy ease, in all safety of conscience, and be not afraid that thy sighs will be prejudicial to St. L——t.

It has been seen that I never was a coxcomb, not even in my youth. The manner of thinking, of which I have spoken, was according to my turn of mind, it flattered my passion; this was sufficient to induce me to abandon myself

to it without reserve, and to laugh even at the impertinent scruple I thought I had made from vanity, rather than from reason. This is a great lesson for virtuous minds, which vice never attacks openly: it finds means to surprise them by masking itself with sophisms, and not unfrequently with a virtue.

Guilty without remorse, I soon became so without measure; and I entreat it may be observed in what manner my passion followed my nature, at length to plunge me into an abyss. In the first place, it assumed an air of humility to encourage me; and to render me intrepid, it carried this humility even to mistrust. Madame d'H——, incessantly putting me in mind of my duty, without once for a single moment flattering my folly, treated me with the greatest mildness, and remained with me upon the footing of the most tender friendship. This friendship would, I protest, have satisfied my wishes, had I thought it sincere; but finding it too strong to be real, I took it into my head that love, so ill suited to my age and appearance, had rendered me contemptible in the eyes of Madame d'H——; that this young mad creature only wished to divert herself with me and my superannuated passion, that she had communicated this to St. L——t; and that the indignation caused by my breach of friendship, having made her lover enter into her views, they were agreed to turn my head, and then to laugh at me. This folly, which at twenty-six years of age, had made me guilty of some ex-

travagant behaviour to Madame L——t, whom I did not know, would have been pardonable in me at forty-five with Madame d'H—— had not I known that she and her lover were two persons of too much uprightness to indulge themselves in such a barbarous amusement.

Madame d'H—— continued her visits, which I delayed not to return. She, as well as myself, was fond of walking, and we took long walks in an enchanting country. Satisfied with loving and daring to say I loved, I should have been in the most agreeable situation had not my extravagance spoiled all the charm of it. She, at first, could not comprehend the foolish pettishness with which I received her attentions; but my heart, incapable of concealing what passes in it, did not long leave her ignorant of my suspicions; she endeavoured to laugh at them, but this expedient did not succeed; transports of rage would have been the consequence, and she changed her tone. Her compassionate gentleness was invincible: she made me reproaches which penetrated my heart; she expressed an inquietude at my unjust fears, of which I took advantage. I required proofs of her being in earnest. She perceived there was no other means of relieving me from my apprehensions. I became pressing: the step was delicate. It is astonishing, and perhaps without example, that a woman having suffered herself to be brought to hesitate, should have got herself off so well. She refused me nothing the most tender friendship could grant; yet she

granted me nothing that rendered her unfaithful, and I had the mortification to see that the disorder into which her most trifling favours had thrown all my senses, had not the least effect upon hers.

I have somewhere said that nothing should be granted to the senses when we wish to refuse them any thing. To prove how false this maxim was relative to Madame d'H——, and how far she was right to depend upon her own strength of mind, it would be necessary to enter into the detail of our long and frequent conversations, and follow them, in all their liveliness, during the four months we passed together in an intimacy almost without example between two friends of different sexes, who contain themselves within the bounds which we never exceeded. Ah! if I had lived so long without feeling the power of real love, my heart and senses abundantly paid the arrears. What therefore are the transports we feel with the object of our affections by whom we are beloved, since the passion of which my idol did not partake inspired such as I felt!

But I am wrong in saying Madame d'H—— did not partake of the passion of love; that I felt was in some measure confined to myself; yet love was equal on both sides, but not reciprocal. We were both intoxicated with the passion, she for her lover, and I for herself; our sighs and delicious tears were mingled together. Tender confidants of the secrets of each other, there was so great a similarity in our

sentiments that it was impossible they should not find some common point of union. In the midst of this delicious intoxication, she never forgot herself for a moment, and I solemnly protest that, if ever, led away by my senses, I have attempted to render her unfaithful, I was never really desirous of succeeding. The vehemence itself of my passion contained it within bounds. The duty of self-denial had elevated my mind. The lustre of every virtue adorned in my eyes the idol of my heart: to have soiled their divine image would have been to destroy it. I might have committed the crime; it has been a hundred times committed in my heart; but, to dishonour my Sophia! Ah, was this ever possible? No: I have told her an hundred times it was not. Had I had it in my power to satisfy my desires, had she consented to commit herself to my discretion, I should, except in a few moments of delirium, have refused to be happy at the price of her honour. I loved her too well to wish to possess her.

The distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne is almost a league; in my frequent excursions to it I have sometimes slept there. One evening after having supped *tête-à-tête*, we went to walk in the garden by a fine moonlight. At the bottom of the garden is a considerable copse, through which we passed in our way to a pretty grove ornamented with a cascade of which I had given her the idea, and she had procured it to be executed accordingly.

Eternal remembrance of innocence and en-

joyment ! It was in this grove that, seated by her side upon a seat of turf under an acacia in full bloom, I found for the emotions of my heart a language worthy of them. It was the first and only time of my life ; but I was sublime, if every thing amiable and seducing with which the most tender and ardent love can inspire the heart of man, can be so called. What intoxicating tears did I shed upon her knees ! how many did I make her to shed involuntarily ! At length in an involuntary transport she exclaimed : No, never was man so amiable, nor never was there one who loved like you ! But your friend St. L——t hears us, and my heart is incapable of loving twice. I exhausted myself with sighs : I embraced her — what an embrace ! But this was all. She had lived alone for the last six months, that is absent from her husband and lover ; I had seen her almost every day during three months, and love seldom failed to make a third. We had supped *tête-à-tête*, we were alone, in a grove by moonlight, and after two hours of the most lively and tender conversation, she left this grove at midnight, and the arms of her lover, as morally and physically pure as she had entered it. Reader, weigh all these circumstances ; I will add nothing more.

Do not, however, imagine that in this situation my passions left me as undisturbed, as I was with Thérèsa and mamma. I have already observed I was this time inspired, not only with love, but with love in all its energy and fury.

I will not describe either the agitations, tremblings, palpitations, convulsionary emotions, nor faintings of the heart, I continually experienced; these may be judged of by the effect her image alone made upon me. I have observed the distance from the Hermitage to Eaubonne was considerable; I went by the hills of Andilly, which are delightful; I mused, as I walked, on her whom I was going to see, the charming reception she would give me, and upon the kiss which awaited me at my arrival. This single kiss, this pernicious embrace, even before I received it, enflamed my blood to such a degree as to affect my head; my eyes were dazzled, my knees trembled, and were unable to support me; and I was obliged to stop and sit down; my whole frame was in inconceivable disorder, and I was upon the point of fainting. Knowing the danger, I endeavoured at setting out to divert my attention from the object, and think of something else. I had not proceeded twenty steps before the same recollection, and all that was the consequence of it, assailed me in such a manner that it was impossible to avoid them; and in spite of all my efforts. I do not believe I ever made this little excursion alone with impunity. I arrived at Eaubonne, weak, exhausted, and scarcely able to support myself. The moment I saw her every thing was repaired; all I felt in her presence was the importunity of an inexhaustible and useless ardour. Upon the road to Eaubonne there was a plea-

sant terrace, called *Mont Olympe*, at which we sometimes met. I arrived first, it was proper I should wait for her ; but how dear this waiting cost me ? To divert my attention I endeavoured to write with my pencil, billets which I could have written with the purest drops of my blood ; I never could finish one which was legible. When she found a note in the niche upon which we had agreed, all she learned from the contents was the deplorable state in which I was when I wrote it. This state, and its continuation, during three months of irritation and self-denial, so exhausted me that I was several years before I recovered from it, and at the end of these it left me an ailment which I shall carry with me, or which will carry me to the grave. Such was the sole enjoyment of a man of the most combustible constitution, but who was, at the same time, perhaps one of the most timid mortals nature ever produced. Such were the last happy days I can reckon upon earth ; at the end of these began the long train of evils, in which there will be found but little interruption.

It has been seen that, during the whole course of my life, my heart, as transparent as crystal, has never been capable of concealing for the space of a moment, any sentiment in the least lively which had taken refuge in it. It will therefore be judged whether or not it was possible for me long to conceal my affection for Madame d'H——. Our intimacy struck the eyes of every body, we did not make of it either

a secret or a mystery. It was not of a nature to require any such precaution, and as Madame d'H—— had for me the most tender friendship with which she did not reproach herself, and I for her an esteem with the justice of which nobody was better acquainted than myself; she, frank, absent, heedless; I, true, awkward, haughty, impatient, and choleric; we exposed ourselves more in deceitful security than we should have done had we been culpable. We both went to the C——; we sometimes met there even by appointment. We lived there according to our accustomed manner: walking together every day, talking of our amours, our duties, our friend, and our innocent projects; all this in the park opposite the apartment of Madame D'——y, under her windows, whence incessantly examining us, and thinking herself braved, she by her eyes filled her heart with rage and indignation.

Women have the art of concealing their anger, especially when it is great. Madame D'——y, violent, but deliberate, possessed this art to an eminent degree. She feigned not to see or suspect any thing, and at the same time that she doubled toward me her cares, attention, and allurements; she affected to load her sister-in-law with incivilities and marks of disdain, which she, seemingly, wished to communicate to me. It will easily be imagined she did not succeed: but I was on the rack. Torn by opposite passions, at the same time that I was sensible of her caresses, I could scarcely

contain my anger when I saw her wanting in good manners to Madame d'H——. The angelic sweetness of this lady made her endure every thing without a complaint, or even without being offended.

She was, in fact, so absent, and always so little attentive to these things, that half the time she did not perceive them.

I was so taken up with my passion, that, seeing nothing but Sophia (one of the names of Madame d'H——), I did not perceive that I was become the laughing-stock of the whole house, and all those who came to it. The Baron d'H——k, who never, as I had heard of, had been at the C——e, was one of the latter. Had I at that time been as mistrustful as I am since become, I should strongly have suspected Madame D'——y to have contrived this journey to give the baron the amusing spectacle of the amorous citizen. But I was then so stupid that I saw not that even which was glaring to every body. My stupidity did not, however, prevent me from finding in the baron a more jovial and satisfied appearance than ordinary. Instead of looking upon me with his usual moroseness, he said to me a hundred jocular things without my knowing what he meant. Surprise was painted in my countenance, but I answered not a word: Madame D'——y shook her sides with laughing; I knew not what possessed them. As nothing yet passed the bounds of pleasantry, the best thing I could have done, had I been in the secret,

would have been to have humoured the joke. It is true, I perceived amid the rallying gaiety of the baron, that his eyes sparkled with a malicious joy, which would have given me pain, had I then remarked it to the degree it has since occurred to my recollection.

One day when I went to see Madame d'H— at Eaubonne, after her return from one of her journies to Paris, I found her melancholy, and observed that she had been weeping. I was obliged to put a restraint on myself, because Madame de B——e, sister to her husband, was present; but the moment I found an opportunity, I expressed to her my uneasiness. Ah! said she, with a sigh, I am much afraid your follies will cost me the repose of the rest of my days. St. L——t has been informed of what has passed, and ill informed of it. He does me justice, but he is vexed; and what is still worse, he conceals from me a part of his vexation. Fortunately I have not concealed from him any thing relative to our connection, which was formed under his auspices. My letters, like my heart, were full of yourself; I made him acquainted with every thing, except your extravagant passion, of which I hoped to cure you, and which he imputes to me as a crime. Somebody has done us ill offices: I have been injured, but what does this signify? either let us entirely break with each other, or do you be what you ought to be. I will not in future have any thing to conceal from my lover.

This was the first moment in which I was sensible of the shame of feeling myself humbled by the sentiment of my fault, in presence of a young woman of whose just reproaches I approved, and to whom I ought to have been a Mentor. The indignation I felt against myself, would, perhaps, have been sufficient to overcome my weakness, had not the tender passion inspired me by the victim of it again softened my heart. Alas! was this a moment to harden it, when it was overflowed by the tears which penetrated it in every part? This tenderness was soon changed into rage against the vile informers, who had seen nothing but the evil of a criminal but involuntary sentiment, without believing or even imagining the sincere uprightness of heart by which it was counteracted. We did not remain long in doubt about the hand by which the blow was directed.

We both knew that Madame D'——y corresponded with St. L——t. This was not the first storm she had raised up against Madame d'H——, from whom she had made a thousand efforts to detach her lover, the success of some of which made the consequences to be dreaded. Besides Grimm, who, I think, had accompanied M. de C——e to the army, was in Westphalia as well as St. L——t; they sometimes visited. Grimm had made some attempts on Madame d'H—— which had not succeeded, and, being extremely piqued, suddenly discontinued his visits to her. Let it be judged with what calmness, modest as he is known to be, he

supposed she preferred to him a man older than himself, and of whom, since he had frequented the great, he had never spoken but as of a person he protected.

My suspicions of Madame D'——y were changed into a certainty the moment I heard what had passed in my own house. When I was at the C——e, Thérèse frequently came there, either to bring me letters or pay me that attention which my ill state of health rendered necessary. Madame D'——y had asked her if Madame d'H—— and I did not write to each other. Upon her answering in the affirmative, Madame D'——y pressed her to give her the letters of Madame d'H——, assuring her she would re-seal them in such a manner as it should never be known. Thérèse, without showing how much she was shocked at the proposition, and without even putting me upon my guard, did nothing more than seal the letters she brought me more carefully; a lucky precaution, for Madame D'——y had her watched when she arrived, and waiting for her in the passage, several times carried her audaciousness as far as to examine her tucker. She did more even than this: having one day invited herself with M. de M——y to dinner at the Hermitage, for the first time since I had resided there, she seized the moment I was walking with M——y, to go into my closet with the mother and daughter, and to press them to show her the letters of Madame d'H——. Had the mother known where the letters were, they

would have been given to her; but, fortunately, the daughter was the only person who was in the secret, and denied my having preserved any one of them. A virtuous, faithful, and generous falsehood; whilst truth would have been a perfidy. Madame D'——y perceiving Thérèse was not to be seduced, endeavoured to irritate her by jealousy, reproaching her with her easy temper and blindness. How is it possible, said she to her, you cannot perceive there is a criminal intercourse between them? If besides what strikes your eyes you stand in need of other proofs, lend your assistance to obtain that which may furnish them: you say he tears the letters from Madame d'H——, as soon as he has read them. Well; carefully gather up the pieces and give them to me; I will take upon myself to put them together. Such were the lessons my friend gave to the partner of my bed.

Thérèse had the discretion to conceal from me, for a considerable time, all these attempts; but perceiving how much I was perplexed, she thought herself obliged to inform me of every thing, to the end that, knowing with whom I had to do, I might take my measures accordingly. My rage and indignation are not to be described. Instead of dissembling with Madame D'——y, according to her own example, and making use of counter-plots, I abandoned myself without reserve to the natural impetuosity of my temper; and with my accustomed inconsiderateness came to an open rupture. My imprudence will be judged of

by the following letters, which sufficiently show the manner of proceeding of both parties on this occasion.

Note from Madame D'——y.

“ Why, my dear friend, do not I see you? You make me uneasy. You have so often promised me to do nothing but go and come between this place and the Hermitage! In this I have left you at liberty; and you have suffered a week to pass without coming. Had not I been told you were well, I should have imagined the contrary. I expected you either the day before yesterday, or yesterday, but found myself disappointed. My God, what is the matter with you? You have no business, nor can you have any uneasiness; for, had this been the case, I flatter myself you would have come and communicated it to me. You are, therefore, ill! relieve me, I beseech you, speedily from my fears. Adieu, my dear friend: let this adieu produce me a good morning from you.”

Answer.

“ I cannot yet say any thing to you. I wait to be better informed, and this I shall be sooner or later. In the mean time be persuaded that innocence will find a defender sufficiently powerful to cause some repentance in the slanderers, be they who they may.”

Second Note from the same.

“Do you know that your letter frightens me? . What does it mean? I have read it twenty times. In truth I do not understand what it means. All I can perceive is, that you are uneasy and tormented, and that you wait until you are no longer so before you speak to me upon the subject. Is this, my dear friend, what we agreed upon? What then is become of that friendship and confidence, and by what means have I lost them? Is it with me or for me that you are angry? However this may be, come to me this evening I conjure you: remember you promised me no longer than a week ago to let nothing remain upon your mind, but immediately to communicate to me whatever might make it uneasy. My dear friend, I live in that confidence.—There—I have just read your letter again; I do not understand the contents better, but they make me tremble. You seem to be cruelly agitated. I could wish to calm your mind, but as I am ignorant of the cause whence your uneasiness arises, I know not what to say, except that I am as wretched as yourself, and shall remain so until we meet. If you are not here this evening at six o'clock, I set off to-morrow for the Hermitage let the weather be how it will, and in whatever state of health I may be; for I can no longer support the inquietude I now feel.

Good-day, my dear friend, at all risks, I take the liberty to tell you, without knowing whether or not you are in need of such advice, to endeavour to stop the progress uneasiness makes in solitude. A fly becomes a monster. I have frequently experienced it."

Answer.

"I can neither come to see you nor receive your visit so long as my present inquietude continues. The confidence of which you speak no longer exists, and it will not be easy for you to recover it. I see nothing more in your present anxiety than the desire of drawing from the confessions of others some advantage agreeable to your views; and my heart, so ready to pour its overflowings into another which opens itself to receive them, is shut against trick and cunning. I distinguish your ordinary address in the difficulty you find in understanding my note. Do you think me dupe enough to believe you have not comprehended what it meant? No: but I shall know how to overcome your subtilties by my frankness. I will explain myself more clearly that you may understand me still less.

"Two lovers closely united and worthy of each other's love are dear to me; I expect you will not know who I mean unless I name them. I presume attempts have been made to disunite them, and that I have been made use of to inspire one of the two with jealousy. The

choice was not judicious, but it appeared convenient to the purposes of malice, and of this malice it is you whom I suspect to be guilty. I hope this becomes more clear.

“ Thus the woman whom I most esteem would, with my knowledge, have been loaded with the infamy of dividing her heart and person between two lovers, and I with that of being one of these wretches. If I knew that, for a single moment in your life, you ever had thought this, either of her or myself, I should hate you until my last hour. But it is with having said, and not with having thought it, that I charge you. In this case I cannot comprehend which of the three you wished to injure; but if you love peace of mind, tremble lest you should have succeeded. I have not concealed either from you or her all the ill I think of certain connections, but I wish these to end by a means as virtuous as their cause, and that an illegitimate love may be changed into an eternal friendship. Should I, who never do ill to any person, be the innocent means of doing it to my friends? No, I should never forgive you; I should become your irreconcilable enemy. Your secrets are all I should respect; for I will never be a man without honour.

“ I do not apprehend my present perplexity will continue a long time. I shall soon know whether or not I am deceived, I shall then perhaps have great injuries to repair, which I will do with as much cheerfulness as that with which

the most agreeable act of my life has been accompanied. But do you know in what manner I will make amends for my faults during the short space of time I have to remain near to you? By doing what nobody but myself would do; by telling you freely what the world thinks of you, and the breaches you have to repair in your reputation. Notwithstanding all the pretended friends by whom you are surrounded, the moment you see me depart, you may bid adieu to truth; you will no longer find any person who will tell it you."

Third letter from the same.

"I did not understand your letter of this morning: this I told you because it was the case. I understand that of this evening; do not imagine I shall ever return an answer to it, I am too anxious to forget what it contains; and although you excite my pity, I am not proof against the bitterness with which it has filled my mind. I! descend to trick and cunning with you! I! accused of the blackest of all infamies! Adieu, I regret your having the— adieu. I know not what I say—— adieu: I shall be very anxious to forgive you. You will come when you please; you will be better received than your suspicions deserve. All I have to desire of you is not to trouble yourself about my reputation.. The opinion of the world concerning me is of but little importance in my esteem. My conduct is good, and this is sufficient for me. Besides I am ignorant of what has

happened to the two persons who are dear to me as they are to you."

This last letter extricated me from a terrible embarrassment, and threw me into another of almost the same magnitude. Although these letters and answers were sent and returned the same day with an extreme rapidity, the interval had been sufficient to place another between my rage and transport, and to give me time to reflect on the enormity of my imprudence. Madame d'H—— had not recommended to me any thing so much as to remain quiet, to leave her the care of extricating herself, and to avoid, especially at that moment, all noise and rupture; and I, by the most open and atrocious insults, took the properest means of carrying rage to its greatest height in the heart of a woman who was already but too well disposed to it. I now could naturally expect nothing from her but an answer so haughty, disdainful, and expressive of contempt, that I could not, without the utmost meanness, do otherwise than immediately quit her house. Happily she, more adroit than I was furious, avoided, by the manner of her answer, reducing me to that extremity. But it was necessary either to quit or immediately go and see her; the alternative was inevitable; I resolved on the latter, though I foresaw how much I must be embarrassed in the explanation. For how was I to get through it without exposing either Madame d'H—— or Thérèse? and woe to her whom I should have named! There

was nothing that the vengeance of an implacable and an intriguing woman did not make me fear for the person who should be the object of it. It was to prevent this misfortune that in my letter I had spoken of nothing but suspicions, that I might not be under the necessity of producing my proofs. This, it is true, rendered my transports less excusable, no simple suspicions being sufficient to authorise me to treat a woman, and especially a friend, in the manner I had treated Madame D'——y. But here begins the noble task I worthily fulfilled of expiating my faults and secret weaknesses by charging myself with such of the former as I was incapable of committing, and which I never did commit.

I had not to bear the attack I had expected, and fear was the greatest evil I received from it. At my approach, Madame D'——y threw her arms about my neck, bursting into tears. This unexpected reception, and by an old friend, extremely affected me: I also shed many tears. I said to her a few words which had not much meaning; she uttered others with still less, and every thing ended here. Supper was served; we sat down to table, where, in expectation of the explanation I imagined to be deferred until supper was over, I made a very poor figure; for I am so overpowered by the most trifling inquietude of mind that I cannot conceal it from persons the least clear-sighted. My embarrassed appearance must have given her courage, yet she did not risk any

thing upon that foundation. There was no more explanation after than before supper; none took place on the next day, and our little *tête-à-tête* conversations consisted of indifferent things, or some complimentary words on my part, by which, while I informed her I could not say more relative to my suspicions, I asserted, with the greatest truth, that, if they were ill-founded, my whole life should be employed in repairing the injustice. She did not show the least curiosity to know precisely what they were, nor for what reason I had formed them, and all our peace-making consisted, on her part as well as on mine, in the embrace at our first meeting. Since Madame D'——y was the only person offended, at least in form, I thought it was not for me to strive to bring about an *éclaircissement* for which she herself did not seem anxious, and I returned as I had come; continuing, besides, to live with her upon the same footing as before, I soon almost entirely forgot the quarrel, and foolishly believed she had done the same, because she seemed not to remember what had passed.

This, as it will soon appear, was not the only vexation caused me by weakness; but I had others not less disagreeable, which I had not brought upon myself. The only cause of these was a desire of forcing me from my solitude*, by means of tormenting me. These originated from Diderot and the d'H——s. Since

* That is, to take from it the old woman who was wanted in the conspiracy. It is astonishing that, during

I had resided at the Hermitage, Diderot incessantly harassed me, either himself, or by means of De Leyre, and I soon perceived from the pleasantries of the latter upon my ramblings in the groves, with what pleasure he had travestied the hermit into the gallant shepherd. But this was not the question in my quarrels with Diderot: the causes of these were more serious. After the publication of the *Fils Naturel* he had sent me a copy of it, which I had read with the interest and attention I ever bestowed on the works of a friend. In reading the kind of poem annexed to it, I was surprised and rather grieved to find in it, amongst several things, disobliging but supportable, against men in solitude, this bitter and severe sentence without the least softening: *Il n'y a que le méchant qui soit seul.** This sentence is equivocal, and seems to present a double meaning; the one true, the other false; since it is impossible that a man who is determined to remain alone, can do the least harm to any body, and consequently he cannot be wicked. The sentence in itself therefore required an interpretation; the more so from an author who, when he sent it to the press, had a friend retired from the world. It appeared to me shocking and uncivil, either to have forgotten that solitary friend,

this long quarrel, my stupid confidence prevented me from comprehending that it was not I but she whom they wanted at Paris.

* The wicked only is alone.

or, in remembering him, not to have made from the general maxim the honourable and just exception which he owed, not only to his friend, but to so many respectable sages, who, in all ages, have sought for peace and tranquillity in retirement, and of whom, for the first time since the creation of the world, a writer took it into his head indiscriminately to make so many villains.

I had a great affection and the most sincere esteem for Diderot, and fully depended upon his having the same sentiments for me. But tired with his indefatigable obstinacy in continually opposing my inclinations, taste, and manner of living, and every thing which related to no person but myself; shocked at seeing a man younger than I was wish, at all events, to govern me like a child; disgusted with his facility in promising, and his negligence in performing; weary of so many appointments given by himself and capriciously broken, while new ones were again given only to be again broken; displeased at uselessly waiting for him three or four times a month on the days he had assigned, and in dining alone at night after having gone to Saint Denis to meet him, and waited the whole day for his coming; my heart was already full of these multiplied injuries. This last appeared to me still more serious, and gave me infinite pain. I wrote to complain of it, but in so mild and tender a manner that I moistened my paper with my tears, and my letter was sufficiently

affecting to have drawn others from himself. It would be impossible to guess his answer on this subject; it was literally as follows: "I am glad my work has pleased and affected you. You are not of my opinion relative to hermits. Say as much good of them as you please, you will be the only one in the world of whom I shall think well: even on this there would be much to say were it possible to speak to you without giving you offence. A woman eighty years of age! &c. A phrase of a letter from the son of Madame D'——y, which, if I know you well, must have given you much pain, has been mentioned to me."

The two last expressions of this letter want explanation.

Soon after I went to reside at the Hermitage, Madame le Vasseur seemed dissatisfied with her situation, and to think the habitation too retired. Having heard she had expressed her dislike to the place, I offered to send her back to Paris, if that were more agreeable to her; to pay her lodging, and to have the same care taken of her as if she remained with me. She rejected my offer, assured me she was very well satisfied with the Hermitage, and that the country air was of service to her. This was evident, for, if I may so speak, she seemed to become young again, and enjoyed better health than at Paris. Her daughter told me her mother would, on the whole, have been very sorry to quit the Hermitage, which was really a delightful abode, being fond of the little amuse-

ments of the garden and the care of the fruit, of which she had the handling, but that she had said, what she had been desired to say, to induce me to return to Paris.

Failing in this attempt they endeavoured to obtain by a scruple the effect which complaisance had not produced, and construed into a crime my keeping the old woman at a distance from the succours of which, at her age, she might be in need. They did not recollect that she, and many other old people, whose lives were prolonged by the air of the country, might obtain these succours at Montmorency, near to which I lived; as if there were no old people except in Paris, and that it was impossible for them to live in any other place. Madame le Vasseur, who ate a great deal, and with extreme voracity, was subject to overflowings of bile and to strong diarrhoeas, which lasted several days, and served her instead of clysters. At Paris she neither did nor took any thing for them, but left nature to itself. She observed the same rule at the Hermitage, knowing it was the best thing she could do. No matter, since there were not in the country either physicians or apothecaries, keeping her there must, no doubt, be with the desire of putting an end to her existence, although she was in perfect health. Diderot should have determined at what age, under pain of being punished for homicide, it is no longer permitted to let old people remain out of Paris.

This was one of the atrocious accusations

from which he did not except me in his remark ; that none but the wicked were alone ; and the meaning of his pathetic exclamation with the *et cætera*, which he had benignantly added : *A woman of eighty years of age ! &c.*

I thought the best answer that could be given to this reproach would be from Madame le Vasseur herself. I desired her to write freely and naturally her sentiments to Madame D'—y. To relieve her from all constraint I would not see her letter. I showed her that I am going to transcribe. I wrote it to Madame D'—y, upon the subject of an answer I wished to return to a letter still more severe from Diderot, and which she had prevented me from sending.

Thursday.

“ My good friend ; Madame le Vasseur is to write to you : I have desired her to tell you sincerely what she thinks. To remove from her all constraint, I have intimated to her that I will not see what she writes, and I beg of you not to communicate to me any part of the contents of her letter.

“ I will not send my letter because you do not choose I should ; but, feeling myself grievously offended, it would be baseness and falsehood, of either of which it is impossible for me to be guilty, to acknowledge myself in the wrong. Holy writ commands him to whom a blow is given, to turn the other cheek, but not to ask pardon. Do you remember the man in

the comedy who exclaims, while he is giving another blows with his staff? This is the part of a philosopher!

“Do not flatter yourself that he will be prevented from coming by the bad weather we now have. His rage will give him the time and strength which friendship refuses him, and it will be the first time in his life he ever came upon the day he had appointed.

“He will neglect nothing to come and repeat to me verbally the injuries with which he loads me in his letters; I will endure them all with patience. He will return to Paris to be ill again; and, according to custom, I shall be a very hateful man. What is to be done? Endure it all.

“But do not you admire the wisdom of the man who would absolutely come to Saint Denis in a hackney coach to dine there, bring me home in a hackney coach, and whose finances, eight days afterwards, oblige him to come to the Hermitage on foot? It is not possible, to speak his own language, that this should be the style of sincerity. But were this the case, strange changes of fortune must have happened in the course of a week.

“I join in your affliction for the illness of madame, your mother, but you will perceive your grief is not equal to mine. We suffer less by seeing the persons we love ill, than when they are unjust and cruel.

“Adieu, my good friend, I shall never again mention to you this unhappy affair. You speak

of going to Paris with an unconcern, which, at any other time, would give me pleasure."

I wrote to Diderot, telling him what I had done, relative to Madame le Vasseur, upon the proposal of Madame D'——y, herself; and Madame le Vasseur having, as it may be imagined, chosen to remain at the Hermitage, where she enjoyed a good state of health, always had company, and lived very agreeably, Diderot, not knowing what else to attribute to me as a crime, construed my precaution into one, and discovered another in Madame le Vasseur continuing to reside at the Hermitage, although this was by her own choice; and though her going to Paris had, and still depended upon herself where she would continue to receive the same succours from me as I gave to her in my house.

This is the explanation of the first reproach in the letter of Diderot. That of the second is in the letter which follows. "The learned man, (a name given in a joke by Grimm to the son of Madame D'——y,) must have informed you there were upon the rampart twenty poor persons who were dying with cold and hunger, and waiting for the farthing you customarily gave them. This is a specimen of our little babbling. ——— And if you understand the rest it would amuse you perhaps."

My answer to this terrible argument, of which Diderot seemed so proud, was in the following words:

"I think I answered the *learned man*; that

is the farmer-general, that I did not pity the poor whom he had seen upon the rampart, waiting for my farthing; that he had probably amply made it up to them; that I appointed him my substitute, that the poor of Paris would have no reason to complain of the change; and that I should not easily find so good a one for the poor of Montmorency, who were in much greater need of assistance. Here is a good and respectable old man, who, after having worked hard all his life-time, no longer being able to continue his labours, is in his old days dying with hunger. My conscience is more satisfied with the two sols I give him every Monday, than with the hundred farthings I should have distributed amongst all the beggars on the rampart. You are pleasant men, you philosophers, while you consider the inhabitants of cities as the only persons whom you ought to befriend. It is in the country men learn how to love and serve humanity; all they learn in cities is to despise it."

Such were the singular scruples on which a man of sense had the folly to attribute to me as a crime my retiring from Paris, and pretended to prove to me by my own example, that it was not possible to live out of the capital without becoming a bad man. I cannot at present conceive how I could be guilty of the folly of answering him, and of suffering myself to be angry, instead of laughing in his face. However the decisions of Madame D'——y, and the clamours of the *Coterie H——e*, had so far

operated in her favour, that I was generally thought to be in the wrong; and that Madame d'H—— herself, very partial to Diderot, insisted upon my going to see him at Paris, and making all the advances towards an accommodation, which, full and sincere as it was on my part, was not of long duration. The victorious argument, by which she subdued my heart, was, that at that moment Diderot was in distress. Besides the storm excited against the *Encyclopedie*, he had then another violent one to make head against, relative to his piece, which, notwithstanding the short history he had printed at the head of it, he was accused of having entirely taken from Goldoni. Diderot, more wounded by criticisms than Voltaire, was overwhelmed by them. Madame de Graigny had been malicious enough to spread a report that I had broken with him on this account. I thought it would be just and generous publicly to prove the contrary, and I went to pass two days, not only with him, but at his lodgings. This since I had taken up my abode at the Hermitage, was my second journey to Paris. I had made the first to run to poor Gauffecourt, who had had a stroke of apoplexy, from which he has never perfectly recovered: I did not quit the side of his pillow until he was so far restored as to have no farther need of my assistance.

Diderot received me well. How many wrongs are effaced by the embraces of a friend! after these, what resentment can remain in the heart? We came to but little explanation. This is

needless for reciprocal invectives. The only thing necessary is to know how to forget them. There had been no under-hand proceedings, none at least that had come to my knowledge: the case was not the same with Madame D'—y. He showed me the plan of the *Pere de Famille* *. This, said I to him, is the best defence of the *Fils Naturel*. Be silent, give your attention to this piece, and then throw it at the head of your enemies as the only answer you think proper to make them. He did so and was satisfied with what he had done. I had six months before sent him the two first parts of my *Eloisa* to have his opinion upon them. He had not yet read the work over. We read a part of it together. He found this *feuillet*, that was his term, by which he meant loaded with words and redundancies. I myself had already perceived it; but it was the babbling of the fever: I have never been able to correct it. The last parts are not the same. The fourth especially, and the sixth, are master-pieces of diction.

The day after my arrival, he would absolutely take me to sup with M. d'H—k. We were far from agreeing upon this point; for I wished even to get rid of the bargain for the manuscript on chemistry, for which I was enraged to be obliged to that man. Diderot carried all before him. He swore d'H—k loved me with all his heart, said I must forgive him his manner, which was the

* Father of the Family; a comedy by Diderot.

same to every body, and more disagreeable to his friends than to others. He observed to me that, refusing the produce of this manuscript, after having accepted it two years before, was an affront to the donor which he had not deserved, and that my refusal might be interpreted into a secret reproach, for having waited so long to conclude the bargain. I see, added he, d'H——k every day, and know better than you do the nature of his disposition. Had you reason to be dissatisfied with him, do you think your friend capable of advising you to do a mean thing? In short, with my accustomed weakness, I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, and we went to sup with the baron, who received me as he usually had done. But his wife received me coldly and almost uncivilly. I saw nothing in her which resembled the amiable Caroline, who, when a maid, expressed for me so many good wishes. I thought I had already perceived that since Grimm had frequented the house of d'A——e, I had not met there so friendly a reception.

Whilst I was at Paris, St. L——t arrived there from the army. As I was not acquainted with his arrival, I did not see him until after my return to the country, first at the C——e, and afterwards at the Hermitage; to which he came with Madame d'H——, and invited himself to dinner with me. It may be judged whether or not I received him with pleasure! But I felt one still greater at seeing the good

understanding between my guests. Satisfied with not having disturbed their happiness, I myself was happy in being a witness to it, and I can safely assert that, during the whole of my mad passion, and especially at the moment. of which I speak, had it been in my power to take from him Madame d'H—— I would not have done it, nor should I have so much as been tempted to undertake it. I found her so amiable in her passion for St. L——t, that I could scarcely imagine she would have been as much so had she loved me instead of him; and without wishing to disturb their union, all I really desired of her was to permit herself to be loved. Finally, however violent my passion may have been for this lady, I found it as agreeable to be the confident as the object of her amours, and I never for a moment considered her lover as a rival, but always as my friend. It will be said this was not love: be it so, but it was something more.

As for St. L——t, he behaved like an honest and a judicious man: as I was the only person culpable, so was I the only one who was punished; this, however, was with the greatest indulgence. He treated me severely, but in a friendly manner, and I perceived I had lost something in his esteem, but not the least part of his friendship. For this I consoled myself, knowing it would be much more easy to me to recover one than the other, and that he had too much sense to confound an involuntary weakness and a passion with a vice of character.

If even I were in fault in all that had passed, I was but very little so. Had I first sought after his mistress; had not he himself sent her to me? Did not she come in search of me? Could I avoid receiving her? What could I do? They themselves had done the evil, and I was the person on whom it fell. In my situation they would have done as much as I did, and perhaps more: for, however estimable and faithful Madame d'H—— might be, she was still a woman; her lover was absent; opportunities were frequent; temptations strong; and it would have been very difficult for her always to have defended herself with the same success against a more enterprising man. We certainly had done a great deal in our situation, in placing boundaries beyond which we never permitted ourselves to pass.

Although at the bottom of my heart I found evidence sufficiently honourable in my favour, so many appearances were against me, that the invincible shame always predominant in me, gave me in his presence the appearance of guilt, and of this he took advantage for the purpose of humbling me: a single circumstance will describe this reciprocal situation. I read to him, after dinner, the letter I had written the preceding year to Voltaire, and of which St. L——t had heard speak. Whilst I was reading he fell asleep, and I, lately so haughty, at present so foolish, dared not stop, and continued to read whilst he continued to snore. Such were my indignities, and such

his revenge; but his generosity never permitted him to exercise them, except between ourselves.

After his return to the army, I found Madame d'H—— greatly changed in her manner with me. At this I was as much surprised as if it had not been what I ought to have expected; it affected me more than it ought to have done, and did me considerable harm. It seemed that every thing from which I expected a cure, still plunged deeper into my heart the dart, which I at length broke in rather than drew out.

I was quite determined to conquer myself, and leave no means untried to change my foolish passion into a pure and lasting friendship. For this purpose I had formed the finest projects in the world; for the execution of which the concurrence of Madame d'H—— was necessary. When I wished to speak to her I found her absent and embarrassed; I perceived I was no longer agreeable to her, and that something had passed which she would not communicate to me, and which I have never yet known. This change, and the impossibility of knowing the reason of it, grieved me to the heart. She asked me for her letters; these I returned her with a fidelity of which she did me the insult to doubt for a moment.

This doubt was another wound given to my heart, with which she must have been so well acquainted. She did me justice, but not immediately: I understood that an examination of

the packet I had sent her, made her perceive her error: I saw she reproached herself with it, by which I was a gainer of something. She could not take back her letters without returning me mine. She told me she had burnt them: of this I dared to doubt in my turn, and I confess I doubt of it at this moment. No, such letters as mine to her were, are never thrown into the fire. Those of Eloisa have been found ardent. Heavens! what would have been said of these? No, no, she, who can inspire a like passion, will never have the courage to burn the proofs of it. But I am not afraid of her having made a bad use of them: of this I do not think her capable; and besides, I had taken proper measures to prevent it. The foolish, but strong apprehension of raillery, had made me begin this correspondence in a manner to secure my letters from all communication. I carried the familiarity I permitted myself with her in my intoxication so far as to speak to her in the singular number: but what *theeing* and *thouing*! she certainly could not be offended with it. Yet she several times complained, but this was always useless: her complaints had no other effect than that of awakening my fears, and I besides could not suffer myself to lose ground. If these letters be not yet destroyed, and should they ever be made public, the world will see in what manner I have loved.

The grief caused me by the coldness of Madame d'H——, and the certainty of not having merited it, made me take the singular

resolution to complain of it to St. L——t himself. While waiting the effect of the letter I wrote to him, I sought dissipations to which I ought sooner to have had recourse. Fêtes were given at the C——e, for which I composed music. The pleasure of honouring myself in the eyes of Madame d'H—— by a talent she loved, warmed my imagination, and another object still contributed to give it animation, this was the desire the author of the *Devin du Village* had of showing he understood music; for I had perceived some persons had, for a considerable time past, endeavoured to render this doubtful, at least with respect to composition. My beginning at Paris, the ordeal through which I had several times passed there, both at the house of M. D——n and that of M. de la Popliniere; the quantity of music I had composed during fourteen years in the midst of the most celebrated masters and before their eyes: — finally, the opera of the *Muses Gallantes*, and that even of the *Devin*; a motet I had composed for Mademoiselle Fel, and which she had sung at the spiritual concert; the frequent conferences I had had upon this fine art with the first composers, all seemed to prevent or dissipate a doubt of such a nature. This however existed even at the C——e, and in the mind of M. D'——y himself. Without appearing to observe it, I undertook to compose him a motet for the dedication of the chapel of the C——e, and I begged him to make choice of the words. He directed De Linant, the tutor to his son, to

furnish me with these. De Linant gave me words proper to the subject, and in a week after I had received them, the motet was finished. This time, spite was my Apollo, and never did better music come from my hand. The words began with: *Ecce sedes hic tonantis*. (I have since learned these were by Santeuil, and that M. de Linant had without scruple appropriated them to himself.) The grandeur of the opening is suitable to the words, and the rest of the motet is so elegantly harmonious that every one was struck with it. I had composed it for a great orchestra. D——y procured the best performers. Madame Bruna, an Italian singer, sung the motet, and was well accompanied. The composition succeeded so well, that it was afterwards performed at the spiritual concert, where, in spite of secret cabals, and, notwithstanding it was badly executed, it was twice generally applauded. I gave, for the birth day of M. D——y, the idea of a kind of piece half dramatic and half pantomimical, of which I also composed the music. Grimm, on his arrival, heard speak of my musical success. An hour afterwards not a word more was said upon the subject; but there no longer remained a doubt, not at least that I know of, of my knowledge of composition.

Grimm was scarcely arrived at the C——e, where I already did not much amuse myself, before he made it insupportable to me by airs I never before saw in any person, and of which I had no idea. The evening before he came,

I was dislodged from the chamber of favour, contiguous to that of Madame D'——y; it was prepared for Grimm, and, instead of it, I was put into another further off. In this manner, said I laughingly to Madame D'——y, newcomers displace those which are established. She seemed embarrassed. I was better acquainted the same evening with the reason for the change, in learning that between her chamber and that I had quitted there was a private door which she had thought needless to show me. Her intercourse with Grimm was not a secret either in her own house or to the public, not even to her husband; yet, far from confessing it to me, the confident of secrets more important to her, and which she was sure would be faithfully kept, she constantly denied it in the strongest manner. I comprehended this reserve proceeded from Grimm, who, though entrusted with all my secrets, did not chuse I should be so with any of his.

However prejudiced I was in favour of this man by my former sentiments, which were not extinguished, and by the real merit he had, all was not proof against the cares he took to destroy it. He received me like the Comte de Tuffière; he scarcely deigned to return my salute; he never once spoke to me, and prevented my speaking to him, by not making me any answer; he every where passed first, and took the first place without ever paying me the least attention. All this would have been supportable had he not accompanied it with a

shocking affectation, which may be judged of by one example taken from a hundred. One evening Madame D'——y, finding herself a little indisposed, ordered something for her supper to be carried into her chamber, and went up stairs to sup by the side of her fire. She asked me to go up with her, which I did. Grimm came afterwards. The little table was already placed, and there were but two covers. Supper was served: Madame D'——y took her place on one side of the fire, Grimm took an armed chair, seated himself at the other, drew the little table between them, opened his napkin, and prepared himself for eating without speaking to me a single word. Madame D'——y blushed at his behaviour, and, to induce him to repair his rudeness, offered me her place. He said nothing, nor did he ever look at me. Not being able to approach the fire, I walked about the chamber until a cover was brought. Indisposed as I was, elder than himself, longer acquainted in the house than he had been, the person who had introduced him there, and to whom, as favourite of the lady, he ought to have done the honours of it, he suffered me to sup at the end of the table, at a distance from the fire, without showing me the least civility. His whole behaviour to me corresponded with this example of it. He did not treat me precisely as his inferior, but he looked upon me as a cypher. I could scarcely recognise the same Grimm, who at the house of the P—— de S—— G——, thought himself honoured when

I cast my eyes upon him. I had still more difficulty in reconciling this profound silence and insulting haughtiness with the tender friendship he professed for me to those whom he knew to be my real friends. It is true the only proofs he gave of it was pitying my wretched fortune, of which I did not complain; compassionating my sad fate, with which I was satisfied; and lamenting to see me obstinately refuse the benevolent services he said he wished to render me. Thus was it he artfully made the world admire his affectionate generosity, blame my ungrateful misanthropy, and insensibly accustomed people to imagine there was nothing more between a protector like him and a wretch like myself, than a connection founded upon benefactions on one part, and obligations on the other, without once thinking of a friendship between equals. For my part, I have vainly sought to discover in what I was under an obligation to this new protector. I had lent him money, he had never lent me any; I had attended him in his illness, he scarcely came to see me in mine; I had given him all my friends, he never had given me any of his; I had said every thing I could in his favour, and if ever he has spoken of me it has been less publicly and in another manner. He has never either rendered or offered me the least service of any kind. How, therefore, was he my *Mecænas*? In what manner was I protected by him? This was incomprehensible to me, and still remains so.

It is true he was more or less arrogant with

every body, but I was the only person with whom he was brutally so. I remember St. L——t once ready to throw a plate at his head, upon his, in some measure, giving him the lie at table by vulgarly saying: *that is not true*. With his naturally imperious manner he had the self-sufficiency of an upstart, and became ridiculous by being extravagantly impertinent. An intercourse with the great had so far intoxicated him that he gave himself airs which none but the contemptible part of them ever assume. He never called his lacquey but by *Eh!* as if amongst the number of his servants my lord had not known which was in waiting. When he sent him to buy any thing, he threw the money upon the ground instead of putting it into his hand. In short, entirely forgetting he was a man, he treated him with such shocking contempt, and so cruel a disdain in every thing, that the poor lad, a very good creature, whom Madame D'——y had recommended, quitted his service without any other complaint than that of the impossibility of enduring such treatment. This was the *la Fleur* of this new presuming upstart.

All these things were nothing more than ridiculous, but, quite opposite to my character, they contributed to render him suspicious to me. I could easily imagine that a man whose head was so much deranged could not have a heart well placed. He piqued himself upon nothing so much as upon sentiment. How could this agree with defects which are peculiar

to little minds? How can the continued overflowings of a susceptible heart suffer it to be incessantly employed in so many little cares relative to the person? He who feels his heart inflamed with this celestial fire, strives to diffuse it, and wishes to show what he internally is. He would wish to place his heart in his countenance, and thinks not of other paint for his cheeks.

I remember the summary of his morality, which Madame D'——y had mentioned to me, and adopted. This consisted in one single article: that the sole duty of man is to follow all the inclinations of his heart. This morality, when I heard it mentioned, gave me great matter of reflection, although I at first considered it solely as a play of wit. But I soon perceived it was a principle really the rule of his conduct, and of which I afterwards had, at my own expence, but too many convincing proofs. It is the interior doctrine Diderot has so frequently intimated to me, but which I never heard him explain.

I remembered having several years before been frequently told that Grimm was false, that he had nothing more than the appearance of sentiment, and particularly that he did not love me. I recollected several little anecdotes which I had heard of him by M. de F———l and Madame de C———x, neither of whom esteemed him, and to whom he must have been known, as Madame de C———x was daughter to Madame de R———t, the intimate

friend of the late Comte de F—, and that M. de F——l, at that time very intimate with the Viscount de P——c, had lived a good deal at the *Palais Royal* precisely when Grimm began to introduce himself there. All Paris heard of his despair after the death of the Comte de F—e. It was necessary to support the reputation he had acquired after the rigours of Mademoiselle Fel, and of which I, more than any other person, should have seen the imposture, had I been less blind. He was obliged to be dragged to the Hotel de Castries, where he worthily played his part, abandoned to the most mortal affliction. There, he every morning went into the garden to weep at his ease, holding before his eyes his handkerchief moistened with tears, as long as he was in sight of the hotel, but at the turning of a certain alley, people, of whom he little thought, saw him instantly put his handkerchief into his pocket and take out of it a book. This observation, which was repeatedly made, soon became public in Paris, and was almost as soon forgotten. I myself had forgotten it; a circumstance in which I was concerned brought it to my recollection. I was at the point of death in my bed, in the Rue de Grenelle. Grimm was in the country; he came one morning, quite out of breath, to see me, saying, he had arrived in town that very instant; and a moment afterwards I learned he had arrived the evening before, and had been seen at the theatre.

I heard many things of the same kind; but

an observation, which I was surprised not to have made sooner, struck me more than every thing else. I had given to Grimm all my friends without exception, they were all become his. I was so inseparable from him, that I should have had some difficulty in continuing to visit at a house where he was not received. Madame de Créqui was the only person who refused to admit him into her company, and whom, for that reason, I have seldom since seen. Grimm, on his part, made himself other friends, as well by his own means, as by those of the Comte de F—e. Of all these, not one of them ever became my friend: he never said a word to induce me even to become acquainted with them, and not one of those, I sometimes met at his apartments, ever showed me the least good will; the Comte de F—e, in whose house he lived, and with whom it consequently would have been agreeable to me to form some connection, not excepted, nor the Comte de S—g, his relation, with whom Grimm was still more intimate.

Add to this, my own friends, whom I made his, and who were all tenderly attached to me before this acquaintance, were no longer so the moment it was made. He never gave me one of his; I gave him all mine, and these he has taken from me. If these be the effects of friendship, what are those of enmity?

Diderot, himself, told me several times at the beginning that Grimm, in whom I had so much confidence, was not my friend. He

changed his language the moment he was no longer so himself.

The manner in which I had disposed of my children wanted not the concurrence of any person. Yet I informed several of my friends of it, solely to make it known to them, and that I might not in their eyes appear better than I was. These friends were three in number; Diderot, Grimm, and Madame D'—y. Duclos, the most worthy of my confidence, was the only real friend whom I did not inform of it. He, nevertheless, knew what I had done. By whom? This I know not. It is not very probable the perfidy came from Madame D'—y, who knew that by following her example, had I been capable of doing it, I had in my power the means of a cruel revenge. Its remain therefore between Grimm and Diderot, then so much united, especially against me, and it is probable this crime was common to them both. I would lay a wager that Duclos, to whom I never told my secret, and who consequently was at liberty to make what use he pleased of his information, is the only person who has not spoken of it again.

Grimm and Diderot, in their project to take from me the governesses, had used the greatest efforts to make Duclos enter into their views; but this he refused to do with disdain. It was not until some time afterwards that I learned from him what had passed between them on the subject; but I learned at the time from Thérèse enough to perceive there was some

secret design, and that they wished to dispose of me, if not against my own consent, at least without my knowledge, or had an intention of making these two persons serve as instruments of some project they had in view. This was far from upright conduct. The opposition of Duclos is a convincing proof of it. They who think proper may believe it to be friendship.

This pretended friendship was as fatal to me at home as it was abroad. The long and frequent conversations with Madame le Vasseur, for several years past, had made a sensible change in this woman's behaviour to me, and the change was far from being in my favour. What was the subject of these singular conversations? Why such a profound mystery! Was the conversation of that old woman agreeable enough to take her into favour, and of sufficient importance to make of it so great a secret? During the two or three years these colloquies had, from time to time, been continued, they had appeared to me ridiculous; but when I thought of them again, they began to astonish me. This astonishment would have been carried to inquietude had I then known what the old creature was preparing for me.

Notwithstanding the pretended zeal for my welfare, of which Grimm made such a public boast, difficult to reconcile with the airs he gave himself when we were together, I heard nothing of him from any quarter the least to

my advantage, and his feigned commiseration tended less to do me service than to render me contemptible. He deprived me as much as he possibly could of the resource I found in the employment I had chosen, by decrying me as a bad copyist. I confess he spoke the truth; but in this case, it was not for him to do it. He proved himself in earnest by employing another copyist, and prevailing upon every body he could, by whom I was engaged, to do the same. His intention might have been supposed to be that of reducing me to a dependence upon him and his credit for a subsistence, and to cut off the latter until I was brought to that degree of distress.

All things considered, my reason imposed silence upon my former prejudice, which still pleaded in his favour. I judged his character to be at least suspicious, and with respect to his friendship I positively decided it to be false. I then resolved to see him no more, and informed Madame D'——y of the resolution I had taken, supporting it with several unanswerable facts, but which I have now forgotten.

She strongly combated my resolution without knowing how to reply to the reasons on which it was founded. She had not concerted with him; but the next day, instead of explaining herself verbally, she, with great address, gave me a letter they had drawn up together, and by which, without entering into a detail of facts, she justified him by his con-

centrated character, attributed to me as a crime my having suspected him of perfidy towards his friend, and exhorted me to come to an accommodation with him. This letter staggered me. In a conversation we afterwards had together, and in which I found her better prepared than she had been the first time, I suffered myself to be quite prevailed upon, and was inclined to believe I might have judged erroneously. In this case I thought I really had done a friend a very serious injury, which it was my duty to repair. In short, as I had already done several times with Diderot, and the baron d'H——k, half from inclination, and half from weakness, I made all the advances I had a right to require; I went to M. Grimm, like another George Dandin, to make him my apologies for the offence he had given me; still in the false persuasion, which, in the course of my life, has made me guilty of a thousand meannesses to my pretended friends, that there is no hatred which may not be disarmed by mildness and proper behaviour; whereas, on the contrary, the hatred of the wicked becomes still more envenomed by the impossibility of finding any thing to found it upon, and the sentiment of their own injustice is another cause of offence against the person who is the object of it. I have, without going farther than my own history, a strong proof of this maxim in Grimm, and in T——, both become my implacable enemies from inclination, pleasure, and fancy, without hav-

ing been able to charge me with having done either of them the most trifling injury*, and whose rage, like that of tigers, becomes daily more fierce by the facility of satiating it.

I expected that Grimm, confused by my condescension and advances, would receive me with open arms, and the most tender friendship. He received me as a Roman Emperor would have done, and with a haughtiness I never saw in any person but himself. I was by no means prepared for such a reception. When, in the embarrassment of the part I had to act, and which was so unworthy of me, I had, in a few words, and with a timid air, fulfilled the object which had brought me to him; before he received me into favour, he pronounced, with a deal of majesty, an harangue he had prepared, and which contained a long enumeration of his rare virtues, and especially these connected with friendship. He laid great stress upon a thing which at first struck me a good deal: this was his having always preserved the same friends. Whilst he was yet speaking, I said to myself, it would be cruel for me to be the only exception to this rule.

* I did not give the surname of J—— only to the latter until a long time after his enmity had been declared, and the persecutions he brought upon me at Geneva and elsewhere. I soon suppressed the name the moment I perceived I was entirely his victim. Mean vengeance is unworthy of my heart, and hatred never takes the least root in it.

He returned to the subject so frequently, and with such affection, that I thought, if in this he followed nothing but the sentiments of his heart, he would be less struck with the maxim, and that he made of it an art useful to his views by procuring the means of accomplishing them. Until then I had been in the same situation; I had preserved all my first friends, those even from my tenderest infancy, without having lost one of them except by death, and yet I had never before made the reflection: it was not a maxim I had prescribed myself. Since therefore the advantage was common to both, why did he boast of it in preference, if he had not previously intended to deprive me of the merit? He afterwards endeavoured to humble me by proofs of the preference our common friends gave to him. With this I was as well acquainted as himself; the question was, by what means he had obtained it? whether it was by merit or address? by exalting himself, or endeavouring to abase me? At last, when he had placed between us all the distance that he could add to the value of the favour he was about to confer, he granted me the kiss of peace, in a slight embrace which resembled the *accolade* which the king gives to new made knights. I was stupified with surprise: I knew not what to say; not a word could I utter. This whole scene had the appearance of the reprimand a preceptor gives to his pupil while he graciously spares inflicting the rod. I never think of it without perceiving to what a degree judg-

ments, founded upon appearances to which the vulgar give so much weight, are deceitful, and how frequently audaciousness and pride are found in the guilty, and shame and embarrassment in the innocent.

We were reconciled: this was a relief to my heart, which every kind of quarrel fills with anguish. It will naturally be supposed that a like reconciliation changed nothing in his manners; all it effected was to deprive me of the right of complaining of them. For this reason I took a resolution to endure every thing, and for the future to say not a word.

So many successive vexations overwhelmed me to such a degree as to leave me but little power over my mind. Receiving no answer from St. Lambert, neglected by Madame H——, and no longer daring to open my heart to any person, I began to be afraid that by making friendship my idol, I should sacrifice my whole life to chimeras. After putting all those with whom I had been acquainted to the test, there remained but two who had preserved my esteem, and in whom my heart could confide: Duclos, of whom since my retreat to the Hermitage, I had lost sight, and St. Lambert. I thought the only means of repairing the wrongs I had done the latter, was to open myself to him without reserve, and I resolved to confess to him every thing by which his mistress should not be exposed. I have no doubt but this was another snare of my passion to keep me nearer to her person; but I should

certainly have had no reserve with her lover, entirely submitting to his direction, and carrying sincerity as far as it was possible to do it. I was upon the point of writing to him a second letter, to which I was certain he would have returned an answer, when I learned the melancholy cause of his silence relative to the first. He had been unable to support until the end the fatigues of the campaign. Madame D'—y informed me he had had an attack of the palsy, and Madame d'H——, ill from affliction, wrote me two or three days afterwards from Paris, that he was going to Aix-la-Chapelle to take the benefit of the waters. I will not say this melancholy circumstance afflicted me as it did her; but I am of opinion my grief of heart was as painful as her tears. The pain of knowing him to be in such a state, increased by the fear lest inquietude should have contributed to occasion it, affected me more than any thing that had yet happened, and I felt most cruelly a want of fortitude, which in my estimation was necessary to enable me to support so many misfortunes. Happily this generous friend did not long leave me so overwhelmed with affliction; he did not forget me, notwithstanding his attack; and I soon learned from himself that I had ill judged his sentiments, and been too much alarmed for his situation. It is now time I should come to the grand revolution of my destiny, to the catastrophe which has divided my life into two parts so different from each other, and, from a very trifling cause, produced such terrible effects.

One day, little thinking of what was to happen, Madame D'——y sent for me to the Chevrete. The moment I saw her I perceived in her eyes and whole countenance an appearance of uneasiness, which struck me the more, as this was not customary, nobody knowing better than she did how to govern her features and their movements. My friend, said she, to me, I am immediately going to set off for Geneva; my breast is in a bad state, and my health so deranged that I must go and consult Tronchin. I was the more astonished at this resolution so suddenly taken, and at the beginning of the bad season of the year, as thirty-six hours before she had not, when I left her, so much as thought of it. I asked her who she would take with her. She said her son and M. de Linant; and afterwards carelessly added, and you, bear, will not you go also? As I did not think she spoke seriously, knowing that at that season of the year I was scarcely in a situation to go out of my chamber, I joked upon the utility of the company, of one sick person to another. She herself had not seemed to make the proposition seriously, and here the matter dropped. The rest of our conversation ran upon the necessary preparations for her journey, about which she immediately gave orders, being determined to set off within a fortnight. She lost nothing by my refusal, having prevailed upon her husband to accompany her.

A few days afterwards I received from Diderot the note I am going to transcribe. This

note, simply doubled up, so that the contents were easily read, was addressed to me at Madame D'——y's, and sent to M. de Linant, tutor to the son, and confident to the mother.

Note from Diderot.

“ I am naturally disposed to love you, and am born to give you trouble. I am informed Madame D'——y is going to Geneva, and do not hear you are to accompany her. My friend, you are satisfied with Madame D'——y, you must go with her; if dissatisfied you ought still less to hesitate. Do you find the weight of the obligations you are under to her uneasy to you? This is an opportunity of discharging a part of them, and relieving your mind. Do you ever expect another opportunity like the present one, of giving her proofs of your gratitude? She is going to a country where she will be quite a stranger. She is ill, and will stand in need of amusement and dissipation. The winter season too! Consider, my friend. Your ill state of health may be a much greater objection than I think it is; but are you now more indisposed than you were a month ago, or than you will be at the beginning of spring? Will you, three months hence, be in a situation to perform the journey more at your ease than at present? For my part, I cannot but observe to you, that were I unable to bear the shaking of the carriage, I would take my staff and follow her. Have you no fears lest

your conduct should be misinterpreted? You will be suspected of ingratitude, or of a secret motive. I well know that, let you do as you will, you will have in your favour the testimony of your conscience, but will this alone be sufficient, and is it permitted to neglect to a certain degree that which is necessary to acquire the approbation of others? What I now write, my good friend, is to acquit myself of what I think I owe to us both. Should my letter displease you, throw it into the fire, and let it be forgotten. I salute, love, and embrace you."

Although trembling, and almost blind with rage whilst I read this epistle, I remarked the address with which Diderot affected a milder and more polite language than he had done in his former ones, wherein he never went farther than my dear, without ever deigning to add the name of friend. I easily discovered the second-hand means by which the letter was conveyed to me; the superscription, manner, and form awkwardly betrayed the manoeuvre: for we commonly wrote to each other by post, or the messenger of Montmorency, and this was the first and only time he sent me his letter by any other conveyance.

As soon as the first transports of my indignation permitted me to write, I, with great precipitation, wrote him the following answer, which I immediately carried from the Hermitage, where I then was, to the Chevrette, to shew it to Madame D^r——y, to whom, in my

blind rage, I read the contents, as well as the letter from Diderot.

“ You cannot, my dear friend, either know the magnitude of the obligations I am under to Madame D’——y, to what a degree I am bound by them, whether or not she is desirous of my accompanying her, that this is possible, or the reasons I may have for my non-compliance. I have no objection to discuss all these points with you ; but you will in the mean time confess that prescribing to me so positively what I ought to do, without first enabling yourself to judge of the matter, is, my dear philosopher, acting very inconsiderately. What is still worse, I perceive the opinion you give comes not from yourself. Besides my being but little disposed to suffer myself to be led by the nose under your name by any third or fourth person, I observe in this secondary advice, certain under-hand dealing, which ill agrees with your candour, and from which you will on your account as well as mine, do well in future to abstain.

“ You are afraid my conduct should be misinterpreted ; but I defy a heart like yours to think ill of mine. Others would perhaps speak better of me if I resembled them more. God preserve me from gaining their approbation ! Let the vile and wicked watch over my conduct and misinterpret my actions, Rousseau is not a man to be afraid of them, nor is Diderot to be prevailed upon to hearken to what they say.

“If I am displeased with your letter, you wish me to throw it into the fire, and pay no attention to the contents. Do you imagine that any thing coming from you can be forgotten in such a manner? You hold, my dear friend, my tears as cheap in the pain you give me, as you do my life and health, in the cares you exhort me to take. Could you but break yourself of this, your friendship would be more pleasing to me, and I should be less to be pitied.”

On entering the chamber of Madame D'—y I found Grimm with her, with which I was highly delighted. I read to them, in a loud and clear voice, the two letters, with an intrepidity, of which I should not have thought myself capable, and concluded with a few observations, not in the least derogatory to it. At this unexpected audacity in a man generally timid, they were struck dumb with surprise; I perceived that arrogant man look down upon the ground, not daring to meet my eyes, which sparkled with indignation; but in the bottom of his heart he from that instant resolved upon my destruction, and, with Madame D'—y, I am certain concerted measures to that effect before they separated.

It was much about this time that I at length received, by Madame d'H——, the answer from St. L——t, dated from Wolfenbuttle, a few days after the accident that had happened to him, to my letter which had been long delayed upon the road. This answer gave me

the consolation of which I then stood so much in need; it was full of assurances of esteem and friendship, and these gave me strength and courage to deserve them. From that moment I did my duty, but had St. L——t been less reasonable, generous, and honest, I was inevitably lost.

The season became bad, and people began to quit the country. Madame d'H—— informed me of the day on which she intended to come and bid adieu to the valley, and gave me a rendezvous at Eaubonne. This happened to be the same day on which Madame D'—y left the Chevrette, to go to Paris for the purpose of completing the preparations for her journey. Fortunately she set off in the morning, and I had still time enough to go and dine with her sister-in-law. I had the letter from St. L——t in my pocket, and read it over several times as I walked along. This letter served me as a shield against my weakness. I made and kept to the resolution of seeing nothing in Madame d'H—— but my friend and the mistress of St. L——t; and I passed with her a *tête-à-tête* of four hours in a most delicious calm, infinitely preferable, even with respect to enjoyment, to the paroxysms of a burning fever, which, always, until that moment, I had had when in her presence. As she too well knew my heart not to be changed, she was sensible of the efforts I made to conquer myself, and esteemed me the more for them, and I had the pleasure of perceiving that her friendship for me was

not extinguished. She announced to me the approaching return of St. L——t, who, although well enough recovered from his attack, was unable to bear the fatigues of war, and was quitting the service to come and live in peace with her. We formed the charming project of an intimate connection between us three, and had reason to hope it would be lasting, since it was founded upon every sentiment by which honest and susceptible hearts could be united; and we had moreover amongst us all the knowledge and talents necessary to be sufficient to ourselves, without the aid of any foreign supplement. Alas! in abandoning myself to the hope of so agreeable a life, I little suspected that which awaited me.

We afterwards spoke of my situation with Madame D'—y. I showed her the letter from Diderot, with my answer to it; I related to her every thing that had passed upon the subject, and declared to her my resolution of quitting the Hermitage. This she vehemently opposed, and by reasons all-powerful over my heart. She expressed to me how much she could have wished I had been of the party to Geneva, foreseeing she should inevitably be considered as having caused the refusal, which the letter of Diderot seemed previously to announce. However, as she was acquainted with my reasons, she did not insist upon this point, but conjured me to avoid coming to an open rupture, let it cost me what mortification it would, and to palliate my refusal by reasons

sufficiently plausible, to put away all unjust suspicions of her having been the cause of it. I told her the task she imposed on me was not easy ; but that, resolved to expiate my faults at the expence of my reputation, I would give the preference to hers in every thing that honour permitted me to suffer. It will soon be seen whether or not I fulfilled this engagement.

My passion was so far from having lost any part of its force that I never in my life loved my Sophia so ardently and tenderly as on that day. But such was the impression made upon me by the letter of St. L——t, the sentiment of my duty, and the horror in which I held perfidy, that during the whole time of the interview, my senses left me in peace, and I was not so much as tempted to kiss her hand. At parting she embraced me before her servants. This embrace, so different from those I had sometimes stolen from her under the foliage, proved I was become master of myself ; and I am certain that had my mind, undisturbed, had time to acquire more firmness, three months would have cured me radically.

Here ends my personal connections with Madame d'H—— ; connections of which each has been able to judge by appearances according to the dispositions of his own heart, but in which the passion inspired me by that amiable woman, the most lively passion perhaps man ever felt, will be honourable in our own eyes by the rare and painful sacrifices we both made

to duty, honour, love, and friendship. We each had too high an opinion of the other, easily to suffer ourselves to do any thing derogatory to our dignity. We must have been unworthy of all esteem, had we not set a proper value upon one like this, and the energy of my sentiments which might have rendered us culpable, was that which prevented us from becoming so.

Thus, after a long friendship for one of these women, and the strongest affection for the other, I bade them both adieu the same day, to one never to see her more, to the other to see her again twice, upon occasions of which I shall hereafter speak.

After their departure, I found myself much embarrassed to fulfil so many pressing and contradictory duties, the consequences of my imprudence; had I been in my natural situation, after the proposition and refusal of the journey to Geneva, I had only to remain quiet, and every thing was as it should be. But I had foolishly made of it an affair which could not remain in the state it was, and an explanation was absolutely necessary, unless I quitted the Hermitage, which I had just promised Madame d'H—— not to do, at least for the present. Moreover she had required me to make known the reasons for my refusal to my pretended friends that it might not be imputed to her. Yet I could not state the true reason without doing an outrage to Madame D'——y, who certainly had a right to my gratitude

for what she had done for me. Every thing well considered, I found myself reduced to the severe, but indispensable necessity of failing in respect, either to Madame D'——y, Madame d'H——, or to myself; and it was the last I resolved to make my victim. This I did without hesitation, openly and fully, and with so much generosity as to make the act worthy of expiating the faults which had reduced me to such an extremity. This sacrifice, taken advantage of by my enemies, and which they, perhaps, did not expect, has ruined my reputation, and, by their assiduity, deprived me of the esteem of the public; but it has restored to me my own, and given me consolation in my misfortune. This, as it will hereafter appear, is not the last time I made such a sacrifice, nor that advantages were taken of it to do me an injury.

Grimm was the only person who appeared to have taken no part in the affair, and it was to him I determined to address myself. I wrote him a long letter, in which I set forth the ridiculousness of considering it as my duty to accompany Madame D'——y to Geneva, the inutility of the measure, and the embarrassment even it would have caused her, besides the inconvenience to myself. I could not resist the temptation of letting him perceive in this letter how fully I was informed in what manner things were arranged, and that to me it appeared singular I should be expected to undertake the journey whilst he himself dispensed with it,

and that his name was never mentioned. This letter, wherein, on account of my not being able clearly to state my reasons, I was often obliged to wander from the text, would have rendered me culpable in the eyes of the public, but it was a model of reservedness and discretion for people who, like Grimm, were fully acquainted with the things I forbore to mention, and which justified my conduct. I did not even hesitate to raise another prejudice against myself in attributing the advice of Diderot to my other friends. This I did to insinuate that Madame d'H—— had been in the same opinion as she really was, and in not mentioning that, upon the reasons I gave her, she thought differently, I could not better remove the suspicions of her having connived at my proceedings than by appearing dissatisfied with her behaviour.

This letter was concluded by an act of confidence which would have had an effect upon any other man; for, in desiring Grimm to weigh my reasons, and afterwards to give me his opinion, I informed him that, let this be what it would, I should act accordingly, and such was my intention had he even thought I ought to set off; for M. D'——y having appointed himself the conductor of his wife, my going with them would then have had a different appearance; whereas it was I who, in the first place, was asked to take upon me that employment, and he was out of the question until after my refusal.

The answer from Grimm was slow in com-

ing: it was singular enough, on which account I will here transcribe it.

“The departure of Madame D’——y is postponed: her son is ill, and it is necessary to wait until his health is re-established. I will consider the contents of your letter. Remain quiet at your Hermitage. I will send you my opinion as soon as this shall be necessary. As she will certainly not set off for some days, there is no immediate occasion for it. In the mean time you may, if you think proper, make her your offers, although this to me seems a matter of indifference. For, knowing your situation as well as you do yourself, I doubt not of her returning to your offers such an answer as she ought to do; and all the advantage which, in my opinion, can result from this, will be your having it in your power to say to those by whom you may be importuned, that your not being of the travelling party was not for want of having made your offers to that effect. Moreover I do not see why you will absolutely have it that the philosopher is the speaking trumpet of all the world, nor because he is of opinion you ought to go, why you should imagine all your friends think as he does? If you write to Madame D’——y her answer will be yours to all your friends, since you have it so much at heart to give them all an answer. Adieu. I embrace Madame le Vasseur and the *Criminal*.*

* M. le Vasseur, whose wife governed him rather rudely, called her the *Lieutenant Criminal*. Grimm in a

Struck with astonishment at reading this letter I vainly endeavoured to find out what it meant. How ! instead of answering me with simplicity, he took time to consider of what I had written, as if the time he had already taken was not sufficient ! He intimates even the state of suspense in which he wishes to keep me, as if a profound problem was to be resolved, or that it was of importance to his views to deprive me of every means of comprehending his intentions until the moment he should think proper to make them known. What therefore did he mean by these precautions, delays, and mysteries ? Was this manner of acting consistent with honour and uprightness ? I vainly sought for some favourable interpretation of his conduct ; it was impossible to find one. Whatever his design might be, were this inimical to me, his situation facilitated the execution of it without its being possible for me in mine to oppose the least obstacle. In favour, in the house of a great prince, having an extensive acquaintance, and giving the ton to common circles of which he was the oracle, he had it in his power, with his usual address, to dispose every thing in his favour ; and I, alone in my Hermitage, far removed from all society, without the benefit of advice, and having no communication with the world, had nothing to do but to remain in peace. All I did was to

joke gave the same name to the daughter, and by way of abridgment was pleased to retrench the first word.

write to Madame D'——y upon the illness of her son, as polite a letter as could be written, but in which I did not fall into the snare of offering to accompany her to Geneva.

After waiting for a long time in the most cruel uncertainty, into which that barbarous man had plunged me, I learned, at the expiration of eight or ten days, that Madame D——y was set off, and received from him a second letter. It contained not more than seven or eight lines which I did not entirely read.—It was a rupture, but in such terms as the most infernal hatred only can dictate, and these became unmeaning by the excessive degree of acrimony with which he wished to charge them. He forbade me his presence as he would have forbidden me his states. All that was wanting to his letter, to make it laughable, was to be read over with coolness. Without taking a copy of it, or reading the whole of the contents, I returned it him immediately, accompanied by the following note :

“ I refused to admit the force of the just reasons I had of suspicion : I now, when it is too late, am become sufficiently acquainted with your character.

“ This then is the letter upon which you took time to meditate : I return it to you, it is not for me. You may show mine to the whole world and hate me openly ; this on your part will be a falsehood the less.”

My telling he might show my preceding letter

related to an article in his by which his profound address throughout the whole affair will be judged of.

I have observed that my letter might inculcate me in the eyes of persons unacquainted with the particulars of what had passed. This he was delighted to discover; but how was he to take advantage of it without exposing himself? By showing the letter he ran the risk of being reproached with abusing the confidence of his friend.

To relieve himself from this embarrassment, he resolved to break with me in the most violent manner possible, and to set forth in his letter the favour he did me in not showing mine. He was certain that in my indignation and anger I should refuse his feigned discretion, and permit him to show my letter to every body; this was what he wished for, and every thing turned out as he had expected it would. He sent my letter all over Paris, with his own commentaries upon it, which, however, were not so successful as he had expected them to be. It was not judged that the permission he had extorted to make my letter public exempted him from the blame of having so lightly taken me at my word to do me an injury. People continually asked what personal complaints he had against me to authorise so violent a hatred. Finally, it was thought that if even my behaviour had been such as to authorise him to break with me, friendship, although extinguished, had rights which he ought to have

respected. But unfortunately the inhabitants of Paris are frivolous; remarks of the moment are soon forgotten; the absent and unfortunate are neglected; the man who prospers secures favour by his presence, the intriguing and malicious support each other, renew their vile efforts, and the effects of these, incessantly succeeding each other, efface every thing by which they were preceded.

Thus, after having so long deceived me, this man threw aside his mask; convinced that, in the state to which he had brought things, he no longer stood in need of it. Relieved from the fear of being unjust towards the wretch, I left him to his reflections, and thought no more of him. A week afterwards I received an answer from Madame D'——y, dated from Geneva. I understood from the manner of her letter, in which, for the first time in her life, she put on airs of state with me, that both depending but little upon the success of their measures, and considering me as a man inevitably lost, their intentions were to give themselves the pleasure of completing my destruction.

In fact, my situation was deplorable. I perceived all my friends withdrew themselves from me without knowing how, or for why. Diderot, who boasted of the continuation of his attachment, and who, for three months past, had promised me a visit, did not come. The winter began to make its appearance, and brought with it my habitual disorders. My constitution, although vigorous, had been unequal to

the combat of so many opposite passions. I was so exhausted that I had neither strength nor courage sufficient to resist the most trifling indisposition. Had my engagements, and the continued remonstrances of Diderot and Madame d'H—— permitted me to quit the Hermitage, I knew not where to go, nor in what manner to drag myself along. I remained stupid and immoveable. The idea alone of a step to take, a letter to write, or a word to say, made me tremble. I could not however do otherwise than reply to the letter of Madame D'——y without acknowledging myself to be worthy of the treatment with which she and her friend overwhelmed me. I determined upon notifying to her my sentiments and resolutions, not doubting a moment that from humanity, generosity, propriety, and the good manner of thinking, I imagined I had observed in her, notwithstanding her bad one, she would immediately subscribe to them. My letter was as follows :

“ *Hermitage, 23d Nov. 1757.*

“ Were it possible to die of grief I should not now be alive. But I have at length determined to triumph over every thing. Friendship, madam, is extinguished between us, but that which no longer exists still has its rights, and I respect them. I have not forgotten your goodness to me, and you may, on my part, expect as much gratitude as it is possible to have towards a person I no longer can love.

All farther explanation would be useless. I have in my favour my own conscience, and I return you your letter.

“ I wished to quit the Hermitage, and I ought to have done it. My friends pretend I must stay there until spring; and since my friends desire it I will remain there until that season if you will consent to my stay.”

After writing and dispatching this letter all I thought of was remaining quiet at the Hermitage and taking care of my health; of endeavouring to recover my strength, and taking measures to remove in the spring without noise or making the rupture public. But these were not the intentions either of Grimm or Madame D'——y, as it will presently appear.

A few days afterwards, I had the pleasure of receiving from Diderot the visit he had so frequently promised, and in which he had as constantly failed. He could not have come more opportunely: he was my oldest friend: almost the only one who remained to me; the pleasure I felt in seeing him, as things were circumstanced, may easily be imagined. My heart was full, and I disclosed it to him. I explained to him several facts which either had not come to his knowledge, or had been disguised or supposed. I informed him, as far as I could do it with propriety, of all that had passed. I did not affect to conceal from him that with which he was but too well acquainted, that a passion, equally unreasonable and un-

fortunate, had been the cause of my destruction; but I never acknowledged that Madame d'H—— had been made acquainted with it, or at least that I had declared it to her. I mentioned to him the unworthy manœuvres of Madame D'——y to intercept the innocent letters her sister-in-law wrote to me. I was determined he should hear the particulars from the mouth of the persons whom she had attempted to seduce. Thérèse related them with great precision; but what was my astonishment when the mother came to speak, and I heard her declare and maintain that nothing of this had come to her knowledge? These were her words from which she would never depart. Not four days before she herself had recited to me all the particulars Thérèse had just stated, and in presence of my friend, she contradicted me to my face. This, to me, was decisive, and I then clearly saw my imprudence in having so long a time kept such a woman near me. I made no use of invective; I scarcely deigned to speak to her a few words of contempt. I felt what I owed to the daughter whose stedfast uprightness was a perfect contrast to the base manœuvres of the mother. But from that instant my resolution was taken relative to the old woman, and I waited for nothing but the moment to put it into execution.

This presented itself sooner than I expected. On the 10th of December I received from Madame D'——y the following answer to my preceding letter :

“ *Geneva, 1st December, 1757.*

“ After having for several years given you every possible mark of friendship, all I can now do is to pity you. You are very unhappy. I wish your conscience may be as calm as mine. This may be necessary to the repose of your whole life.

“ Since you are determined to quit the Hermitage, and are persuaded that you ought to do it, I am astonished your friends have prevailed upon you to stay there. For my part I never consult mine upon my duty, and I have nothing farther to say to you upon your own.”

Such an unforeseen dismissal, and so fully pronounced, left me not a moment to hesitate. It was necessary to quit immediately, let the weather and my health be in what state they might, although I were to sleep in the woods and upon the snow, with which the ground was then covered, and in defiance of every thing Madame d'H—— might say; for I was willing to do every thing to please her, except rendering myself infamous.

I never had been so embarrassed in my whole life as I then was; but my resolution was taken, and I swore, let what would happen, not to sleep at the Hermitage on the night of that day week. I began to prepare for sending away my effects, resolving to leave them in the open field rather than not give up the key in the course of the week: for I was determined

every thing should be done before a letter could be written to Geneva, and an answer to it received. I never felt myself so inspired with courage: I had recovered all my strength. Honour and indignation, upon which Madame D'——y had not calculated, contributed to restore me to vigour. Fortune aided my audacity. M. Mathas, fiscal procuror, heard of my embarrassment. He sent to offer me a little house he had in his garden of Mont Louis, at Montmorency. I accepted it with eagerness and gratitude. The bargain was soon concluded: I immediately sent to purchase a little furniture to add to that we already had. My effects I had carted away with a deal of trouble, and at a great expence: notwithstanding the ice and snow my removal was completed in a couple of days and, on the fifteenth of December, I gave up the keys of the Hermitage, after having paid the wages of the gardener; not being able to pay my rent.

With respect to Madame le Vasseur, I told her we must part: her daughter attempted to make me renounce my resolution, but I was inflexible. I sent her off to Paris in the carriage of the messenger with all the furniture and effects she and her daughter had in common. I gave her some money, and engaged to pay her lodging with her children, or elsewhere to provide for her subsistence as much as it should be possible for me to do it, and never to let her want bread as long as I should have it myself.

Finally, the day after my arrival at *Mont Louis*, I wrote to Madame D'——y the following letter :

“ *Montmorency, 17th December, 1757.*

“ Nothing, madam, is so natural and necessary as to leave your house the moment you no longer approve of my remaining there. Upon your refusing your consent to my passing the rest of the winter at the Hermitage, I quitted it on the fifteenth of December. My destiny was to enter it in spite of myself and to leave it the same. I thank you for the residence you prevailed upon me to make there, and I would thank you still more had I paid for it less dear. You are right in believing me unhappy ; nobody upon earth knows better than yourself to what a degree I must be so. If being deceived in the choice of our friends be a misfortune, it is another not less cruel to recover from so pleasing an error.”

Such is the faithful narration of my residence at the Hermitage, and of the reasons which obliged me to leave it. I could not break off the recital, it was necessary to continue it with the greatest exactness : this epoch of my life having had upon the rest of it an influence which will extend to my latest remembrance.

BOOK X.

THE extraordinary degree of strength, a momentary effervescence had given me to quit the Hermitage, left me the moment I was out of it. I was scarcely established in my new habitation before I frequently suffered from retentions, which were accompanied by a new complaint that of a rupture, from which I had for some time, without knowing what it was, felt great inconvenience. I soon was reduced to the most cruel state. The physician Thyerri, my old friend, came to see me, and made me acquainted with my situation. The sight of all the apparatus of the infirmities of years, made me severely feel that when the body is no longer young, the heart is not so with impunity. The fine season did not restore me, and I passed the whole year, 1758, in a state of languor, which made me think I was almost at the end of my career. I saw, with a kind of impatience, the closing scene approach. Recovered from the chimeras of friendship, and detached from every thing which had rendered life desirable to me, I saw nothing more in it that could make it agreeable; all I perceived was wretchedness and misery, which prevented me from enjoying myself. I sighed after the moment when I was to be

free, and escape from my enemies. But I must follow the order of events.

My retreat to Montmorency seemed to disconcert Madame D'——y; probably she did not expect it. My melancholy situation, the severity of the season, the general dereliction of me by my friends, all made her and Grimm believe, that by driving me to the last extremity, they should oblige me to implore mercy, and thus, by vile meanness, render myself contemptible, to be suffered to remain in an asylum which honour commanded me to leave. I left it so suddenly that they had not time to prevent the step from being taken, and they were reduced to the alternative of double or quit, to endeavour to ruin me entirely, or to prevail upon me to return. Grimm chose the former, but I am of opinion Madame D'——y would have preferred the latter, and this from her answer to my last letter, in which she seemed to have laid aside the airs she had given herself in the preceding ones, and to give an opening to an accommodation. The long delay of this answer, for which she made me wait a whole month, sufficiently indicates the difficulty she found in giving it a proper turn, and the deliberations by which it was preceded. She could not make any farther advances without exposing herself; but after her former letters, and my sudden retreat from her house, it is impossible not to be struck with the care she takes in this letter not to suffer an offensive expression to escape her. I will copy it at

length to enable my reader to judge of what she wrote.

“ Geneva, January 17th, 1758.

“ Sir. I did not receive your letter of the 17th of December, until yesterday. It was sent me in a box filled with different things, and which has been all this time upon the road. I shall answer only the postscript. You may recollect, Sir, that we agreed the wages of the gardener of the Hermitage should pass through your hands, the better to make him feel that he depended upon you, and to avoid the ridiculous and indecent scenes which happened in the time of his predecessor. As a proof of this, the first quarter of his wages were given to you, and a few days before my departure, we agreed I should re-imburse you what you had advanced. I know that of this you, at first, made some difficulty; but I had desired you to make these advances; it was natural I should acquit myself towards you, and this we concluded upon. Cahouet informs me that you refused to receive the money. There is certainly some mistake in the matter. I have given orders that it may again be offered to you, and I see no reason for your wishing to pay my gardener, notwithstanding our conventions, and beyond the term even of your inhabiting the Hermitage. I therefore expect, Sir, that recollecting everything I have the honour to state, you will not refuse to be reimbursed for the sums you have been pleased to advance for me.”

After what had passed, not having the least confidence in Madame D'—y; I was unwilling to renew my connection with her; I returned no answer to this letter, and there our correspondence ended. Perceiving I had taken my resolution, she took hers; and, entering into all the views of Grimm and the *Coterie H—chique*, she united her efforts with theirs to accomplish my destruction. Whilst they manœuvred at Paris, she did the same at Geneva. Grimm, who afterwards went to her there, completed what she had begun. Tronchin, whom they had no difficulty in gaining over, seconded them powerfully, and became the most violent of my persecutors, without having against me, any more than Grimm had, the least subject of complaint. They all three spread in silence that of which the effects were seen there four years afterwards.

They had more trouble at Paris where I was better known to the citizens, whose hearts, less disposed to hatred, less easily received its impressions. The better to direct their blow, they began by giving out that it was I who had left them. Thence, still feigning to be my friends, they dexterously spread their malignant accusations by complaining of the injustice of their friend. Their auditors, thus thrown off their guard, listened more attentively to what was said of me, and were inclined to blame my conduct. The secret accusations of perfidy and ingratitude were made with greater precaution, and by that means

with greater effect. I knew they imputed to me the most atrocious crimes, without being able to learn in what these consisted. All I could infer from public rumour was, that this was founded upon the four following capital offences: my retiring to the country; my passion for Madame d'H——; my refusing to accompany Madame D'—y to Geneva; and my leaving the Hermitage. If to these they added other griefs, they took their measures so well, that it has hitherto been impossible for me to learn the subject of them.

It is therefore at this period that I think I may fix the establishment of a system, since adopted by those by whom my fate has been determined, and which has made such a progress as will seem miraculous to persons who know not with what facility every thing which favours the malignity of men is established. I will endeavour to explain in a few words what to me appeared visible in this profound and obscure system.

With a name already distinguished, and known throughout all Europe, I had still preserved my primitive simplicity. My mortal aversion to all party, faction, and cabal, had kept me free and independent, without any other chain than the attachments of my heart. Alone, a stranger, without family or fortune, and unconnected with every thing, except my principles and duties, I intrepidly followed the paths of uprightness, never flattering or favouring any person at the expence of truth and

justice. Besides, having lived for two years past in solitude, without observing the course of events, I was unconnected with the affairs of the world, and not informed of what passed, nor desirous of being acquainted with it. I lived four leagues from Paris, as much separated from that capital by my negligence, as I should have been in the island of Tinian by the sea.

Grimm, Diderot and d'H——k were, on the contrary, in the centre of the vortex, lived in the great world, and divided amongst them almost all the spheres of it. The great, wits, men of letters, men of the long robe, and women, all listened to them when they chose to act in concert. The advantage three men in this situation united must have over a fourth in mine, cannot but already appear. It is true Diderot and d'H——k were incapable, at least I think so, of forming black conspiracies; one of them was not base enough, nor the other sufficiently able; but it was for this reason that the party was more united. Grimm alone, formed his plan in his mind, and discovered more of it than was necessary to induce his associates to concur in the execution. The ascendancy he had gained over them made this quite easy, and the effect of the whole answered to the superiority of his talents.

It was with these, which were of a superior kind, that, perceiving the advantage he might acquire from our respective situations, he conceived the project of overturning my reputation, and, without exposing himself, of giving me one

of a nature quite opposite, by raising up about me an edifice of obscurity which it was impossible for me to penetrate, and by that means throw a light upon his manœuvres and unmask him.

This enterprise was difficult, because it was necessary to palliate the iniquity in the eyes of those of whose assistance he stood in need. He had honest men to deceive, to alienate from me the good opinion of every body, and to deprive me of all my friends. What say I? He had to cut off all communication with me, that not a single word of truth might reach my ears. Had a single man of generosity come and said to me: you assume the appearance of virtue, yet this is the manner in which you are treated, and these the circumstances by which you are judged: what have you to say? Truth would have triumphed, and Grimm have been undone. Of this he was fully convinced: but he had examined his own heart, and estimated men according to their merit. I am sorry, for the honour of humanity, that he judged with so much truth.

In these dark and crooked paths his steps, to be the more sure, were necessarily slow. He has for twelve years pursued his plan, and the most difficult part of the execution of it is still to come; this is to deceive the public entirely. He is afraid of this public, and dares not lay his conspiracy open. * But he has found the easy

* Since this was written he has made the dangerous step with the fullest and most inconceivable success. I

means of accompanying it with power, and this power has the disposal of me. Thus supported, he advances with less danger. The agents of power, piquing themselves but little on uprightness, and still less on candour, he has no longer the indiscretion of any honest man to fear. His safety is in my being enveloped in an impenetrable obscurity, and in concealing from me his conspiracy, well knowing that with whatever art he may have formed it, I could, by a single glance of the eye, discover the whole. His great address consists in appearing to favour, whilst he defames me, and in giving to his perfidy an air of generosity.

I felt the first effects of this system by the secret accusations of the *Coterie H—chique*, without its being possible for me to know in what the accusations consisted, or to form a probable conjecture as to the nature of them. De Leyre informed me in his letters that heinous things were attributed to me. Diderot more mysteriously told me the same thing, and when I came to an explanation with both, the whole was reduced to the heads of accusation of which I have already spoken. I perceived a gradual increase of coolness in the letters from Madame d'H——. This I could not attribute to St. L——t; he continued to write to me with the same friendship, and came to see me after his return. It was also impossible to think

am of opinion it was Tronchin who inspired him with courage, and supplied him with the means.

myself the cause of it, as we had separated well satisfied with each other, and nothing since that time had happened on my part, except my departure from the Hermitage, of which she felt the necessity. Therefore, not knowing whence this coolness, which she refused to acknowledge, although my heart was not to be deceived, could proceed, I was uneasy upon every account. I knew she greatly favoured her sister-in-law and Grimm, in consequence of their connections with St. L——t; and I was afraid of their machinations. This agitation opened my wounds, and rendered my correspondence so disagreeable as quite to disgust her with it. I saw, as at a distance, a thousand cruel circumstances, without discovering any thing distinctly. I was in a situation the most insupportable to a man whose imagination is easily heated. Had I been quite retired from the world, and known nothing of the matter, I should have become more calm; but my heart still clung to attachments, by means of which my enemies had great advantages over me; and the feeble rays which penetrated my asylum, conveyed to me nothing more than a knowledge of the blackness of the mysteries which were concealed from my eyes.

I should have sunk, I have not a doubt of it, under these torments, too cruel and insupportable to my open disposition, which, by the impossibility of concealing my sentiments, makes me fear every thing from those concealed from me, if fortunately objects sufficiently interest-

ing to my heart to divert it from others with which, in spite of myself, my imagination was filled, had not presented themselves. In the last visit Diderot paid me at the Hermitage, he had spoken of the article *Geneva*, which D'Alembert had inserted in the *Encyclopedie*; he had informed me that this article, concerted with people of the first consideration, had for object the establishment of a theatre at Geneva, that measures had been taken accordingly, and that the establishment would soon take place. As Diderot seemed to think all this very proper, and did not doubt of the success of the measure; and as I had besides to speak to him upon too many other subjects to touch upon that article, I made him no answer; but scandalised at these preparatives to corruption and licentiousness, in my country, I waited with impatience for the volume of the *Encyclopedie*, in which the article was inserted, to see whether or not it would be possible to give an answer which might ward off the blow. I received the volume soon after my establishment at Mont Louis, and found the articles to be written with much art and address, and worthy of the pen whence it proceeded. This however did not abate my desire to answer it, and notwithstanding the dejection of spirits I then laboured under, my griefs and pains, the severity of the season, and the inconvenience of my new abode in which I had not yet had time to arrange myself, I set to work with a zeal which surmounted every obstacle.

In a severe winter in the month of Fe-

bruary, and in the situation I have described, I went every day, morning and evening, to pass a couple of hours in an open alcove which was at the bottom of the garden in which my habitation stood. This alcove, which terminated an alley of a terrace, looked upon the valley and the pond of Montmorency, and presented to me, as the closing point of a prospect, the plain but respectable castle of St. Gratien, the retreat of the virtuous Catinat. It was in this place, then, exposed to freezing cold, that, without being sheltered from the wind and snow, and having no other fire than that in my heart, I composed, in the space of three weeks, my letter to D'Alembert on Theatres. It was in this, for my Eloisa was not then half written, that I found charms in philosophical labour. Until then virtuous indignation had been a substitute to Apollo, tenderness and a gentleness of mind now became so. The injustice I had been witness to had irritated me, that of which I became the object rendered me melancholy; and this melancholy without bitterness was that of a heart too tender and affectionate, and which, deceived by those in whom it had confided, was obliged to remain concentrated. Full of that which had befallen me, and still affected by so many violent emotions, my heart added the sentiment of its sufferings to the ideas with which a meditation on my subject had inspired me; what I wrote bore evident marks of this mixture. Without perceiving it, I described the situation I was then in, and gave

portraits of Grimm, Madame D'——y, Madame d'H——, St. L——t, and myself. What delicious tears did I shed as I wrote! Alas! in these descriptions there are proofs but too evident that love, the fatal love of which I made such efforts to cure myself, still remained in my heart. With all this there was a certain sentiment of tenderness relative to myself; I thought I was dying, and imagined I bid the public my last adieu. Far from fearing death, I joyfully saw it approach; but I felt some regret at leaving my fellow-creatures, without their having perceived my real merit, and being convinced how much I should have deserved their esteem had they known me better. These are the secret causes of the singular manner in which this work, opposite to that of the work by which it was preceded*, is written.

I corrected and copied the letter, and was preparing to print it when, after a long silence, I received one from Madame d'H—— which brought upon me a new affliction more painful than any I had yet suffered. She informed me that my passion for her was known to all Paris, that I had spoken of it to persons who had made it public, that this rumour having reached the ears of her lover had nearly cost him his life: yet he did her justice, and peace was restored between them; but on his account, as well as on hers, and for the sake of her reputation, she thought it her duty to break off all

* *Discours sur l' Inégalité.* — Discourse on the Inequality of Mankind.

correspondence with me, at the same time assuring me that she and her friend were both interested in my welfare, that they would defend me to the public, and that she herself would from time to time send to inquire after my health.

And thou also, Diderot, exclaimed I! unworthy friend! — I could not, however, yet resolve to condemn him. My weakness was known to others who might have spoken of it. I wished to doubt — but this was soon out of my power. St. L——t shortly after performed an action worthy of himself. Knowing my manner of thinking, he judged of the state in which I must be; betrayed by one part of my friends and forsaken by the other. He came to see me. The first time he had not many moments to spare. He came again. Unfortunately, not expecting him, I was not at home. Thérèsa had with him a conversation of upwards of two hours, in which they informed each other of facts of great importance to us all. The surprise with which I learned, that nobody doubted of my having lived with Madame D'——y, as Grimm then did, cannot be equalled, except by that of St. L——t, when he was convinced that the rumour was false. He, to the great dissatisfaction of the lady, was in the same situation with myself, and the eclairsissements resulting from the conversation removed from me all regret, on account of my having broken with her for ever. Relative to Madame d'H——, he mentioned several circumstances with which neither

Thérèse nor Madame d'H—— herself were acquainted, these were known to me only in the first instance, and I had never mentioned them, except to Diderot, under the seal of friendship; and it was to St. L——t himself to whom he had chosen to communicate them. This last step was sufficient to determine me. I resolved to break with Diderot for ever, and this without farther deliberation, except on the manner of doing it; for I had perceived secret ruptures turned to my prejudice, because they left the mask of friendship in possession of my most cruel enemies.

The rules of good breeding, established in the world on this head, seem to have been dictated by a spirit of treachery and falsehood. To appear the friend of a man, when in reality we are no longer so, is to reserve to ourselves the means of doing him an injury by surprising honest men into an error. I recollected that when the illustrious Montesquieu broke with father de Tournemine, he immediately said to every body: Listen neither to father Tournemine nor myself, when we speak of each other, for we are no longer friends. This open and generous proceeding was universally applauded. I resolved to follow the example with Diderot; but what method was I to take to publish the rupture authentically from my retreat, and yet without scandal? I concluded on inserting, in the form of a note, in my work, a passage from the book of Ecclesiasticus, which declared the rupture, and even the subject of it, in terms sufficiently clear to such

as were acquainted with the previous circumstances, but could signify nothing to the rest of the world. I determined not to speak in my work of the friend whom I renounced, except with the honour always due to extinguished friendship. The whole may be seen in the work itself.

There is nothing in this world but time and misfortune, and every act of courage seems to be a crime in adversity. For that which had been admired in Montesquieu, I received only blame and reproach. As soon as my work was printed, and I had copies of it, I sent one to St. L——t, who, the evening before, had written to me in his own name and that of Madame d'H——, a note expressive of the most tender friendship. The following is the letter he wrote to me when he returned the copy I had sent him.

“ *Eaubonne, 10th October, 1758.*

“ Indeed, Sir, I cannot accept the present you have just made me. In that part of your preface where, relative to Diderot, you quote a passage from Ecclesiastes (he mistakes, it is from Ecclesiasticus) the book dropt from my hand. In the conversations we had together in the summer, you seemed to be persuaded Diderot was not guilty of the pretended indiscretions you had imputed to him. You may, for aught I know to the contrary, have reason to complain of him, but this does not give you a right to insult him publicly. You

are not unacquainted with the nature of the persecutions he suffers, and you join the voice of an old friend to that of envy. I cannot refrain from telling you, Sir, how much this heinous act of yours has shocked me. I am not acquainted with Diderot, but I honour him, and I have a lively sense of the pain you give to a man, whom, at least not in my hearing, you have never reproached with any thing more than a trifling weakness. You and I, Sir, differ too much in our principles ever to be agreeable to each other. Forget that I exist; this you will easily do. I have never done to men either good or evil of a nature to be long remembered. I promise you, Sir, to forget your person, and to remember nothing relative to you but your talents."

This letter filled me with indignation and affliction; and in the excess of my pangs, feeling my pride wounded, I answered him by the following note:

"Montmorency, 11th October, 1758.

"Sir. While reading your letter, I did you the honour to be surprised at it, and had the weakness to suffer it to affect me; but I find it unworthy of an answer.

"I will no longer continue the copies of Madame d'H——. If it be not agreeable to her to keep that she has, she may send it me back and I will return her money. If she keeps it, she must still send for the rest of her paper

and the money; and at the same time I beg she will return me the prospectus which she has in her possession. Adieu, Sir."

Courage under misfortunes irritates the hearts of cowards, but it is pleasing to generous minds. This note seemed to make St. L——t reflect with himself, and to regret his having been so violent; but too haughty in his turn to make open advances, he seized, and perhaps prepared, the opportunity of palliating what he had done. A fortnight afterwards I received from Madame D'——y the following letter:

"Thursday, 26th.

"Sir. I received the book you had the goodness to send me, and which I have read with much pleasure. I have always experienced the same sentiment in reading all the works which have come from your pen. Receive my thanks for the whole. I should have returned you these in person had my affairs permitted me to remain any time in your neighbourhood; but I was not this year long at the Chevrette. M. and Madame Dupin came there on Sunday to dinner. I expect M. de St. L——t, M. de F——l, and Madame d'H——, will be of the party; you will do me much pleasure by making one also. All the persons who are to dine with me, desire, and will, as well as myself, be delighted to pass with you a part of the day.

I have the honour to be with the most perfect consideration, &c."

This letter made my heart beat violently, after having for a year past been the subject of conversation of all Paris, the idea of presenting myself as a spectacle before Madame d'H——, made me tremble, and I had much difficulty to find sufficient courage to support that ceremony. Yet as she and St. L——t, were desirous of it, and Madame D'—y spoke in the name of her guests without naming one whom I should not be glad to see, I did not think I should expose myself by accepting a dinner to which I was in some degree invited by all the persons who with myself were to partake of it. I therefore promised to go: on Sunday the weather was bad, and Madame D'—y sent me her carriage.

My arrival caused a sensation. I never met a better reception. An observer would have thought the whole company felt how much I stood in need of encouragement. None but French hearts are susceptible of this kind of delicacy. However, I found more people than I had expected to see. Amongst others the Comte d'H——, whom I did not know, and his sister Madame de B——e, without whose company I should have been as well pleased. She had the year before come several times to Eaubonne, and her sister-in-law had left her in our solitary walks, to wait until she thought proper to suffer her to join us.

She had harboured a resentment against me, which, during this dinner, she gratified at her ease. The presence of the Comte D'H—— and St. L——t, did not give me the laugh on my side, and it may be judged that a man embarrassed in the most common conversations was not very brilliant in that which then had place. I never suffered so much, appeared so awkward, nor received more unexpected mortifications. As soon as we had risen from table, I withdrew from that wicked woman; I had the pleasure of seeing St. L——t, and Madame D'H—— approach me, and we conversed together a part of the afternoon, upon things very indifferent, it is true, but with the same familiarity as before my involuntary error. This friendly attention was not lost upon my heart, and could St. L——t have read what passed there, he certainly would have been satisfied with it. I can safely assert that although on my arrival the presence of Madame d'H—— gave me the most violent palpitations, on returning from the house I scarcely thought of her; my mind was entirely taken up with St. L——t.

Notwithstanding the malignant sarcasms of Madame de B——e, the dinner was of great service to me, and I congratulated myself upon not having refused the invitation. I not only discovered that the intrigues of Grimm and the H——'s, had not deprived me of my old acquaintance*, but, what flattered me still more,

* Such in the simplicity of my heart was my opinion when I wrote these confessions.

that Madame d'H—— and St. L——t were less changed than I had imagined, and I at length understood that his keeping her at a distance from me proceeded more from jealousy than disesteem. This was a consolation to me, and calmed my mind. Certain of not being an object of contempt in the eyes of persons whom I esteemed, I worked upon my own heart with greater courage and success. If I did not quite extinguish in it a guilty and an unhappy passion, I at least so well regulated the remains of it that they have never since that moment led me into the most trifling error. The copies of Madame d'H——, which she prevailed upon me to take again, and my works, which I continued to send her as soon as they appeared, produced me from her a few notes and messages, indifferent but obliging. She did still more, as will hereafter appear, and the reciprocal conduct of her lover and myself, after our intercourse had ceased, may serve as an example of the manner in which persons of honour separate when it is no longer agreeable to them to associate with each other.

Another advantage this dinner procured me was its being spoken of in Paris, where it served as a refutation of the rumour spread by my enemies, that I had quarrelled with every person who partook of it, and especially with M. D'——y. When I left the Hermitage I had written him a very polite letter of thanks, to which he answered not less politely, and mutual civilities had continued, as well be-

tween us as between me and M. de la L——, his brother-in-law, who even came to see me at Montmorency, and sent me some of his engravings. Excepting the two sisters-in-law of Madame d'H——, I have never been upon bad terms with any person of the family.

My letter to D'Alembert had great success. All my works had been very well received, but this was more favourable to me. It taught the public to guard against the insinuations of the *Coterie H——chique*. When I went to the Hermitage, this *Coterie* predicted, with its usual sufficiency, that I should not remain there three months. When I had staid there twenty months, and was obliged to leave it, I still fixed my residence in the country. The *Coterie* insisted this was from a motive of pure obstinacy, and that I was weary even to death of my retirement; but that, eaten up with pride, I chose rather to become a victim to my stubbornness than to recover from it and return to Paris. The letter to D'Alembert breathed a gentleness of mind which every one perceived not to be affected. Had I been dissatisfied with my retreat, my style and manner would have borne evident marks of my ill humour. This reigned in all the works I had written at Paris; but in the first I wrote in the country, not the least appearance of it was to be found. To persons who knew how to distinguish, this remark was decisive. They perceived I was returned to my element.

Yet the same work, notwithstanding all the

mildness it breathed, made me, by a mistake of my own, and my usual ill luck, another enemy amongst men of letters. I had become acquainted with Marmontel at the house of M. de la Popliniere, and this acquaintance had been continued at that of the baron. Marmontel at that time wrote the *Mercure de France*. As I had too much pride to send my works to the authors of periodical publications, and wishing to send him this without his imagining it was in consequence of that title, or being desirous he should speak of it in the *Mercure*, I wrote upon the book that it was not for the author of the *Mercure*, but for M. Marmontel. I thought I paid him a very fine compliment; he mistook it for a cruel offence, and became my irreconcilable enemy. He wrote against the letter, with politeness it is true, but with a bitterness easily perceivable, and since that time has never lost an opportunity of injuring me in society, and of indirectly ill-treating me in his works. Such difficulty is there in managing the irritable self-love of men of letters, and so careful ought every person to be not to leave any thing equivocal in the compliments they pay them.

Having nothing more to disturb me, I took advantage of my leisure and independence to continue my literary pursuits with more coherence. I this winter finished my *Eloisa*, and sent it to Rey, who had it printed the year following. I was however interrupted in my projects by a circumstance sufficiently disagree-

able. I heard new preparations were making at the opera-house to give the *Devin du Village*. Enraged at seeing these people arrogantly dispose of my property, I again took up the memoir I had sent to M. D'Argenson, to which no answer had been returned, and having made some trifling alterations in it, I sent the manuscript by M. Sellon, resident from Geneva, and a letter with which he was pleased to charge himself, to the Comte de St. Florentin, who had succeeded M. D'Argenson in the opera department. Duclos, to whom I communicated what I had done, mentioned it to the *petits violons*, who offered to restore me, not my opera, but my freedom of the theatre, which I was no longer in a situation to enjoy. Perceiving I had not from any quarter the least justice to expect, I gave up the affair; and the directors of the opera, without either answering, or listening to my reasons, have continued to dispose as of their own property, and to turn to their profit, the *Devin du Village*, which incontestibly belongs to nobody but myself.*

Since I had spoken of the yoke of my tyrants, I led a life sufficiently agreeable and peaceful; deprived of the charm of too strong attachments I was delivered from the weight of their chains. Disgusted with the friends who pretended to be my protectors, and wished

* It now belongs to them by virtue of an agreement recently made to that effect.

absolutely to dispose of me at will, and in spite of myself, to subject me to their pretended good services, I resolved in future to have no other connections than those of simple benevolence. These, without the least constraint upon liberty, constitute the pleasure of society, of which equality is the basis. I had of them as many as were necessary to enable me to taste of the charms of liberty without being subject to the dependence of it; and as soon as I had made an experiment of this manner of life, I felt it was the most proper to my age, to end my days in peace, far removed from the agitations, quarrels, and cavillings, in which I had just been half submerged.

During my residence at the Hermitage, and after my settlement at Montmorency, I had made in the neighbourhood some agreeable acquaintance, and which did not subject me to any inconvenience. The principal of these was young Loiseau de Mauleon, who, then beginning to plead at the bar, did not yet know what rank he would one day hold there. I for my part was not in the least doubt about the matter. I soon pointed out to him the illustrious career in the midst of which he is now seen, and predicted that, if he laid down to himself rigid rules for the choice of causes, and never became the defender of any thing but virtue and justice, his genius, elevated by this sublime sentiment, would be equal to that of the greatest orators. He followed my advice, and now feels the good effects of it. His

defence of M. de Portes is worthy of Demosthenes. He came every year within a quarter of a league of the Hermitage to pass the vacation at St. Brice, in the fief of Mauléon, belonging to his mother, and where the great Bossuet had formerly lodged. This is a fief, of which a like succession of proprietors would render nobility difficult to support.

I had also for a neighbour in the same village of St. Brice, the bookseller Guerin, a man of wit, learning, of an amiable disposition, and one of the first in his profession. He brought me acquainted with Jean Néaulme, bookseller of Amsterdam, his friend and correspondent, who afterwards printed *Emilius*.

I had another acquaintance still nearer than St. Brice, this was M. Maltor, vicar of Gros-lay, a man better adapted for the functions of a statesman and a minister, than for those of the vicar of a village, and to whom a diocese at least would have been given to govern, if talents decided the disposal of places. He had been secretary to the Comte du Luc, and was formerly intimately acquainted with Jean Baptiste Rousseau. Holding in as much esteem the memory of that illustrious exile, as he held the villain who ruined him in horror, he possessed curious anecdotes of both, which Seguy had not inserted in the life, still in manuscript, of the former, and he assured me that the Comte du Luc, far from ever having had reason to complain of his conduct, had, until his last moment, preserved for him the

warmest friendship. M. Maltor, to whom M. de Vintimille gave this retreat after the death of his protector, had formerly been employed in many affairs of which, although far advanced in years, he still preserved a distinct remembrance, and reasoned upon them tolerably well. His conversation, equally amusing and instructive, had nothing in it resembling that of a village pastor; he joined the manners of a man of the world to the knowledge of one who passes his life in study. He, of all my permanent neighbours, was the person whose society was the most agreeable to me.

I was also acquainted at Montmorenci with several fathers of the oratory, and amongst others father B——r, professor of natural philosophy; to whom, notwithstanding some little tincture of pedantry, I became attached on account of a certain air of cordial good nature which I observed in him. I had however some difficulty to reconcile this great simplicity with the desire and the art he had of every where thrusting himself into the company of the great, as well as that of the women, devotees, and philosophers. He knew how to accommodate himself to every thing. I was greatly pleased with the man, and spoke of my satisfaction to all my other acquaintance. Apparently what I said of him came to his ear. He one day thanked me for having thought him a good-natured man. I observed something in his forced smile which, in my eyes, totally changed his physiognomy, and which

has since frequently occurred to my mind. I cannot better compare this smile than to that of Panurge purchasing the sheep of Dindenaut. Our acquaintance had begun a little time after my arrival at the Hermitage, to which place he frequently came to see me. I was already settled at Montmorenci when he left it to go and reside at Paris. He often saw Madame le Vasseur there. One day, when I least expected any thing of the kind, he wrote to me in behalf of that woman, informing me that Grimm offered to maintain her, and to ask my permission to accept the offer. This I understood consisted in a pension of three hundred livres, and that Madame le Vasseur was to come and live at Deuil, between the Chevrette and Montmorenci. I will not say what impression the application made on me. It would have been less surprising had Grimm had ten thousand livres a year, or any relation more easy to comprehend with that woman, and had not such a crime been made of my taking her to the country, where, as if she had become younger, he was now pleased to think of placing her. I perceived the good old lady had no other reason for asking my permission, which she might easily have done without, but the fear of losing what I already gave her, should I think ill of the step she took. Although this charity appeared to be very extraordinary, it did not strike me so much then as afterwards. But had I known even every thing I have since discovered, I would still as readily have given

my consent as I did and was obliged to do, unless I had exceeded the offer of M. Grimm. Father B——r afterwards cured me a little of my opinion of his good nature and cordiality with which I had so unthinkingly charged him.

This same father B——r was acquainted with two men who, for what reason I know not, were to become so with me; there was but little similarity between their taste and mine. They were the children of Melchisedec, of whom neither the country nor the family was known, no more than, in all probability, the real name. They were Jansenists, and passed for priests in disguise, perhaps on account of their ridiculous manner of wearing long swords, to which they appeared to have been fastened. The prodigious mystery in all their proceedings gave them the appearance of the heads of a party, and I never had the least doubt of their being the authors of the *Gazette Ecclésiastique*. The one, tall, smooth-tongued, and sharping, was named Ferrand; the other, short, squat, a sneerer, and punctilious, was a M. Minard. They called each other cousin. They lodged at Paris with D'Alembert, in the house of his nurse named Madame Rousseau, and had taken at Montmorenci a little apartment to pass the summers there. They did every thing for themselves, and had neither a servant nor runner; each had his turn weekly to purchase provisions, do the business of the kitchen, and sweep the house. They managed

tolerably well, and we sometimes eat with each other. I know not for what reason they gave themselves any concern about me: for my part, my only motive for beginning an acquaintance with them was their playing at chess, and to make a poor little party I suffered four hours' fatigue. As they thrust themselves into all companies, and wished to intermeddle in every thing, Thérèsa called them the *gossips*, and by this name they were long known at Montmorenci.

Such, with my host, M. Mathas, who was a good man, were my principal country acquaintance. I still had a sufficient number at Paris to live there agreeably whenever I chose it, out of the sphere of men of letters, amongst whom Duclos was the only friend I reckoned; for De Leyre was still too young, and although, after having been a witness to the manœuvres of the philosophical tribe against me, he had withdrawn from it, at least I thought so; I could not yet forget the facility with which he made himself the mouth piece of all the people of that description.

In the first place I had my old and respectable friend Roguin. This was a good old fashioned friend for whom I was not indebted to my writings but to myself, and whom for that reason I have always preserved. I had the good Lenieps, my countryman, and his daughter, then alive, Madame Lambert. I had a young Genevese, named C——, a good creature, careful, officious, zealous, who came to

see me soon after I had gone to reside at the Hermitage, and, without any other introducer than himself, had made his way into my good graces. He had a taste for drawing, and was acquainted with artists. He was of service to me relative to the engravings of the *New Eloisa*; he undertook the direction of the drawings and the plates, and acquitted himself well of the commission.

I had free access to the house of M. Dupin which, less brilliant than in the young days of Madame Dupin, was still, by the merit of the heads of the family and the choice of company which assembled there, one of the best houses in Paris. As I had not preferred any body to them, and had separated myself from their society to live free and independent, they had always received me in a friendly manner, and I was always certain of being well received by Madame Dupin. I might even have counted her amongst my country neighbours after her establishment at Clichy, to which place I sometimes went to pass a day or two, and where I should have been more frequently had Madame Dupin and Madame de C—— been upon better terms. But the difficulty of dividing my time in the same house between two women whose manner of thinking was unfavourable to each other, made this disagreeable: however I had the pleasure of seeing her more at my ease at Deuil, where, at a trifling distance from me, she had taken a small house, and even at my own habitation, where she often came to see me.

I had likewise for a friend Madame de Crequi who, become devotee, no longer received D'Alembert, Marmontel, nor a single man of letters, except, I believe, the Abbé T——t, half a hypocrite, of whom she was weary. I, whose acquaintance she had sought, neither lost her good wishes nor intercourse. She sent me young fat pullets from Mons, and her intention was to come and see me the year following, had not a journey, upon which Madame de Luxembourg determined, prevented her. I here owe her a place apart; she will always hold a distinguished one in my remembrance.

In this list I should also place a man whom, except Roguin, I ought to have mentioned as the first upon it: my old friend and brother politician de Carrio, formerly titular secretary to the embassy from Spain to Venice, afterwards in Sweden, where he was *Chargé des Affaires*, and at length really secretary to the embassy from Spain at Paris. He came and surprised me at Montmorenci when I least expected him. He was decorated with the ensigns of a Spanish order, the name of which I have forgotten, with a fine cross in jewellery. He had been obliged, in his proofs of nobility, to add a letter to his name, and to bear that of the Chevalier de Carrion. I found him still the same man, possessing the same excellent heart, and his mind daily improving and becoming more and more amiable. We should have renewed our former intimacy had not C—— interposed according to custom, taken

advantage of the distance I was at from town to insinuate himself into my place, and, in my name, into his confidence, and supplant me by the excess of his zeal to render me services.

The remembrance of Carrion makes me recollect one of my country neighbours, of whom I should be inexcusable not to speak, as I have to make confession of an unpardonable neglect of which I was guilty towards him: this was the honest M. le Blond who had done me a service at Venice, and having made an excursion to France with his family, had taken a house in the country, at Briche, not far from Montmorenci.* As soon as I heard he was my neighbour, I, in the joy of my heart, and making it more a pleasure than a duty, went to pay him a visit. I set off upon this errand the next day. I was met by people who were coming to see me, and with whom I was obliged to return. Two days afterwards I set off again for the same purpose: he had dined at Paris with all his family. A third time he was at home: I heard the voice of women, and saw, at the door, a coach which alarmed me. I wished to see him, at least for the first time, quite at my ease, that we might talk over what had passed during our former connection. In fine I so often postponed my visit from day to day, that the shame of discharging a like duty so late prevented me from doing it at all; after having dared to wait so long, I no longer

* When I wrote this, full of my blind confidence, I was far from suspecting the real motive and the effect of this journey to Paris.

dared to present myself. This negligence, at which M. le Blond could not but be justly offended, gave, relative to him, the appearance of ingratitude to my indolence, and yet I felt my heart so little culpable that, had it been in my power to do M. le Blond the least service, even unknown to himself, I am certain he would not have found me idle. But indolence, negligence, and delay, in little duties to be fulfilled, have been more prejudicial to me than great vices. My greatest faults have been omissions: I have seldom done what I ought not to have done, and unfortunately, it has still more rarely happened that I have done what I ought.

Since I am now upon the subject of my Venetian acquaintance, I must not forget one, which I still preserved for a considerable time after my intercourse with the rest had ceased. This was M. de J——e, who had continued after his return from Genoa to show me much friendship. He was fond of seeing me, and of conversing with me upon the affairs of Italy, and the follies of M. de M——e, of whom he of himself knew many anecdotes by means of his acquaintance in the office for foreign affairs in which he was much connected. I had also the pleasure of seeing at my house my old comrade Dupont, who had purchased a place in the province of which he was, and whose affairs had brought him to Paris. M. de J——e became by degrees so desirous of seeing me, that he in some measure laid me under constraint;

and although our places of residence were at a great distance from each other, we had a friendly quarrel when I let a week pass without going to dine with him. When he went to J——e he was always desirous of my accompanying him; but having once been there to pass a week I had not the least desire to return. M. de J——e was certainly an honest man, and even amiable in certain respects, but his understanding was beneath mediocrity; he was handsome, rather fond of his person, and tolerably fatiguing. He had one of the most singular collections perhaps in the world, to which he gave much of his attention, and endeavoured to acquire it that of his friends, to whom it sometimes afforded less amusement than it did to himself. This was a very complete collection of songs of the court and Paris, for upwards of fifty years past, in which many anecdotes were to be found that would have been sought for in vain elsewhere. These are memoirs for the history of France, which would scarcely be thought of in any other country.

One day, whilst we were still upon the very best terms, he received me so coldly, and in a manner so different from that which was customary to him, that after having given him an opportunity to explain, and even having begged him to do it, I left his house with a resolution, in which I have persevered, never to return to it again; for I am seldom seen where I have been once ill received, and in this case there was no Diderot who pleaded for M. de J——e. I vainly endeavoured to disco-

ver what I had done to offend him ; I could not recollect a circumstance at which he' could possibly have taken offence. I was certain of never having spoken of him, or his, in any other than in the most honourable manner ; for he had acquired my friendship, and besides my having nothing but favourable things to say of him, my most inviolable maxim has been that of never speaking but in an honourable manner of the houses I frequented.

At length, by continually ruminating, I formed the following conjecture: the last time we had seen each other, I had supped with him at the apartment of some girls of his acquaintance, in company with two or three clerks in the office of foreign affairs, very amiable men, and who had neither the manner nor the appearance of libertines ; and, on my part, I can assert that the whole evening passed in making melancholy reflections on the wretched fate of the creatures with whom we were. I did not pay any thing, as M. de J——e gave the supper, nor did I make the girls the least present, because I gave them not the opportunity I had done to the Padoana of establishing a claim to the trifle I might have offered. We all came away together, cheerfully and upon very good terms. Without having made a second visit to the girls, I went three or four days afterwards to dine with M. de J——e, whom I had not seen during that interval, and who gave me the reception of which I have spoken. Unable to suppose any other cause for it than some misunderstanding rela-

tive to the supper, and perceiving he had no inclination to explain, I resolved to visit him no longer, but I still continued to send him my works; he frequently sent me his compliments, and, one evening meeting him in the green room of the French theatre, he obligingly reproached me with not having called to see him, which, however, did not induce me to depart from my resolution. Therefore this affair had rather the appearance of a coolness than a rupture. However, not having heard of nor seen him since that time, it would have been too late, after an absence of several years, to renew my acquaintance with him. It is for this reason M. de J——e is not named in my list, although I had for a considerable time frequented his house.

I will not swell my catalogue with the names of many other persons with whom I was or had become less intimate, although I sometimes saw them in the country either at my own house or that of some neighbour, such, for instance, as the Abbés de Condillac and de Mably, M. de Mairan, de la Live, de Boisgelou, Vatelet, Ancelet, and others. I will also pass lightly over that of M. de Margency, gentleman in ordinary of the king, an ancient member of the *Coterie H——chique*, which he had quitted as well as myself, and the old friend of Madame D'——y from whom he had separated as I had done; I likewise consider that of M. Desmahis his friend, the celebrated, but short-lived author of the comedy

of The Impertinent, of much the same importance. The first was my neighbour in the country, his estate at Margency being near to Montmorency. We were old acquaintance, but the neighbourhood and a certain conformity of experience connected us still more. The last died soon afterwards. He had merit and even wit, but he was in some degree the original of his comedy, and a little of a coxcomb with women, by whom he was not much regretted.

I cannot, however, omit taking notice of a new correspondence I entered into at this period, which has had too much influence over the rest of my life not to make it necessary for me to mark its origin. The person in question is M. de L—— de M——s of the *Cour des Aides*, then censor of books, which office he exercised with equal intelligence and mildness to the great satisfaction of men of letters. I had not once been to see him at Paris; yet I had never received from him any other than the most obliging condescensions relative to the censorship, and I knew that he had more than once very severely reprimanded persons who had written against me. I had new proofs of his goodness upon the subject of the edition of *Eloisa*. The proofs of so great a work being very expensive from Amsterdam by post, he, to whom all letters were free, permitted these to be addressed to him, and sent them to me under the countersign of the chancellor his father. When the work was

printed, he did not permit the sale of it in the kingdom, until, contrary to my wishes, an edition had been sold for my benefit. As the profit of this would on my part have been a theft committed upon Rey, to whom I had sold the manuscript, I not only refused to accept the present intended me, without his consent, which he very generously gave, but insisted upon dividing with him the hundred pistoles (a thousand livres — forty pounds) the amount of it, but of which he would not receive any thing. For these hundred pistoles I had the mortification, against which M. de M——s had not guarded me, of seeing my work horribly mutilated, and the sale of the good edition stopped until the bad one was entirely disposed of.

I have always considered M. de M——s as a man whose uprightness was proof against every temptation. Nothing that has happened has ever made me doubt for a moment of his probity; but, as weak as he is polite, he sometimes injures those he wishes to serve by the excess of his zeal to preserve them from evil. He not only retrenched a hundred pages in the edition of Paris, but he made another retrenchment which no person but the author could permit himself to do in the copy of the good edition he sent to Madame de Pompadour. It is somewhere said in that work that (the wife of a coal-heaver is more respectable than the mistress of a prince.) This phrase had occurred to me in the warmth of composition without

any application. In reading over the work I perceived it would be applied, yet in consequence of the very imprudent maxim I had adopted of not suppressing any thing, on account of the applications which might be made, when my conscience bore witness to me that I had not made them at the time I wrote, I determined not to expunge the phrase, and contented myself with substituting the word Prince to *King* which I had first written. This softening did not seem sufficient to M. de M——s; he retrenched the whole expression in a new sheet which he had printed on purpose and stuck in between the other with as much exactness as possible in the copy of Madame de Pompadour. She was not ignorant of this manœuvre. Some good natured people took the trouble to inform her of it. For my part it was not until a long time afterwards, and when I began to feel the consequences of it, that the matter came to my knowledge.

Is not this the origin of the concealed but implacable hatred of another lady who was in a like situation, without my knowing it, or even being acquainted with her person when I wrote the passage? When the book was published the acquaintance was made, and I was very uneasy. I mentioned this to the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who laughed at me, and said the lady was so little offended that she had not even taken notice of the matter. I believed him, perhaps rather too lightly, and made my-

self easy when there was much reason for my being otherwise.

At the beginning of the winter I received an additional mark of the goodness of M. de M——s, of which I was very sensible, although I did not think proper to take advantage of it. A place was vacant in the *Journal des Savans*, Margency wrote to me, proposing to me the place as from himself. But I easily perceived from the manner of the letter, that he was dictated to and authorised; he afterwards told me he had been desired to make me the offer. The occupations of this place were but trifling. All I should have had to do would have been to make two extracts a month, from the books brought to me for that purpose, without being under the necessity of going once to Paris, not even to pay the magistrate a visit of thanks. By this employment I should have entered a society of men of letters of the first merit; M. de Mairan, Clairaut, de Guignes, and the Abbé Barthelemi, with the two first of whom I had already made an acquaintance, and that of the two others was very desirable. In fine, for this trifling employment, the duties of which I might so commodiously have discharged, there was a salary of eight hundred livres, (thirty-three pounds). I was for a few hours undecided, and this from a fear of making Margency angry and displeasing M. de M——s. But at length the insupportable constraint of not having it in my power to work when I thought proper, and to be com-

manded by time; and moreover the certainty of badly performing the functions with which I was to charge myself, prevailed over every thing, and determined me to refuse a place for which I was unfit. I knew that my whole talent consisted in a certain warmth of mind with respect to the subjects of which I had to treat, and that nothing but the love of that which was great, beautiful, and sublime could animate my genius. What would the subjects of the extracts I should have had to make from books, or even the books themselves have signified to me? My indifference about them would have frozen my pen, and stupified my mind. People thought I could make a trade of writing as most of the other men of letters did, instead of which I never could write but from the warmth of imagination. This certainly was not necessary for the *Journal des Savans*. I therefore wrote to Margency a letter of thanks in the politest terms possible, and so well explained to him my reasons, that it was not possible that either he or M. de M——s could imagine there was pride or ill humour in my refusal. They both approved of it without receiving me less politely, and the secret was so well kept that it was never known to the public.

The proposition did not come in a favourable moment. I had some time before this formed the project of quitting literature, and especially the trade of an author. I had been disgusted with men of letters by every thing that had

lately befallen me, and had learned from experience that it was impossible to proceed in the same track without having some connections with them. I was not much less dissatisfied with men of the world, and in general with the mixt life I had lately led, half to myself, and half devoted to societies for which I was unfit. I felt more than ever, and by constant experience, that every unequal association is disadvantageous to the weaker person. Living with opulent people, and in a situation different from that I had chosen, without keeping a house as they did, I was obliged to imitate them in many things, and little expences which were nothing to their fortunes, were for me not less ruinous than indispensable. Another man in the country-house of a friend, is served by his own servant, as well at table as in his chamber; he sends him to seek for every thing he wants; having nothing directly to do with the servants of the house, not even seeing them, he gives them what he pleases, and when he thinks proper; but I, alone, and without a servant, was at the mercy of the servants of the house of whom it was necessary to gain the good graces that I might not have much to suffer, and being treated as the equal of their master, I was obliged to treat them accordingly, and better than another would have done, because in fact I stood in greater need of their services. This, where there are but few domestics may be complied with; but in the houses I frequented there were a great num-

ber, and the knaves so well understood their interests that they knew how to make me want the services of them all successively. The women of Paris, who have so much wit, have no just idea of this inconvenience, and in their zeal to œconomise my purse, they ruined me. If I supped in town, at any considerable distance from my lodgings, instead of permitting me to send for a hackney-coach, the mistress of the house ordered her horses to be put to, and sent me home in her carriage; she was very glad to save me the twenty-four sols (shilling) for the fiacre, but never thought of the half crown I gave to her coachman and footman. If a lady wrote to me from Paris to the Hermitage or to Montmorenci, she regretted the four sols (two-pence) the postage of the letter would have cost me, and sent it by one of her servants, who came sweating on foot, and to whom I gave a dinner and half a crown, which he certainly had well earned. If she proposed to me to pass with her a week or a fortnight at her country-house, she still said to herself, it will be a saving to the poor man; during that time his eating will cost him nothing. She never recollected that I was the whole time idle; that the expences of my family, my rent, linen, and cloaths were still going on; that I paid my barber double; that it cost me more being in her house than in my own, and although I confined my little largesses to the houses in which I customarily lived, that these were still ruinous to me. I am certain I

have paid upwards of twenty-five crowns in the house of Madame d'H——, at Eaubonne, where I never slept more than four or five times, and upwards of a thousand livres (forty pounds) as well at E——y as at the Chevrette, during the five or six years I was most assiduous there. These expences are inevitable to a man like me, who knows not how to provide any thing for himself, and cannot support the sight of a lacquey who grumbles, and serves him with a sour look. With Madame Dupin even, where I was one of the family, and in whose house I rendered many services to the servants, I never received theirs but for my money. In course of time it was necessary to renounce these little liberalities which my situation no longer permitted me to bestow, and I felt still more severely the inconvenience of associating with people in a situation different from my own.

Had this manner of life been to my taste, I should have been consoled for a heavy expence, which I dedicated to my pleasures; but to ruin myself at the same time that I fatigued my mind, was insupportable, and I had so felt the weight of this, that, profiting by the interval of liberty I then had, I was determined to perpetuate it, and entirely to renounce great companies, the composition of books, and all literary concerns, and for the remainder of my days to confine myself to the narrow and peaceful sphere in which I felt I was born to move.

The produce of the letter to d'Alembert, and of the New Eloisa, had a little improved the state of my finances, which had been considerably exhausted at the Hermitage. I had now about a thousand crowns in my purse. Emilius to which, after I had finished Eloisa, I had given great application, was in forwardness, and the produce of this could not be less than the sum of which I was already in possession. I intended to place this money in such a manner as to produce me a little annual income, which, with my copying, might be sufficient to my wants without writing any more. I had two other works upon the stocks. The first of these was my *Institutions Politiques*.* I examined the state of this work, and found it required several years' labour. I had not courage enough to continue it, and to wait until it was finished before I carried my intentions into execution. Therefore, laying the book aside, I determined to take from it all I could, and to burn the rest; and continuing this with zeal without interrupting Emilius, I finished the *Contrat Social*.†

The dictionary of music now remained. This was mechanical, and might be taken up at any time; the object of it was entirely pecuniary; I reserved to myself the liberty of laying it aside, or of finishing it at my ease, according as my other resources collected should render this necessary or superfluous. With respect

* Political Institutions.

† Social Contract.

to the *Morale Sensitive* *, of which I had made nothing more than a sketch, I entirely gave it up.

As my last project, if I found I could not entirely do without copying, was that of removing from Paris, where the affluence of my visitors rendered my house-keeping expensive, and deprived me of the time I should have turned to advantage to provide for it; to prevent in my retirement the state of lassitude, into which an author is said to fall when he has laid down his pen, I reserved to myself an occupation which might fill up the void in my solitude without tempting me to print any thing more. I know not for what reason they had long tormented me to write the memoirs of my life. Although these were not until that time interesting as to the facts, I felt they might become so by the candour with which I was capable of giving them, and I determined to make of these the only work of the kind, by an unexampled veracity, that, for once at least, the world might see a man such as he internally was. I had always laughed at the false ingenuousness of Montaigne, who, feigning to confess his faults, takes great care not to give himself any, except such as are amiable; whilst I, who have ever thought, and still think myself, considering every thing, the best of men, felt there is no human being, however pure he may be, who does not internally conceal some

* Sensitive Morality.

odious vice. I knew I was described to the public very different from what I really was, and so opposite, that notwithstanding my faults, all of which I was determined to relate, I could not but be a gainer, by showing myself in my proper colours. This, besides, not being to be done without setting forth others also in theirs, and the work for the same reason not being of a nature to appear during my life-time, and that of several other persons, I was the more encouraged to make my confession, at which I should never have to blush before any person. I therefore resolved to dedicate my leisure to the execution of this undertaking, and immediately began to collect such letters and papers as might guide or assist my memory, greatly regretting the loss of all I had burned, mislaid, and destroyed.

The project of absolute retirement, one of the most reasonable I had ever formed, was strongly impressed upon my mind, and for the execution of it I was already taking measures, when Heaven, which prepared me a different destiny, plunged me into another vortex.

Montmorenci, the ancient and fine patrimony of the illustrious family of that name, was taken from it by confiscation. It passed by the sister of Duke Henry, to the house of Condé, which has changed the name of Montmorenci to that of Enguien, and the duchy has no other castle than an old tower, where the archives are kept, and to which the vassals come to do homage. But at Montmorenci, or

Enguien, there is a private house, built by Croisat, called *le pauvre*, which having the magnificence of the most superb chateaux, deserves and bears the name of a castle. The majestic appearance of this noble edifice, the view from it, not equalled perhaps in any country; the spacious saloon, painted by the hand of a master; the garden planted by the celebrated Le Notre; all combined form a whole strikingly majestic, in which there is still a simplicity that enforces admiration. The Marechal duke de Luxembourg, who then inhabited this house, came every year into the neighbourhood where formerly his ancestors were the masters, to pass, at twice, five or six weeks as a private inhabitant, but with a splendour which did not degenerate from the ancient lustre of his family. On the first journey he made to it after my residing at Montmorenci, he and his lady sent to me a valet de chambre, with their compliments, inviting me to sup with them as often as it should be agreeable to me; and at each time of their coming they never failed to reiterate the same compliments and invitation. This called to my recollection Madame B——, sending me to dine in the servants-hall. Times were changed; but I was still the same man. I did not choose to be sent to dine in the servants-hall, and was but little desirous of appearing at the table of the great, I should have been much better pleased had they left me as I was, without caressing me and rendering me ridiculous. I answered

politely and respectfully to M. and Madame de Luxembourg, but I did not accept their offers, and my indisposition and timidity, with my embarrassment in speaking, making me tremble at the idea alone of appearing in an assembly of people of the court, I did not even go to the castle to pay a visit of thanks, although I sufficiently comprehended this was all they desired, and that their eager politeness was rather a matter of curiosity than benevolence.

However advances still were made and even became more pressing. The Countess de Boufflers, who was very intimate with the lady of the Marechal, sent to inquire after my health, and to beg I would go and see her. I returned her a proper answer, but did not stir from my house. At the journey of Easter, the year following 1759, the Chevalier de Lorenzy, who belonged to the court of the prince of Conti, and was intimate with Madame de Luxembourg, came several times to see me, and we became acquainted; he pressed me to go to the castle, but I refused to comply. At length, one afternoon, when I least expected any thing of the kind, I saw, coming up to the house, the Marechal de Luxembourg, followed by five or six persons. There was now no longer any means of defence, and I could not, without being arrogant and unmannerly, do otherwise than return this visit, and make my court to Madame *la Marechale*, from whom the Marshal had been the bearer of the most oblig-

ing compliments to me. Thus, under unfortunate auspices, began the connections from which I could no longer preserve myself, although a too well founded foresight made me afraid of them until they were made.

I was excessively afraid of Madame de Luxembourg. I knew she was amiable. I had seen her several times at the theatre, and with the Duchess of B——s, and in the bloom of her beauty. But she was said to be malignant, and this in a woman of her rank made me tremble. I had scarcely seen her before I was subjugated. I thought her charming, with that charm proof against time, and which had the most powerful action upon my heart. I expected to find her conversation satirical and full of pleasantries and points. It was not so: it was much better. The conversation of Madame de Luxembourg is not remarkably full of wit; it has no sallies, nor even finesse; it is exquisitely delicate, never striking, but always pleasing. Her flattery is the more intoxicating, as it is natural; it seems to escape her involuntarily, and her heart to overflow, because it is too full. I thought I perceived, on my first visit, that notwithstanding my awkward manner and embarrassed expression, I was not displeasing to her. All the women of the court know how to persuade us of this when they please, whether it be true or not; but they do not all, like Madame de Luxembourg, possess the art of rendering that persuasion so agreeable that we are no longer disposed ever to have a doubt remaining. From

the first day my confidence in her would have been as full as it soon afterwards became, had not the Duchess of Montmorenci, her daughter-in-law, young, giddy, and malicious, also taken it into her head to attack me, and in the midst of the eulogiums of her mamma, and feigned allurements on her own account, made me suspect I was only considered by them as a subject of ridicule.

It would perhaps have been difficult to relieve me from this fear with these two ladies, had not the extreme goodness of the Marechal confirmed me that theirs was not real. Nothing is more surprising, considering my timidity, than the promptitude with which I took him at his word on the footing of equality to which he would absolutely reduce himself with me, except it be that with which he took me at mine with respect to the absolute independence in which I was determined to live. Both persuaded I had reason to be content with my situation, and that I was unwilling to change it, neither he nor Madame de Luxembourg seemed to think a moment of my purse or fortune: although I can have no doubt of the tender concern they had for me, they never proposed to me a place, nor offered me their interest, except it were once, when Madame de Luxembourg seemed to wish me to become a member of the French academy. I alleged my religion; this she told me was no obstacle, or if it was one, she engaged to remove it. I answered that however great the honour of be-

coming a member of so illustrious a body might be, having refused M. de Tressan, and, in some measure, the king of Poland, to become a member of the academy of Nancy, I could not with propriety enter into any other. Madame de Luxembourg did not insist, and nothing more was said upon the subject. This simplicity of intercourse with persons of such rank, and who had the power of doing any thing in my favour, M. de Luxembourg being and highly deserving to be the particular friend of the king, affords a singular contrast with the continual cares, equally importunate and officious, of the friends and protectors from whom I had just separated, and who endeavoured less to serve me than to render me contemptible.

When the Marechal came to see me at Mont Louis, I was uneasy at receiving him and his retinue in my only chamber; not because I was obliged to make them all sit down in the midst of my dirty plates and broken pots, but on account of the state of the floor which was rotten and falling to ruin, and I was afraid the weight of his attendants would entirely sink it. Less concerned on account of my own danger than for that to which the affability of the Marechal exposed him, I hastened to remove him from it by conducting him, notwithstanding the coldness of the weather, to my alcove, which was quite open to the air, and had no chimney. When he was there I told him my reason for having brought him to

it: he told it to his lady, and they both pressed me to accept, until the floor was repaired, a lodging at the castle; or, if I preferred it, in a separate edifice called the Little Castle, which was in the middle of the park. This delightful abode deserves to be spoken of.

The park or garden of Montmorenci is not a plain like that of the C——e. It is uneven, mountainous, raised by little hills and valleys, of which the able artist has taken advantage, and thereby varied his groves, ornaments, waters, and points of view, and, if I may so speak, multiplied by art and genius a space in itself rather narrow. This park is terminated at the top by a terrace and the castle: at bottom it forms a narrow passage which opens and becomes wider towards the valley, the angle of which is filled up with a large piece of water. Between the orangery, which is in this widening, and the piece of water, the banks of which are agreeably decorated, stands the Little Castle of which I have spoken. This edifice, and the ground about it, formerly belonged to the celebrated Le Brun, who amused himself in building and decorating it in the exquisite taste of architectural ornaments which that great painter had formed to himself. The castle has since been rebuilt, but still according to the plan and design of its first master. It is little and simple, but elegant. As it stands in a hollow between the orangery and the large piece of water, and consequently is liable to be damp, it is open in the middle by a peristyle be-

tween two rows of columns, by which means the air circulating throughout the whole edifice keeps it dry notwithstanding its unfavourable situation. When the building is seen from the opposite elevation, which is a point of view, it appears absolutely surrounded with water, and we imagine we have before our eyes an enchanted island, or the most beautiful of the three Borromeans called *Isola bella* in the greater lake.

In this solitary edifice I was offered the choice of four complete apartments it contains, besides the ground floor consisting of a dancing room, billiard room, and a kitchen. I chose the smallest over the kitchen, which also I had with it. It was charmingly neat, with blue and white furniture. In this profound and delicious solitude, in the midst of woods, the singing of birds of every kind, and the perfume of orange flowers, I composed, in a continual extacy, the fifth book of Emilius, the colouring of which I owed in a great measure to the lively impression I received from the place I inhabited.

With what eagerness did I run every morning at sun-rise to respire the perfumed air in the peristyle! What excellent coffee I took there *tête-à-tête* with my Thérèse! My cat and dog were our company. This retinue alone would have been sufficient for me during my whole life, in which I should not have had one weary moment. I was there in a terres-

trial paradise; I lived in innocence and tasted of happiness.

At the journey of July, M. and Madame de Luxembourg showed me so much attention, and were so extremely kind that, lodged in their house, and overwhelmed with their goodness, I could not do less than make them a proper return in assiduous respect near their persons. I scarcely quitted them: I went in the morning to pay my court to *Madame la Marechale*; after dinner I walked with the *Marechal*; but did not sup at the castle on account of the numerous guests, and because they supped too late for me. Thus far every thing was as it should be, and no harm would have been done could I have remained at this point. But I have never known how to preserve a medium in my attachments and simply fulfil the duties of society. I have ever been every thing or nothing: I was soon every thing; and receiving the most polite attention from persons of the highest rank, I passed the proper bounds, and conceived for them a friendship not permitted except among equals. Of these I had all the familiarity in my manners, whilst they still preserved in theirs the same politeness to which they had accustomed me. Yet I was never quite at my ease with Madame de Luxembourg. Although I was not quite relieved from my fears relative to her character, I apprehended less danger from it than from her wit. It was by this especially that she impressed me with awe. I knew she was difficult as to convers-

ation, and she had a right to be so. I knew women, especially those of her rank, would absolutely be amused, that it was better to offend than to weary them, and I judged by her commentaries upon what the people who went away had said what she must think of my blunders. I thought of a supplement to spare me with her the embarrassment of speaking: this was reading. She had heard of my *Eloisa*, and knew it was in the press; she expressed a desire to see the work; I offered to read it to her, and she accepted my offer. I went to her every morning at ten o'clock: M. de Luxembourg was present, and the door was shut. I read by the side of her bed, and so well proportioned my readings that there would have been sufficient for the whole time she had to stay, had they even not been interrupted.* The success of this expedient surpassed my expectation. Madame de Luxembourg took a great liking to Julia and the author; she spoke of nothing but me, thought of nothing else, said civil things to me from morning till night, and embraced me ten times a day. She insisted on my always having my place by her side at table, and when any great lords wished to take it, she told them it was mine, and made them sit down somewhere else. The impression these charming manners made upon me, who was subju-

* The loss of a great battle, which much afflicted the king, obliged M. de Luxembourg precipitately to return to court.

gated by the least mark of affection, may easily be judged of. I became really attached to her in proportion to the attachment she showed me. All my fear in perceiving this infatuation, and feeling the want of agreeableness in myself to support it, was, that it would be changed into disgust; and unfortunately this fear was but too well founded.

There must have been a natural opposition between her turn of mind and mine, since, independently of the numerous stupid things which at every instant escaped me in conversation, and even in my letters, and when I was upon the best terms with her, there were certain other things with which she was displeased without my being able to imagine the reason. I will quote one instance from amongst twenty. She knew I was writing for Madame d'H——, a copy of the New Eloisa. She was desirous to have one on the same footing. This I promised her, and thereby making her one of my customers, I wrote her a polite letter upon the subject, at least such was my intention. Her answer, which was as follows, stupified me with surprise.

“ Versailles, Tuesday.

“ I am ravished, I am satisfied: your letter has given me infinite pleasure, and I take the earliest moment to acquaint you with, and thank you for it.

“ These are the exact words of your letter :

Although you are certainly a very good customer, I have some pain in receiving your money: according to regular order I ought to pay for the pleasure I should have in working for you. I will say nothing more on the subject. I have to complain of your not speaking of your state of health: nothing interests me more. I love you with all my heart: and be assured that I write this to you in a very melancholy mood, for I should have much pleasure in telling it you myself. M. de Luxembourg loves and embraces you with all his heart."

On receiving the letter I hastened to answer it, reserving to myself more fully to examine the matter, protesting against all dis-oblising interpretation; and after having given several days to this examination with an inquietude which may easily be conceived, and still without being able to discover in what I could have erred, what follows was my final answer on the subject.

" Montmorenci, 8th December, 1759.

" Since my last letter I have examined a hundred and a hundred times the passage in question. I have considered it in its proper and natural meaning, as well as in every other which may be given to it, and I confess to you, madam, that I know not whether it be I who owe to you excuses or you from whom they are due to me."

It is now ten years since these letters were written. I have since that time frequently thought of the subject of them; and such is still my stupidity that I have hitherto been unable to discover what in the passage, quoted from my letter, she could find offensive, or even displeasing.

I must here mention, relative to the manuscript copy of Eloisa Madame de Luxembourg wished to have, in what manner I thought to give it some marked advantage which should distinguish it from all others. I had written separately the adventures of Lord Edward, and had long been undetermined whether I should insert them wholly, or in extracts, in the work in which they seemed to be wanting. I at length determined to retrench them entirely, because, not being in the manner of the rest, they would have spoiled the interesting simplicity, which was its principal merit. I had still a stronger reason when I came to know Madame de Luxembourg. There was in these adventures a Roman marchioness, of a bad character, some parts of which, without being applicable, might have been applied to her, by those to whom she was not particularly known. I was therefore, highly pleased with the determination to which I had come, and resolved to abide by it. But in my ardent desire to enrich her copy with something which was not in the other, what should I fall upon but these unfortunate adventures, and I con-

cluded on making an extract from them to add to the work; a project dictated by madness, of which the extravagance is inexplicable, except by the blind fatality which led me on to destruction.

Quos vult perdere Jupiter dementat.

I was stupid enough to make this extract with the greatest care and pains, and to send it her as the finest thing in the world; it is true, I at the same time informed her the original was burned, which was really the case, that the extract was for her alone and would never be seen, except by herself, unless she chose to show it; which, far from proving to her my prudence and discretion, as it was my intention to do, clearly intimated what I thought of the applications by which she might be offended. My stupidity was such, that I had no doubt of her being delighted with what I had done. She did not make me the compliments upon it which I expected, and, to my great surprise, never once mentioned the paper I had sent her. I was so satisfied with myself, that it was not until a long time afterwards, I judged, from other indications, of the effect it had produced.

I had still, in favour of her manuscript, another idea more reasonable, but which, by more distant effects, has not been much less prejudicial to me; so much does every thing concur with the work of destiny, when that hurries

on a man to misfortune. I thought of ornamenting the manuscript with the engravings of the new Eloisa, which were of the same size. I asked C—— for these engravings which belonged to me by every kind of title, and the more so as I had given him the produce of the plates, which had a considerable sale. C—— is as cunning as I am the contrary. By frequently asking him for the engravings he came to the knowledge of the use I intended to make of them. He then, under pretence of adding some new ornament, still kept them from me, and at length presented them himself.

Ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.

This gave him an introduction upon a certain footing to the Hotel de Luxembourg. After my establishment at the little castle he came rather frequently to see me, and always in the morning, especially when M. and Madame de Luxembourg were at Montmorenci. Therefore, that I might pass the day with him, I did not go to the castle. Reproaches were made me on account of my absence; I told the reason of them. I was desired to bring with me M. C——; I did so. This was what he had sought after. Therefore, thanks to the excessive goodness M. and Madame de Luxembourg had for me, a clerk to M. T—— who was sometimes pleased to give him his table when he had nobody else to dine with

him, was suddenly placed at that of a marechal of France, with princes, duchesses, and persons of the highest rank at court. I shall never forget, that one day being obliged to return early to Paris, the marechal said, after dinner, to the company, let us take a walk upon the road to St. Denis, and we will accompany M C——. This was too much for the poor man; his head was quite turned. For my part my heart was so affected that I could not say a word. I followed the company, weeping like a child, and having the strongest desire to kiss the foot of the good marechal; but the continuation of the history of the manuscript has made me anticipate. I will go a little back, and, as far as my memory will permit, mark each event in its proper order.

As soon as the little house of Mont Louis was ready, I had it neatly furnished, and again established myself there. I could not break through the resolution I had made on quitting the Hermitage, of always having my apartment to myself; but I found a difficulty in resolving to quit the little castle. I kept the key of it, and being delighted with the charming breakfasts of the peristyle, frequently went to the castle to sleep, and staid three or four days, as at a country house. I was at that time perhaps better and more agreeably lodged than any private individual in Europe. My host, M. Mathas, one of the best men in the world, had left me the absolute direction of the repairs at Mont Louis, and insisted upon my disposing

of his workmen, without his interference. I therefore found the means of making of a single chamber upon the first story, a complete set of apartments, consisting of a chamber, anti-chamber, and a water-closet. Upon the ground-floor, was the kitchen and the chamber of Thérèsa. The alcove served me for a closet by means of a glazed partition and a chimney I had made there. After my return to this habitation, I amused myself in decorating the terrace, which was already shaded by two rows of linden trees; I added two others to make a cabinet of verdure, and placed in it a table and stone benches; I surrounded it with lilies, seringa, and woodbines, and had a beautiful border of flowers parallel with the two rows of trees. This terrace, more elevated than that of the castle, from which the view was at least as fine, and where I had tamed a great number of birds, was my drawing room, in which I received M. and Madame de Luxembourg, the Duke of Villeroy, the Prince of Tingry, the Marquis of Armentieres, the Duchess of Montmorenci, the Duchess of Boufflers, the Countess of Valentinois, the Countess of Boufflers, and other persons of the first rank; who, from the castle, disdained not to make, over a very fatiguing mountain, the pilgrimage of Mont Louis. I owed all these visits to the favour of M. and Madame de Luxembourg; this I felt, and my heart on that account did them all due homage. It was with the same sentiment that I once said to M. de Luxembourg,

embracing him : Ah ! Monsieur le Marechal, I hated the great before I knew you, and I have hated them still more since you have shown me with what ease they might acquire universal respect. Further than this, I defy any person with whom I was then acquainted, to say I was ever dazzled for an instant with splendour, or that the vapour of the incense I received ever affected my head ; that I was less uniform in my manner, less plain in my dress, less easy of access to people of the lowest rank, less familiar with neighbours, or less ready to render service to every person when I had it in my power so to do, without ever once being discouraged by the numerous and frequently unreasonable importunities with which I was incessantly assailed.

Although my heart led me to the castle of Montmorenci, by my sincere attachment to those by whom it was inhabited, it by the same means drew me back to the neighbourhood of it, there to taste the sweets of the equal and simple life, in which my only happiness consisted. Thérèse had contracted a friendship with the daughter of one of my neighbours, a mason of the name of Pilleu ; I did the same with the father, and after having indined at the castle, not without some constraint to please Madame de Luxembourg, with what eagerness did I return in the evening, to sup with the good man Pilleu, and his family, sometimes at his own house, and at others at mine !

Besides my two lodgings in the country, I soon had a third at the Hotel du Luxembourg, the proprietors of which pressed me so much to go and see them there, that I consented, notwithstanding my aversion to Paris, where, since my retiring to the Hermitage, I had been but twice, upon the two occasions of which I have spoken. I did not now go there except on the days agreed upon, solely to supper, and the next morning I returned to the country. I entered and came out by the garden which faces the Boulevard, so that I could, with the greatest truth, say I had not set my foot upon the stones of Paris.

In the midst of this transient prosperity, a catastrophe, which was to be the conclusion of it, was preparing at a distance. A short time after my return to Mont Louis, I made there, and as it was customary, against my inclination, a new acquaintance, which makes another æra in my private history. Whether this be favourable or unfavourable, the reader will hereafter be able to judge. The person with whom I became acquainted, was the Marchioness of V——, my neighbour, whose husband had just bought a country-house at S——, near Montmorenci. Mademoiselle d'A——, daughter to the Comte d'A——, a man of fashion, but poor, had married M. de V——n, old, ugly, deaf, uncouth, brutal, jealous, with gashes in his face, and blind of one eye, but, upon the whole, a good man, when properly managed, and in possession of a fortune of from

fifteen to twenty thousand livres a year. This charming object, swearing, roaring, scolding, storming, and making his wife cry all day long, ended by doing whatever she thought proper, and this to set her in a rage, because she knew how to persuade him that it was he who would, and she who would not have it so. M. de Margency, of whom I have spoken, was the friend of Madame, and became that of Monsieur. He had, a few years before, let them his castle of Margency, near Eau-bonne and Andilly, and they resided there precisely at the time of my passion for Madame d'H——. Madame d'H—— and Madame de V——n became acquainted with each other, by means of Madame d'Aubeterre their common friend; and as the garden of Margency was in the road by which Madame d'H—— went to Mont Olympe, her favourite walk, Madame de V——n gave her a key that she might pass through it. By means of this key I crossed it several times with her; but I did not like unexpected meetings, and when Madame de V——n was by chance upon our way, I left them together without speaking to her, and went on before. This want of gallantry must have made on her an impression unfavourable to me. Yet when she was at S—— she was anxious to have my company. She came several times to see me at Mont Louis, without finding me at home, and perceiving I did not return her visit, took it into her head, as a means of forcing me to do it,

to send me pots of flowers for my terrace. I was under the necessity of going to thank her; this was all she wanted, and we thus became acquainted.

This connection, like every other I formed, or was led into contrary to my inclination, began rather boisterously. There never reigned in it a real calm. The turn of mind of Madame de V——n was too opposite to mine. Malignant expressions and pointed sarcasms came from her with so much simplicity, that a continual attention too fatiguing for me was necessary to perceive she was turning into ridicule the person to whom she spoke. One trivial circumstance which occurs to my recollection will be sufficient to give an idea of her manner. Her brother had just obtained the command of a frigate cruising against the English. I spoke of the manner of fitting out this frigate without diminishing its swiftness of sailing. "Yes," replied she, in the most natural tone of voice, "no more cannon are taken than are necessary for fighting." I seldom have heard her speak well of any of her absent friends without letting slip something to their prejudice. What she did not see with an evil eye she looked upon with one of ridicule, and her friend Margency was not excepted. What I found most insupportable in her was the perpetual constraint proceeding from her little messages, presents, and billets, to which it was a labour for me to answer, and I had continual embarrassment either in thanking or refusing. However, by

frequently seeing this lady, I became attached to her. She had her troubles as well as I had mine. Reciprocal confidence rendered our conversations interesting. Nothing so cordially attaches two persons as the satisfaction of weeping together. We sought the company of each other for our reciprocal consolation, and the want of this has frequently made me pass over many things. I had been so severe in my frankness with her, that after having sometimes shown so little esteem for her character, a great deal was necessary to be able to believe she could sincerely forgive me. The following letter is a specimen of the epistles I sometimes wrote to her, and it is to be remarked that she never once in any of her answers to them seemed to be in the least degree piqued.

“ Montmorenci, 5th November, 1760.

“ You tell me, madam, you have not well explained yourself, in order to make me understand I have explained myself ill. You speak of your pretended stupidity for the purpose of making me feel my own. You boast of being nothing more than a good kind of woman, as if you were afraid to be taken at your word, and you make me apologies to tell me I owe them to you. Yes, madam, I know it; it is I who am a fool, a good kind of man, and, if it be possible, worse than all this; it is I, who make a bad choice of my expressions in the

opinion of a fine French lady, who pays as much attention to words, and speaks as well as you do. But consider that I take them in the common meaning of the language, without knowing or troubling my head about the polite acceptations in which they are taken in the virtuous societies of Paris. If my expressions are sometimes equivocal, I endeavour by my conduct to determine their meaning," &c. The rest of the letter is much the same.

C——, enterprising, bold, even to effrontery, and who was upon the watch after all my friends, soon introduced himself in my name to the house of Madame de V——n, and, unknown to me, shortly became there more familiar than myself. This C——, was an extraordinary man. He presented himself in my name in the houses of all my acquaintance, gained a footing in them, and ate there without ceremony. Transported with zeal to do me service, he never mentioned my name without his eyes being suffused with tears; but, when he came to see me, he kept the most profound silence on the subject of all these connections, and especially on that in which he knew I must be interested. Instead of telling me what he had heard, said, or seen, relative to my affairs, he waited for my speaking to him, and even interrogated me. He never knew any thing of what passed in Paris, except that which I told him; finally, although every body spoke to me of him, he never once spoke to me of any per-

son; he was secret and mysterious with his friend only; but I will for the present leave C—— and Madame de V——n, and return to them at a proper time.

Some time after my return to Mont Louis, La Tour, the painter, came there to see me, and brought with him my portrait in crayons, which a few years before he had exhibited at the saloon. He wished to give me this portrait, which I did not choose to accept. But Madame D'——y who had given me hers, and would have this, had prevailed upon me to ask him for it. He had taken some time to retouch the features. In the interval happened my rupture with Madame D'——y; I returned her her portrait; and giving her mine being no longer in question, I put it into my chamber, in the little castle. M. de Luxembourg saw it there, and found it a good one; I offered it him, he accepted it, and I sent it to the castle. He and his lady comprehended I should be very glad to have theirs. They had them taken in miniature by a very skilful hand, set in a box of rock crystal, mounted with gold, and in a very handsome manner, with which I was delighted, made me a present of both. Madame de Luxembourg would never consent that her portrait should be on the upper part of the box. She had reproached me several times with loving M. de Luxembourg better than I did her; I had not denied it, because it was true. By this manner of placing

her portrait, she showed very politely, but very clearly, she had not forgotten the preference.

Much about this time I was guilty of a folly which did not contribute to preserve to me her good graces. Although I had no knowledge of M. de Silhouette, and was not much disposed to like him, I had a great opinion of his administration. When he began to let his hand fall rather heavily upon financiers, I perceived he did not begin his operation in a favourable moment, but he had my warmest wishes for his success; and as soon as I heard he was displaced I wrote to him, in my intrepid heedless manner, the following letter, which I certainly do not undertake to justify.

“ Montmorenci, 2d December, 1769.

“ Vouchsafe, sir, to receive the homage of a solitary man, who is not known to you, but who esteems you for your talents, respects you for your administration, and who did you the honour to believe you would not long remain in it. Unable to save the state, except at the expence of the capital, by which it has been ruined, you have braved the clamours of the gainers of money. When I saw you crush these wretches, I envied you your place; and at seeing you quit it without departing from your system, I admire you. Be satisfied with yourself, sir; the step you have taken will leave you an honour you will long enjoy with-

out a competitor. The malediction of knaves is the glory of an honest man."

Madame de Luxembourg, who knew I had written this letter, spoke to me of it when she came into the country at Easter; I showed it to her, and she was desirous of a copy; this I gave her, but when I did it, I did not know she was interested in under-farms, and the displacing of M. de Silhouette. By my numerous follies any person would have imagined I wilfully endeavoured to bring on myself the hatred of an amiable woman, who had power, and to whom, in truth, I daily became more attached, and was far from wishing to occasion her displeasure, although by my aukward manner of proceeding, I did every thing proper for that purpose. I think it superfluous to remark here, that it is to her the history of the opiate of M. Tronchin, of which I have spoken in the first part of my memoirs, relates; the other lady was Madame de Mirepoix. They have never mentioned to me the circumstance, nor has either of them, in the least, seemed to have preserved a remembrance of it; but to presume that Madame de Luxembourg can possibly have forgotten it appears to me very difficult, and would still remain so, even were the subsequent events entirely unknown. For my part, I fell into a deceitful security relative to the effects of my stupid mistakes, by an internal evidence of my not having taken any step with an intention to

offend; as if a woman could ever forgive what I had done, although she might be certain the will had not the least part in the matter.

Although she seemed not to see or feel any thing, and that I did not immediately find either her warmth of friendship diminished, or the least change in her manner, the continuation and even increase of a too well founded foreboding, made me incessantly tremble, lest disgust should succeed to infatuation. Was it possible for me to expect in a lady of such high rank, a constancy proof against my want of address to support it? I was unable to conceal from her this secret foreboding, which made me uneasy and rendered me still more disagreeable. This will be judged of by the following letter, which contains a very singular prediction.

N. B. *This letter, without date in my rough copy, was written in October, 1760, at latest.*

“How cruel is your goodness! Why disturb the peace of a solitary mortal, who had renounced the pleasures of life that he might no longer suffer the fatigues of them? I have passed my days in vainly searching for solid attachments. I have not been able to form any in the ranks to which I was equal; is it in yours that I ought to seek for them? Neither ambition nor interest can tempt me; I am not vain, and but little fearful; I can resist every thing except caresses. Why do you both

attack me by a weakness which I must overcome, because in the distance by which we are separated, the overflowings of susceptible hearts cannot bring mine near to you? Will gratitude be sufficient for a heart which knows not two manners of bestowing its affections, and feels itself incapable of every thing except friendship? Of friendship, Madame la Marechale! Ah! there is my misfortune! It is good in you and the Marechal to make use of this expression; but I am mad when I take you at your word. You amuse yourselves and I become attached; and the end of this prepares for me new regrets. How do I hate all your titles, and pity you on account of your being obliged to bear them! You seem to me to be so worthy of tasting the charms of private life! Why do not you reside at Clarens? I would go there in search of happiness; but the castle of Montmorenci, and the Hotel de Luxembourg! Is it in these places Jean Jacques ought to be seen? Is it there a friend to equality ought to carry the affections of a sensible heart, and who thus paying the esteem in which he is held, thinks he returns as much as he receives? You are good and susceptible also; this I know and have seen; I am sorry I was not sooner convinced of it; but in the rank you hold, in your manner of living, nothing can make a lasting impression; a succession of new objects efface each other, so that not one of them remains. You will forget me, madam, after having made it impossible for me

to imitate you. You have done a great deal to render me unhappy, to be inexcusable."

I joined with her the Marechal, to render the compliment less severe: for, I was moreover so sure of him, that I never had a doubt in my mind of the continuation of his friendship. Nothing that intimidated me in Madame la Marechale, ever, for a moment, extended to him. I never have had the least mistrust relative to his character, which I knew to be feeble but constant. I no more feared a coldness on his part than I expected from him an heroic attachment. The simplicity and familiarity of our manners with each other, proved how far dependence was reciprocal. We were both always right: I shall ever honour and hold dear the memory of this worthy man, and, notwithstanding every thing that was done to detach him from me, I am as certain of his having died my friend, as if I had been present in his last moments.

At the second journey to Montmorenci, in the year 1760, the reading of Eloisa being finished, I had recourse to that of Emilius, to support myself in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg; but this, whether the subject was less to her taste, or that so much reading at length fatigued her, did not succeed so well. However, as she reproached me with suffering myself to be the dupe of booksellers, she wished me to leave to her care the printing the work, that I might reap from it a greater

advantage. I consented to her doing it, on the express condition of its not being printed in France, on which we had a long dispute; I affirming that it was impossible to obtain, and even imprudent to solicit a tacit permission; and being unwilling to permit the impression upon any other terms in the kingdom; she, that the censor could not make the least difficulty, according to the system government had adopted. She found means to make M. de M——s enter into her views. He wrote to me on the subject a long letter with his own hand, to prove the profession of faith of the Savoyard vicar to be a composition which must every where gain the approbation of its readers and that of the court, as things were then circumstanced. I was surprised to see this magistrate, always so prudent, become so smooth in the business, as the printing of a book was by that alone legal, I had no longer any objection to make to that of the work. Yet, by an extraordinary scruple, I still required it should be printed in Holland, and by the bookseller Néaulme, whom, not satisfied with indicating him, I informed of my wishes, consenting the edition should be brought out for the profit of a French bookseller, and that as soon as it was ready it should be sold at Paris, or wherever else it might be thought proper, as with this I had no manner of concern. This is exactly what was agreed upon between Madame de Luxembourg and myself, after which I gave her my manuscript.

Madame de Luxembourg was this time accompanied by her grand-daughter Mademoiselle de Boufflers, now duchess of Lauzun. Her name was Amelia. She was a charming girl. She really had a maiden beauty, mildness, and timidity. Nothing could be more lovely than her person, nothing more chaste and tender than the sentiments she inspired. She was, besides, still a child under eleven years of age. Madame de Luxembourg, who thought her too timid, used every endeavour to animate her. She permitted me several times to give her a kiss, which I did with my usual awkwardness. Instead of saying flattering things to her, as any other person would have done, I remained silent and disconcerted, and I know not which of the two, the little girl or myself, was most ashamed. I met her one day alone in the staircase of the little castle. She had been to see Thérèse, with whom her governess still was. Not knowing what else to say, I proposed to her a kiss, which, in the innocence of her heart, she did not refuse; having in the morning received one from me by order of her grandmother and in her presence. The next day, while reading *Emilius* by the side of the bed of Madame de Luxembourg, I came to a passage in which I justly censure that which I had done the preceding evening. She thought the reflection extremely just, and said some very sensible things upon the subject which made me blush. How was I enraged at my incredible stupidity, which has frequently given

me the appearance of guilt when I was nothing more than a fool and embarrassed ! a stupidity, which in a man known to be endowed with some wit, is considered as a false excuse. I can safely swear that in this kiss, as well as in the others, the heart and thoughts of Mademoiselle Amelia were not more pure than my own, and that if I could have avoided meeting her I should have done it ; not that I had not great pleasure in seeing her, but from the embarrassment of not finding a word proper to say. Whence comes it that even a child can intimidate a man, whom the power of kings has never inspired with fear ? What is to be done ? How, without presence of mind, am I to act ? If I strive to speak to the persons I meet, I certainly say some stupid thing to them : if I remain silent, I am a misanthrope, an unsociable animal, a bear. Total imbecility would have been more favourable to me ; but the talents which I have failed to improve in the world have become the instruments of my destruction and of that of the talents I possessed.

At the latter end of this journey, Madame de Luxembourg did a good action in which I had some share. Diderot having very imprudently offended the princess of Roheck, daughter of M. de Luxembourg, Palissot, whom she protected, took up the quarrel, and revenged her by the comedy of *The Philosophers*, in which I was ridiculed, and Diderot very roughly handled. The author treated me with more gentleness, less, I am of opinion,

on account of the obligation he was under to me, than from the fear of displeasing the father of his protectress, by whom he knew I was beloved. The bookseller Duchesne, with whom I was not at that time acquainted, sent me the comedy when it was printed, and this I suspect was by the order of Palissot, who, perhaps, thought I should have a pleasure in seeing a man, with whom I was no longer connected, defamed. He was greatly deceived. When I broke with Diderot, whom I thought less ill-natured than weak and indiscreet, I still always preserved for his person an attachment, an esteem even, and a respect for our ancient friendship, which I know was for a long time as sincere on his part as on mine. The case was quite different with Grimm; a man false by nature, who never loved me, who is not even capable of friendship, and a person who, without the least subject of complaint, and solely to satisfy his gloomy jealousy, became, under the mask of friendship, my most cruel calumniator. This man is to me a cypher; the other will always be my old friend. My very bowels yearned at the sight of this odious piece: the reading of it was insupportable to me, and without going through the whole, I returned the copy to Duchesne with the following letter.

“ *Montmorenci, 21st May, 1760.*

“ In casting my eye over the piece you sent me, I trembled at seeing myself well spoken

of in it. I do not accept the horrid present. I am persuaded that in sending it me, you did not intend an insult; but you do not know, or have forgotten, that I have the honour to be the friend of a respectable man, who is shamefully defamed and calumniated in this libel."

Duchesne showed the letter. Diderot, upon whom it ought to have had an effect quite contrary, was vexed at it. His pride could not forgive me the superiority of a generous action, and I was informed his wife every where inveighed against me with a bitterness with which I was not in the least affected, as I knew she was known to every body to be a noisy babbler.

Diderot in his turn found an avenger in the Abbé Morrellet, who wrote against Palissot a little work, imitated from the *Petit Prophete*, and entitled the *Vision*. In this production he very imprudently offended Madame de Robeck, whose friends got him sent to the Bastile; though she, not naturally vindictive, and at that time in a dying state, I am certain had nothing to do in the affair.

D'Alembert, who was very intimately connected with Morrellet, wrote me a letter, desiring I would beg of Madame de Luxembourg to solicit his liberty, promising her in return encomiums in the *Encyclopedie*; my answer to his letter was as follows:

"I did not wait the receipt of your letter

before I expressed to Madame de Luxembourg the pain the confinement of the Abbé Morrellet gave me. She knows my concern, and shall be made acquainted with yours, and her knowing that the abbé is a man of merit will be sufficient to make her interest herself in his behalf. However, although she and the Marechal honour me with a benevolence which is my greatest consolation, and that the name of your friend be to them a recommendation in favour of the Abbé Morrellet, I know not how far, on this occasion, it may be proper for them to employ the credit attached to the rank they hold, and the consideration due to their persons. I am not even convinced that the vengeance in question relates to the princess of Robeck so much as you seem to imagine; and were this even the case, we must not suppose that the pleasure of vengeance belongs to philosophers exclusively, and that when they chuse to become women, women will become philosophers.

“ I will communicate to you whatever Madame de Luxembourg may say to me after having shown her your letter. In the meantime, I think I know her well enough to assure you that, should she have the pleasure of contributing to the enlargement of the Abbé Morrellet, she will not accept the tribute of acknowledgment you promise her in the *Encyclopedie*, although she might think herself honoured by it, because she does not do good in the expectation of praise, but from the dictates of her heart.”

I made every effort to excite the zeal and commiseration of Madame de Luxembourg in favour of the poor captive, and succeeded to my wishes. She went to Versailles on purpose to speak to M. de St. Florentin, and this journey shortened the residence at Montmorenci, which the Marechal was obliged to quit at the same time to go to Rouen, whither the king sent him as governor of Normandy on account of the motions of the parliament, which government wished to keep within bounds. Madame de Luxembourg wrote me the following letter the day after her departure.

“ Versailles, Wednesday.

“ M. de Luxembourg set off yesterday morning at six o'clock. I do not yet know that I shall follow him. I wait until he writes to me, as he is not yet certain of the stay it will be necessary for him to make. I have seen M. de St. Florentin who is as favourably disposed as possible towards the Abbé Morrellet; but he finds some obstacles to his wishes, which, however, he is in hopes of removing the first time he has to do business with the king, which will be next week. I have also desired as a favour that he might not be exiled, because this was intended: he was to be sent to Nancy. This, sir, is what I have been able to obtain; but I promise you I will not let M. de St. Florentin rest until the affair is terminated in the manner you desire. Let me now express to you how sorry I am on account of my

being obliged to leave you so soon, of which I flatter myself you have not the least doubt. I love you with all my heart, and shall do so for my whole life."

A few days afterwards I received the following note from D'Alembert which gave me real joy.

"August 1st.

"Thanks to your cares, my dear philosopher, the abbé has left the Bastille, and his imprisonment will have no other consequence. He is setting off for the country, and, as well as myself, returns you a thousand thanks and compliments. *Vale et me ama.*"

The abbé also wrote to me a few days afterwards a letter of thanks which did not, in my opinion, seem to breathe a certain effusion of the heart, and in which he seemed in some measure to extenuate the service I had rendered him. Some time afterwards, I found that he and D'Alembert had, to a certain degree, I will not say supplanted, but succeeded me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, and that I had lost in them all they had gained. However I am far from suspecting the Abbé Morrellet of having contributed to my disgrace: I have too much esteem for him to harbour any such suspicion. With respect to D'Alembert, I shall at present leave him out of the

question, and hereafter say of him what may seem necessary.

I had at the same time, another affair which occasioned the last letter I wrote to Voltaire; a letter against which he vehemently exclaimed, as an abominable insult, although he never showed it to any person. I will here supply the want of that which he refused to do.

The Abbé T——t, with whom I had a slight acquaintance, but whom I had but seldom seen, wrote to me on the 13th of June, 1760, informing me that M. F——y, his friend and correspondent, had printed, in his Journal, my letter to Voltaire, upon the disaster at Lisbon. The abbé wished to know how the letter came to be printed, and, in his jesuitical manner, asked me my opinion, without giving me his own, on the necessity of reprinting it. As I most sovereignly hate this kind of artifice and stratagem, I returned such thanks as were proper, but in a manner so reserved as to make him feel it, although this did not prevent him from wheedling me in two or three other letters until he had gathered all he wished to know.

I clearly understood that, notwithstanding all T——t could say, F——y had not found the letter printed, and that the first impression of it came from himself. I knew him to be an impudent pilferer, who, without ceremony, made himself a revenue by the works of others. Although he had not yet had the incredible

effrontery to take from a book already published the name of the author, to put his own in the place of it, and to sell the book for his own profit.* But by what means had this manuscript fallen into his hands? That was a question not easy to resolve, but by which I had the weakness to be embarrassed. Although Voltaire was excessively honoured by the letter, as in fact, notwithstanding his rude proceedings, he would have had a right to complain had I had it printed without his consent, I resolved to write to him upon the subject. The second letter was as follows, to which he returned no answer, and, giving greater scope to his brutality, he feigned to be irritated to fury.

“*Montmorenci, 17th June, 1760.*

“I did not think, sir, I should ever have occasion to correspond with you. But learning the letter I wrote to you, in 1756, has been printed at Berlin, I owe you an account of my conduct in that respect, and will fulfil this duty with truth and simplicity.

“The letter having really been addressed to you was not intended to be printed. I communicated the contents of it, on certain conditions, to three persons to whom the rights of friendship did not permit me to refuse any

* In this manner he afterwards appropriated to himself *Emilius*.

thing of the kind, and whom the same rights still less permitted to abuse my confidence by betraying their promise. These persons are Madame de C——x, daughter-in-law to Madame D——n, the Comtesse D'H——, and a German of the name of Grimm. Madame de C——x was desirous the letter should be printed, and asked my consent. I told her that depended upon yours. This was asked of you, which you refused, and the matter dropped.

“ However the Abbé T——t, with whom I have not the least connection, has just written to me from a motive of the most polite attention, that having received the papers of the Journal of M. F——y, he found in them this same letter, with an advertisement, dated on the 23d of October, 1759, in which the editor states, that he had a few weeks before found it in the shops of the booksellers of Berlin, and as it is one of those loose sheets which shortly disappear, he thought proper to give it a place in his Journal.

“ This, sir, is all I know of the matter. It is very certain the letter had not, until lately, been heard of at Paris. It is also as certain that the copy, either in manuscript or print, fallen into the hands of M. de F——y, could never have reached them except by your means, which is not probable, or of those of one of the three persons I have mentioned. Finally it is well known the two ladies are incapable of such a perfidy. I cannot, in my retirement, learn

more relative to the affair. You have a correspondence by means of which you may, if you think it worth the trouble, go back to the source and verify the fact.

“ In the same letter the Abbé T——t informs me that he keeps the paper in reserve, and will not lend it without my consent, which most assuredly I will not give. But it is possible this copy may not be the only one in Paris. I wish, sir, the letter may not be printed there, and I will do all in my power to prevent this from happening ; but if I cannot succeed, and that, timely perceiving it, I can have the preference, I will not then hesitate to have it immediately printed. This to me appears just and natural.

“ With respect to your answer to the same letter, it has not been communicated to any one, and you may be assured it shall not be printed without your consent, which I certainly shall not be indiscreet enough to ask of you, well knowing that what one man writes to another is not written to the public. But should you chuse to write one you wish to have published and address it to me, I promise you faithfully to add to it my letter, and not to make to it a single word of reply.

“ I love you not, sir ; you have done me, your disciple and enthusiastical admirer, injuries that might have caused me the most exquisite pain. You have ruined Geneva, in return for the asylum it has afforded you ; you have alienated from me my fellow citizens, in

return for the eulogiums I made of you amongst them ; it is you who render to me the residence of my own country insupportable ; it is you who will oblige me to die in a foreign land, deprived of all the consolations usually administered to a dying person ; and cause me, instead of receiving funeral rites, to be thrown to the dogs, whilst all the honours a man can expect will accompany you in my country. Finally, I hate you because you have been desirous I should ; but I hate you as a man more worthy of loving you had you chosen it. Of all the sentiments with which my heart was penetrated for you, admiration, which cannot be refused your fine genius, and a partiality to your writings, are those you have not effaced. If I can honour nothing in you except your talents, the fault is not mine. I shall never be wanting in the respect due to them, nor in that which this respect requires."

In the midst of these little literary cavillings, which still fortified my resolution, I received the greatest honour letters ever acquired me, and of which I was the most sensible, in the two visits the prince of Conti deigned to make to me, one at the Little Castle, and the other at Mont Louis. He chose the time for both these when M. de Luxembourg was not at Montmorenci, in order to render it more manifest that he came there solely on my account. I have never had a doubt of my owing the first condescensions of this prince to Madame de

Luxembourg and Madame de Boufflers; but I am of opinion I owe to his own sentiments and to myself those with which he has since that time continually honoured me.*

My apartments at Mont Louis being small, and the situation of the alcove charming, I conducted the prince to it, where, to complete the condescension he was pleased to show me, he chose I should have the honour of playing with him a game at chess. I knew he beat the Chevalier de Lorenzy who played better than I did. However, notwithstanding the signs and grimace of the chevalier and the spectators, which I feigned not to see, I won the two games we played. When they were ended, I said to him in a respectful but very grave manner: "My lord, I honour your serene highness too much not to beat you always at chess." This great prince, who had real wit, sense, and knowledge, and so was worthy not to be treated with mean adulation, felt in fact, at least I think so, that I was the only person present who treated him like a man, and I have every reason to believe he was not displeased with me for it.

Had this even been the case, I should not have reproached myself with having been unwilling to deceive him in any thing, and I certainly cannot do it with having in my heart

* Remark the perseverance of this blind and stupid confidence in the midst of all the treatment which should soonest have undeceived me. It continued until my return to Paris in 1770.

made an ill return for his goodness, but solely with having sometimes done it with an ill grace, whilst he himself accompanied with infinite gracefulness the manner in which he showed me the marks of it. A few days afterwards he ordered a hamper of game to be sent me, which I received as I ought. This, in a little time, was succeeded by another, and one of his game-keepers wrote me, by order of his highness, that the game it contained had been shot by the prince himself. I received this second hamper, but I wrote to Madame de Boufflers that I would not receive a third. This letter was generally blamed, and deservedly so. Refusing to accept presents of game from a prince of the blood, who moreover sends it in so polite a manner, is less the delicacy of a haughty man, who wishes to preserve his independence, than the rusticity of a clown, who does not know himself. I have never read this letter in my collection without blushing and reproaching myself for having written it. But I have not undertaken my Confession with an intention of concealing my faults, and that of which I have just spoken is too shocking in my own eyes to suffer me to pass it over in silence.

If I were not guilty of the offence of becoming his rival, I was very near doing it; for Madame de Boufflers was still his mistress, and I knew nothing of the matter. She came rather frequently to see me with the Chevalier de Lorenzy. She was yet young and beautiful,

affected to be whimsical, and my mind was always romantic which was much of the same nature. I was near being laid hold of; I believe she perceived it; the chevalier saw it also, at least he spoke to me upon the subject, and in a manner not discouraging. But I was this time reasonable, and at the age of fifty it was time I should be so. Full of the doctrine I had just preached to grey beards in my letter to D'Alembert, I should have been ashamed of not profiting by it myself; besides, coming to the knowledge of that of which I had been ignorant, I must have been mad to have carried my pretensions so far as to expose myself to such a high competition. Finally, ill-cured perhaps of my passion for Madame d'H——, I felt nothing could replace it in my heart, and I bid adieu to love for the rest of my life. I have this moment just withstood the dangerous allurements of a young woman who had her views; but if she feigned to forget my twelve *lustres*, I remember them. After having thus withdrawn myself from danger, I am no longer afraid of a fall, and I answer for myself for the rest of my days.

Madame de Boufflers perceiving the emotion she caused in me, might also observe I had triumphed over it. I am neither mad nor vain enough to believe I was at my age capable of inspiring her with the same feelings; but, from certain words which she let drop to Thérèse, I thought I had inspired her with a curiosity; if this be the case, and that she has

not forgiven me the disappointment she met with, it must be confessed I was born to be the victim of my weaknesses, since triumphant love was so prejudicial to me, and love triumphed over not less so.

Here finishes the collection of letters which has served me as a guide in the two last books. My steps will in future be directed by memory only; but this is of such a nature, relative to the period to which I am now come, and the strong impression of objects has remained so perfectly upon my mind, that, lost in the immense sea of my misfortunes, I cannot forget the detail of my first shipwreck, although the consequences present to me but a confused remembrance. I therefore shall be able to proceed in the succeeding book with sufficient confidence. If I go farther it will be groping in the dark.

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

BOOK XI.

ALTHOUGH *Eloisa*, which for a long time had been in the press, did not yet, at the end of the year 1760, appear, the work already began to make a great noise. Madame de Luxembourg had spoken of it at court, and Madame d'H—— at Paris. The latter had obtained from me permission for St. L——t to read the manuscript to the king of Poland, who had been delighted with it. Duclos, to whom I had also given the perusal of the work, had spoken of it at the academy. All Paris was impatient to see the novel; the booksellers of the Rue Saint Jacques, and that of the Palais Royal were beset with people, who came to enquire when it was to be published. It was at length brought out, and the success it had, answered, contrary to custom, to the impatience with which it had been expected. The dauphiness, who was one of the first who read it, spoke of it to M. de Luxembourg as a ravishing performance. The opinions of men of letters differed from each other, but in those of every other class approbation was general, especially with the women, who became so in-

toxicated with the book and the author, that there was not one in high life with whom I might not have succeeded, had I undertaken to do it. Of this I have such proofs as I will not commit to paper, and which, without the aid of experience, authorise my opinion. It is singular, that the book should have succeeded better in France than in the rest of Europe, although the French, both men and women, are severely treated in it. Contrary to my expectation, it was least successful in Switzerland, and most so in Paris. Do friendship, love, and virtue reign in this capital more than elsewhere? Certainly not; but there reigns in it an exquisite sensibility which transports the heart to their image, and makes us cherish in others the pure, tender, and virtuous sentiments we no longer possess. Corruption is everywhere the same; virtue and morality no longer exist in Europe; but if the least love of them still remains, it is in Paris that this will be found.*

In the midst of so many prejudices and feigned passions, the real sentiments of nature are not to be distinguished from others, unless we well know to analyse the human heart. A very nice discrimination, not to be acquired except by the education of the world, is necessary to feel the finesses of the heart, if I dare use the expression, with which this work abounds. I do not hesitate to place the fourth

* I wrote this in 1769.

part of it upon an equality with the princess of Cleves; nor to assert that had these two works been read no where but in the provinces, their merit would never have been discovered. It must not, therefore, be considered as a matter of astonishment, that the greatest success of my work was at court. It abounds with lively but veiled touches of the pencil, which could not but give pleasure there, because the persons who frequent it are more accustomed than others to discover them. A distinction must, however, be made. The work is by no means proper for the species of men of wit who have nothing but cunning, who possess no other kind of discernment than that which penetrates evil, and see nothing where good only is to be found. If, for instance, *Eloisa* had been published in a certain country, I am convinced it would not have been read through by a single person, and the work would have been stifled in its birth.

I have collected most of the letters written to me on the subject of this publication, and deposited them, tied up together, in the hands of Madame de Nadillac. Should this collection ever be given to the world, very singular things will be seen, and an opposition of opinion, which shows what it is to have to do with the public. The thing least kept in view, and which will ever distinguish it from every other work, is the simplicity of the subject, and the continuation of the interest, which, confined to three persons, is kept up through-

out six volumes, without episode, romantic adventure, or any thing malicious either in the persons or actions. Diderot complimented Richardson on the prodigious variety of his portraits, and the multiplicity of his persons. In fact, Richardson has the merit of having well characterised them all; but with respect to their number, he has that in common with the most insipid writers of novels, who attempt to make up for the sterility of their ideas by multiplying persons and adventures. It is easy to awaken the attention by incessantly presenting unheard of adventures and new faces which pass before the imagination as the figures in a magic lanthorn do before the eye; but to keep up that attention to the same objects, and without the aid of the wonderful, is certainly more difficult; and if, every thing equal, the simplicity of the subject adds to the beauty of the work, the novels of Richardson, superior in so many other respects, cannot in this be compared to mine. I know it is already forgotten, and the cause of its being so; but it will be taken up again.

All my fear was that, by an extreme simplicity, the narrative would be fatiguing, and that it was not sufficiently interesting to engage the attention throughout the whole. I was relieved from this apprehension by a circumstance which alone was more flattering to my pride than all the compliments made me upon the work.

It appeared at the beginning of the carnival ;

a hawker carried it to the princess of Talmont*, on the evening of a ball night at the opera. After supper the princess dressed herself for the ball, and, until the hour of going there, took up the new novel. At midnight she ordered the horses to be put into the carriage, and continued to read. The servant returned to tell her the horses were put to; she made no answer. Her people perceiving she forgot herself, came to tell her it was two o'clock. There is yet no hurry replied the princess, still reading on. Some time afterwards, her watch having stopped, she rang to know the hour. She was told it was four o'clock. That being the case, said she, it is too late to go to the ball; let the horses be taken off. She undressed herself, and passed the rest of the night in reading.

Ever since I came to the knowledge of this circumstance, I have had a constant desire to see the lady, not only to know from herself whether or not what I have related be exactly true; but because I have always thought it impossible to be interested in so lively a manner in the happiness of Julia, without having that sixth and moral sense with which so few hearts are endowed, and without which no person whatever can understand the sentiments of mine.

What rendered the women so favourable to me was, their being persuaded that I had written my own history, and was myself the hero

* It was not her, but some other lady, whose name I do not know.

of the romance. This opinion was so firmly established, that Madame de Polignac wrote to Madame de V——n, begging she would prevail upon me to show her the portrait of Julia. Every body thought it was impossible so strongly to express sentiments without having felt them, or thus to describe the transports of love, unless immediately from the feelings of the heart. This was true, and I certainly wrote the novel during the time my imagination was enflamed to extacy; but they who thought real objects necessary to this effect were deceived, and far from conceiving to what a degree I can at will produce it for imaginary beings. Without Madame d'H——, and the recollection of a few circumstances in my youth, the amours I have felt and described would have been with fairy nymphs. I was unwilling either to confirm or destroy an error which was advantageous to me. The reader may see, in the preface in dialogue, which I had printed separately, in what manner I left the public in suspense. Rigorous people say, I ought to have explicitly declared the truth. For my part, I see no reason for this, nor any thing that could force me to it, and am of opinion there would have been more folly than candour in the declaration without necessity.

Much about the same time the *Paix Perpetuelle* * made its appearance; of this I had the year before given the manuscript to a certain M. de Bastide, the author of a journal called

* Perpetual Peace.

*Le Monde**, into which he would at all events cram all my manuscripts. He was known to M. Duclos, and came in his name, to beg I would help him to fill the *Monde*. He had heard speak of Eloisa, and would have me put this into his journal; he was also desirous of making the same use of Emilius; he would have asked me for the Social Contract, for the same purpose, had he suspected it to be written. At length, fatigued with his importunities, I resolved upon letting him have the *Paix Perpetuelle*, which I gave him for twelve Louis. Our agreement was, that he should print it in his journal; but as soon as he became the proprietor of the manuscript, he thought proper to print it separately, with a few retrenchments, which the censor required him to make. What would have happened had I joined to the work my opinion of it, which fortunately I did not communicate to M. de Bastide, nor was it comprehended in our agreement? This remains still in manuscript amongst my papers. If ever it be made public, the world will see how much the pleasantries and self-sufficient manner of M. de Voltaire on the subject must have made me, who was so well acquainted with the short-sightedness of this poor man, in political matters, of which he took it into his head to speak, shake my sides with laughter.

In the midst of my success with the women and the public, I felt I lost ground at the Hotel

* The World. -

de Luxembourg, not with the Marechal, whose goodness to me seemed daily to increase, but with his lady. Since I had had nothing more to read to her, the door of her apartment was not so frequently open to me, and during her stay at Montmorenci, although I regularly presented myself, I seldom saw her, except at table. My place even there was not distinctly marked out as usual. As she no longer offered me that by her side, and spoke to me but seldom, not having on my part much to say to her, I was as well satisfied with another, where I was more at my ease, especially in the evening; for I mechanically contracted the habit of placing myself nearer and nearer to the Marechal.

A-propos of the evening; I recollect having said I did not sup at the castle, and this was true, at the beginning of my acquaintance there; but as M. de Luxembourg did not dine, nor even sit down to table, it happened that I was for several months, and already very familiar in the family, without ever having eaten with him. This he had the goodness to remark, upon which I determined to sup there from time to time, when the company was not numerous; I did so, and found the suppers very agreeable, as the dinners were taken almost standing; whereas the former were long, every body remaining seated with pleasure after a long walk; and very good and agreeable, because M. de Luxembourg loved good eating, and the honours of them were done in a charming manner, by Madame la Marechale.

Without this explanation it would be difficult to understand the end of a letter from M. de Luxembourg, in which he says he recollects our walks with the greatest pleasure; especially, adds he, when in the evening we entered the court, and did not find there the traces of carriages. The rake being every morning drawn over the gravel to efface the marks left by the coach wheels, I judged by the number of ruts of that of the persons who had arrived in the afternoon.

This year 1771 completed the heavy losses this good man had suffered, since I had had the honour of being known to him. As if it had been ordained that the evils prepared for me by destiny should begin by the man to whom I was most attached, and who was the most worthy of esteem. The first year he lost his sister, the duchess of Villeroy; the second, his daughter, the princess of Robeck; the third, he lost in the Duke of Montmorenci, his only son; and in the Comte de Luxembourg, his grandson, the two last supporters of the branch of which he was, and of his name. He supported all these losses with apparent courage, but his heart incessantly bled in secret during the rest of his life, and his health was ever after upon the decline. The unexpected and tragical death of his son, must have afflicted him the more, as it happened immediately after the king had granted him for this child, and given him in promise for his 'grandson, the reversion of the commission he himself then held, of captain of

the *Gardes du Corps*. He had the mortification to see the last, a most promising young man, perish by degrees, from the blind confidence of the mother in the physician, who giving the unhappy youth medicines for food, suffered him to die of inanition. Alas ! had my advice been taken, the grandfather and the grandson would both still have been alive. What did not I say and write to the Marechal, what remonstrances did I make to Madame de Montmorenci, upon the more than severe regimen, which upon the faith of physicians, she made her son observe ! Madame de Luxembourg, who thought as I did, would not usurp the authority of the mother ; M. de Luxembourg, a man of a mild and easy character, did not like to contradict her. Madame de Montmorenci, had in B--- a confidence to which her son at length became a victim. How delighted was the poor creature when he could obtain permission to come to Mont Louis with Madame de Boufflers, to ask Thérèse for some victuals for his famished stomach ! How did I secretly deplore the miseries of greatness in seeing this only heir to an immense fortune, a great name, and so many dignified titles, devour with the greediness of a beggar, a wretched morsel of bread ! At length, notwithstanding all I could say and do, the physician triumphed, and the child died with hunger. *Wretched man, who had*

The same confidence in quacks, which lost the grandson, hastened the dissolution of the grandfather, and to this he added the pusilla-

nimity of wishing to dissimulat  the infirmities of age. M. de Luxembourg had at intervals a pain in the great toe; he was seized with it at Montmorenci, which deprived him of sleep, and brought on a slight fever. I had courage enough to pronounce the word gout. Madame de Luxembourg gave me a reprimand. The surgeon, valet de chambre of the Marechal, maintained it was not the gout, and dressed the suffering part with *beaume tranquille*. Unfortunately the pain subsided, and when it returned, the same remedy was had recourse to. The constitution of the Marechal was weakened, and his disorder increased, as did his remedies in the same proportion. Madame de Luxembourg, who at length perceived the primary disorder to be the gout, objected to the dangerous manner of treating it. Things were afterwards concealed from her, and M. de Luxembourg in a few years lost his life in consequence of his obstinate adherence to what he imagined to be a method of cure. But let me not anticipate misfortune: how many others have I to relate before I come to this!

It is singular with what fatality every thing I could say and do seemed of a nature to displease Madame de Luxembourg, even when I had it most at heart to preserve her benevolence. The repeated afflictions which fell upon M. de Luxembourg still attached me to him the more, and consequently to Madame de Luxembourg; for they always seemed to me to be so sincerely united, that the sentiments in favour of the one necessarily extended to the

other. The Marechal grew old. His assiduity at court, the cares this brought on, continually hunting, fatigue, and especially that of the service during the quarter he was in waiting, required the vigour of a young man, and I did not perceive any thing that could support his in that course of life; since, besides after his death, his dignities were to be dispersed and his name extinct, it was by no means necessary for him to continue a laborious life, of which the principal object had been to dispose the prince favourably to his children. One day when we three were together, and he complained of the fatigues of the court, as a man who had been discouraged by his losses, I took the liberty to speak of retirement, and to give him the advice Cyneas gave to Pyrrhus. He sighed and returned no positive answer. But the moment Madame de Luxembourg found me alone, she reprimanded me severely for what I had said, at which she seemed to be alarmed. She made a remark of which I so strongly felt the justness, that I determined never again to touch upon the subject: this was, that the long habit of living at court made that life necessary, that it was become a matter of amusement for M. de Luxembourg, and that the retirement I proposed to him would be less a relaxation from care than an exile, in which inactivity, weariness and melancholy would soon put an end to his existence. Although she must have perceived I was convinced, and ought to have relied upon the promise I made her, and which I

faithfully kept, she still seemed to doubt of it; and I recollect that the conversations I afterwards had with the Marechal were less frequent, and almost always interrupted.

Whilst my stupidity and awkwardness injured me in her opinion, persons, whom she frequently saw and most loved, were far from being disposed to aid me in gaining what I had lost. The Abbé de B——s especially, a young man as lofty as it was possible for a man to be, never seemed well disposed towards me; and besides his being the only person of the society of Madame de Luxembourg who never showed me the least attention, I thought I perceived I lost something with her every time he came to the castle. It is true that without his wishing this to be the case, his presence alone was sufficient to produce the effect: so much did his graceful and elegant manner render still more dull my stupid *spropositi*. During the two first years he seldom came to Montmorenci, and by the indulgence of Madame de Luxembourg I had tolerably supported myself, but as soon as his visits began to be regular, I was irretrievably lost. I wished to take refuge under his wing, and gain his friendship; but the same awkwardness which made it necessary I should please him, prevented me from succeeding in the attempt I made to do it, and what I did with that intention entirely lost me with Madame de Luxembourg, without being of the least service to me with the abbé. With his understanding he might have succeeded in

any thing, but the impossibility of applying himself, and his turn for dissipation, prevented his acquiring a perfect knowledge of any subject. His talents are however various, and this is sufficient for the circles in which he wishes to distinguish himself. He writes light poetry and fashionable letters, strums on the cithern, and pretends to draw with crayons. He took it into his head to attempt the portrait of Madame de Luxembourg: the sketch he produced was horrid. She said it did not in the least resemble her, and this was true. The traitorous abbé consulted me, and I like a fool and a liar said there was a likeness. I wished to flatter the abbé, but I did not please the lady, who noted down what I had said, and the abbé, having obtained what he wanted, laughed at me in his turn. I perceived by the ill success of this my late beginning, the necessity of never making another attempt to flatter, *invita Minerva.*

My talent was that of telling men useful but severe truths with energy and courage; to this it was necessary to confine myself. Not only I was not born to flatter, but I knew not how to commend. The awkwardness of the manner in which I have sometimes bestowed eulogium has done me more harm than the severity of my censure. Of this I have to adduce one terrible instance, the consequences of which have not only fixed my fate for the rest of my life, but will perhaps decide on my reputation throughout all posterity.

During the residence of M. de Luxembourg at Montmorenci, M. de Choiseul sometimes came to supper at the castle. He arrived there one day after I had left it. My name was mentioned, and M. de Luxembourg related to him what had happened at Venice between me and M. de M——. M. de Choiseul said it was a pity I had quitted that track, and that if I chose to enter it again he would most willingly give me employment. M. de Luxembourg told me what had passed. Of this I was the more sensible as I was not accustomed to be spoiled by ministers, and had I been in a better state of health it is not certain that I should not have been guilty of a new folly. Ambition never had power over my mind, except during the short intervals in which every other passion left me at liberty ; but one of these intervals would have been sufficient to determine me. This good intention of M. de Choiseul gained him my attachment, and increased the esteem which, in consequence of some operations in his administration, I had conceived for his talents ; and the family compact in particular had appeared to me to evince a statesman of the first order. He moreover gained ground in my estimation by the little respect I entertained for his predecessors, not even excepting Madame de Pompadour, whom I considered as a species of prime minister, and when it was reported that one of these two would expel the other, I thought I offered up prayers for the honour of France when I wished that M. de

Choiseul might triumph. I had always felt an antipathy to Madame de Pompadour, even before her preferment; I had seen her with Madame de la Popliniere when her name was still Madame d'Etioles. I was afterwards dissatisfied with her silence on the subject of Diderot, and with her proceedings relative to myself, as well on the subject of the *Muses Galantes*, as on that of the *Devin du Village*, which had not in any manner produced me advantages proportioned to its success; and on all occasions I had found her but little disposed to serve me. This however did not prevent the Chevalier de Lorenzy from proposing to me to write something in praise of that lady, insinuating that I might acquire some advantage by it. The proposition excited my indignation the more, as I perceived it did not come from himself, knowing that, passive as he was, he thought and acted according to the impulsion he received. I am so little accustomed to constraint that it was impossible for me to conceal from him my disdain, nor from any body the moderate opinion I had of the favourite; this I am sure she knew, and thus my own interest was added to my natural inclination in the wishes I formed for M. de Choiseul. Having a great esteem for his talents, which was all I knew of him, full of gratitude for his kind intentions, and moreover unacquainted in my retirement with his taste and manner of living, I already considered him as the avenger of the public and myself; and being at that time writ-

ing the conclusion of my Social Contract, I stated in it, in a single passage, what I thought of preceding ministers, and of him by whom they began to be eclipsed. On this occasion I acted contrary to my most constant maxim; and besides, I did not recollect that, in bestowing praise and strongly censuring in the same article, without naming the persons, the language must be so appropriated to those to whom it is applicable, that the most ticklish pride cannot find in it the least thing equivocal. I was in this respect in such an imprudent security, that I never once thought it was possible any one should make a false application. It will soon appear whether or not I was right.

One of my misfortunes was always to be connected with some female author. This I thought I might avoid amongst the great. I was deceived; it still pursued me. Madame de Luxembourg was not, however, at least that I know of, attacked with the mania of writing; but Madame de Boufflers was. She wrote a tragedy in prose, which, in the first place, was read, handed about, and highly spoken of in the society of the Prince of Conti: and upon which, not satisfied with the encomiums she received, she would absolutely consult me for the purpose of having mine. This she obtained, but with that moderation which the work deserved. She, besides, had with it the information I thought it my duty to give her, that her piece, entitled *L'Esclave Généreux*, greatly resembled the English tragedy of

Orobnoko, but little known in France, although translated into the French language. Madame de Boufflers thanked me for the remark, but, however, assured me there was not the least resemblance between her piece and the other. I never spoke of the plagiarism, except to herself, and I did it to discharge a duty she had imposed on me; but this has not since prevented me from frequently recollecting the consequences of the sincerity of *Gil Blas* to the preaching archbishop.

Besides the Abbé de Boufflers, by whom I was not beloved, and Madame de Boufflers, in whose opinion I was guilty of that which neither women nor authors ever pardon, the other friends of Madame de Luxembourg never seemed much disposed to become mine, particularly the president Henault, who, enrolled amongst authors, was not exempt from their weaknesses; also Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, both intimate with Voltaire and the friends of D'Alembert, with whom the latter at length lived; however upon an honourable footing, for it cannot be understood I mean otherwise. I first began to interest myself for Madame du Deffand, whom the loss of her eyes made an object of commiseration in mine; but her manner of living, so contrary to my own, that her hour of going to bed was almost mine for rising; her unbounded passion for low wit, the importance she gave to every kind of printed trash, either complimentary or abusive, the despotism and

transports of her oracles, her excessive admiration or dislike of every thing which did not permit her to speak upon any subject without convulsions, her inconceivable prejudices, invincible obstinacy, and the enthusiasm of folly to which this carried her in her passionate judgments; all disgusted me and diminished the attention I wished to pay her. I neglected her and she perceived it; this was enough to set her in a rage; and, although I was sufficiently aware how much a woman of her character was to be feared, I preferred exposing myself to the scourge of her hatred, rather than to that of her friendship.

My having so few friends in the society of Madame de Luxembourg would not have been in the least dangerous had I had no enemies in her family. Of these I had but one, who, in my present situation, is as powerful as a hundred. It certainly was not M. de Villeroy, her brother; for he not only came to see me, but had several times invited me to Villeroy; and as I had answered to the invitation with all possible politeness and respect, he had taken my vague manner of doing it as a consent, and arranged with Madame de Luxembourg a journey of a fortnight, in which it was proposed to me to make one of the party. As the cares my health then required did not permit me to go from home without risk, I prayed Madame de Luxembourg to have the goodness to make my apologies. Her answer proves this was done with all possible ease, and M. de Ville-

roy still continued to show me his usual marks of goodness. His nephew and heir, the young marquis of V——, had not for me the same benevolence, nor had I for him the respect I had for his uncle. His hair-brained manner rendered him insupportable to me, and my coldness drew upon me his aversion. He insultingly attacked me one evening at table, and I had the worst of it, because I am a fool, without presence of mind; and because anger, instead of rendering my wit more poignant, deprives me of the little I have. I had a dog which had been given me when he was quite young, soon after my arrival at the Hermitage, and which I had called *Duke*. This dog, not handsome, but rare of his kind, of which I had made my companion and friend, a title he certainly merited much more than most of the persons by whom it was taken, became in great request at the castle of Montmorenci, for his good-nature and fondness, and the attachment we had to each other; but from a foolish pusillanimity I had changed his name to *Turk*, as if there were not many dogs called *Marquis*, without giving the least offence to any marquis whatsoever. The Marquis of V——, who knew of this change of name, attacked me in such a manner, that I was obliged openly at table, to relate what I had done. Whatever there might be offensive in the name of duke, it was not in my having given, but in my having taken it away. — The worst of all was, there were many dukes present; amongst others M.

de Luxembourg, and his son ; and the Marquis de V——, who was one day to have, and now has that title, enjoyed in the most cruel manner the embarrassment into which he had thrown me. I was told the next day his aunt had severely reprimanded him, and it may be judged whether or not, supposing her to have been serious, this put me upon better terms with him.

To enable me to support his enmity I had no person, neither at the Hotel du Luxembourg nor at the Temple, except the Chevalier de L——y, who professed himself my friend ; but he was more that of D'Alembert, under whose protection he passed with women for a great geometrician. He was moreover the cicisbeo, or rather the complaisant chevalier of the Countess of Boufflers, a great friend also to D'Alembert, and the Chevalier de L——y was the most passive instrument in her hands. Thus, far from having in the world any counterbalance to my ineptitude, to keep me in the good graces of Madame de Luxembourg, every body who approached her seemed to concur in injuring me in her opinion. Yet, besides Emilius, with which she charged herself, she gave me at the same time another mark of her benevolence, which made me imagine that, although wearied with my conversation, she would still preserve for me the friendship she had so many times promised me for life.

As soon as I thought I could depend upon this, I began to ease my heart, by confessing to her all my faults, having made it an inviolable

maxim to show myself to my friends such as I really was, neither better nor worse. I had declared to her my connection with Thérèse, and every thing that had resulted from it, without concealing the manner in which I had disposed of my children. She had received my confessions favourably, and even too much so, since she spared me the censures I so much merited; and what made the greatest impression upon me was her goodness to Thérèse, making her little presents, sending for her, and begging her to come and see her, receiving her with caresses, and often embracing her in public. This poor girl was in transports of joy and gratitude, of which I certainly partook; the friendship Madame de Luxembourg showed me in her condescensions to Thérèse, affected me much more than if they had been made immediately to myself.

Things remained in this state for a considerable time; but at length Madame de Luxembourg carried her goodness so far as to have a desire to take one of my children from the hospital. She knew I had put a cypher into the swaddling cloaths of the eldest; she asked me for the counterpart of the cypher, and I gave it her. In this research she employed La Roche, her valet de chambre, and confidential servant, who made vain enquiries, although after only about twelve or fourteen years, had the registers of the Foundling Hospital been in order, or the search properly made, the original cypher ought to have been found. However this may be, I was less sorry for his want of

success than I should have been had I from time to time continued to see the child from his birth until that moment. If by the aid of the indications given, another child had been presented as my own, the doubt of its being so in fact, and the fear of having one thus substituted for it, would have contracted my affections, and I should not have tasted of the charm of the real sentiment of nature. This during infancy stands in need of being supported by habit. The long absence of a child whom the father has seen but for an instant, weakens, and at length annihilates paternal sentiment, and parents will never love a child sent to nurse, like that which is brought up under their eyes. This reflection may extenuate my faults in their effects, but it must aggravate them in their source.

It may not perhaps be useless to remark that by the means of Thérèse, the same La Roche became acquainted with Madame le Vasseur, whom Grimm still kept at Deuil, near la Chevrette, and not far from Montmorenci.

After my departure it was by means of La Roche, that I continued to send this woman the money I have constantly sent her at stated times, and I am of opinion he often carried her presents from Madame de Luxembourg; therefore she certainly was not to be pitied, although she constantly complained. With respect to Grimm, as I am not fond of speaking of persons whom I ought to hate, I never mentioned his name to Madame de Luxembourg, except when I could not avoid it; but she frequently made him the subject of convers-

ation, without telling me what she thought of the man, or letting me discover whether or not he was of her acquaintance. Reserve with people I love, and who are open with me, being contrary to my nature, especially in things relating to themselves, I have since that time frequently thought of that of Madame de Luxembourg; but never, except when other events rendered the reflection natural.

Having waited a long time without hearing speak of Emilius, after I had given it to Madame de Luxembourg, I at last heard the agreement was made at Paris, with the bookseller Duchesne, and by him with Néaulme, of Amsterdam. Madame de Luxembourg sent me the original, and the duplicate of my agreement with Duchesne, that I might sign them. I discovered the writing to be by the same hand as that of the letters of M. de M——s, which he himself did not write. The certainty that my agreement was made by the consent, and under the eye of that magistrate, made me sign without hesitation. Duchesne gave me for the manuscript six thousand livres, (two hundred and fifty pounds,) half in specie, and one or two hundred copies. After having signed the two parts, I sent them both to Madame de Luxembourg, according to her desire; she gave one to Duchesne, and instead of returning the other, kept it herself, so that I never saw it afterwards.

My acquaintance with M. and Madame de Luxembourg, though it diverted me a little from my plan of retirement, did not make me

entirely renounce it. Even at the time in which I was most in favour with Madame de Luxembourg, I always felt that nothing but my sincere attachment to the Marechal and herself could render to me supportable the people with whom they were connected; and all the difficulty I had was in conciliating this attachment with a manner of life more agreeable to my inclination, and less contrary to my health, which constraint and late suppers continually deranged, notwithstanding all the care taken to prevent it; for in this, as in every thing else, attention was carried as far as possible: thus, for instance, every evening after supper the Marechal, who went early to bed, never failed, notwithstanding every thing that could be said to the contrary, to make me withdraw at the same time. It was not until some little time before my catastrophe that, for what reason I know not, he ceased to pay me that attention. Before I perceived the coolness of Madame de Luxembourg, I was desirous, that I might not expose myself to it, to execute my old project; but not having the means to that effect, I was obliged to wait for the conclusion of the agreement for Emilius, and in the mean time I finished the Social Contract, and sent it to Rey, fixing the price of the manuscript at a thousand livres (forty one pounds), which he paid me.

I ought not perhaps to omit a trifling circumstance relative to this manuscript. I gave it, well sealed up, to Du Voisin, a minister in

the Pays de Vaud, and chaplain at the Hôtel de Hollande, who sometimes came to see me, and took upon himself to send the packet to Rey, with whom he was connected. The manuscript, written in a small letter, was but very trifling, and did not fill his pocket. Yet, in passing the barrière, the packet fell, I know not by what means into the hands of the *Commis*, who opened and examined it, and afterwards returned it to him, when he had reclaimed it in the name of the ambassador. This gave him an opportunity of reading it himself, which he ingenuously wrote me he had done, speaking highly of the work, without suffering a word of criticism or censure to escape him, undoubtedly reserving to himself to become the avenger of Christianity as soon as the work should appear. He rescaled the packet, and sent it to Rey. Such is the substance of his narrative, in the letter in which he gave an account of the affair, and is all I ever knew of the matter.

Besides these two books and my Dictionary of Music, at which I still did something as opportunity offered, I had other works of less importance ready to make their appearance, and which I proposed to publish either separately or in my general collection, should I ever undertake it. The principal of these works, most of which are still in manuscript in the hands of Du P——, was an essay on the origin of languages, which I had read to M. de M——s and the Chevalier de L——y, who spoke favourably of it. I expected all

the productions together would produce me a net capital, of from eight to ten thousand livres (three to four hundred pounds) which I intended to place in annuities for my life and that of Thérèse; after which our design, as I have already mentioned, was to go and live together in the midst of some province, without farther troubling the public about me, or myself with any other project than that of peacefully ending my days, and still continuing to do in my neighbourhood all the good in my power, and to write at leisure the memoirs which I meditated.

Such was my intention, and the execution of it was facilitated by an act of generosity in Rey, upon which I cannot be silent. This bookseller, of whom so many unfavourable things were told me in Paris, is notwithstanding the only one with whom I have always had reason to be satisfied. It is true we frequently disagreed as to the execution of my works; he was heedless, and I was cholerick; but in matters of interest which related to them, although I never made with him an agreement in form, I always found in him great exactness and probity. He is also the only person of his profession who frankly confessed to me he gained largely by my means; and he frequently, when he offered me a part of his fortune, told me I was the author of it all. Not finding the means of exercising his gratitude immediately upon myself, he wished at least to give me proofs of it in the person of my *gouvernante*, upon whom he settled an annuity of three hundred livres,

(twelve pounds,) expressing in the deed that it was in acknowledgment for the advantages I had procured him. This he did between himself and me, without ostentation, pretension, or noise, and had not I spoken of it to every body, not a single person would ever have known any thing of the matter. I was so pleased with this action that I became attached to Rey, and conceived for him a real friendship. Some time afterwards he desired I would become god-father to one of his children; I consented, and a part of my regret in the situation to which I am reduced, is my being deprived of the means of rendering in future my attachment to my god-daughter useful to her and her parents. Why am I, who am so sensible of the modest generosity of this bookseller, so little so of the noisy eagerness of many persons of the highest rank, who pompously fill the world with accounts of the services they say they wished to render me, but the good effects of which I never felt? Is it their fault or mine? Are they nothing more than vain; is my insensibility purely ingratitude? Intelligent reader, weigh and determine; for my part I say no more.

This pension was a great resource to Thérèse, and a considerable alleviation to me, although I was far from receiving from it a direct advantage, any more than from the presents that were made her.

She herself has always disposed of every thing. When I kept her money I gave her a faithful account of it, without ever applying

any part of the deposit to our common expences, not even when she was richer than myself. *What is mine is ours*, said I to her; *and what is thine is thine*. I never departed from this maxim. They who have had the baseness to accuse me of receiving by her hands that which I refused to take with mine, undoubtedly judged of my heart by their own, and knew but little of me. I would willingly eat with her the bread she should have earned, but not that she should have had given her. For a proof of this I appeal to herself, both now and hereafter, when, according to the course of nature, she shall have survived me. Unfortunately she understands but little of economy in any respect, and is besides careless and extravagant, not from vanity nor gluttony, but solely from negligence. No creature is perfect here below, and since her excellent qualities must be accompanied with some defects, I prefer these vices; although her defects are more prejudicial to us both. The efforts I have made, as formerly I did for mamma, to accumulate something in advance, which might some day be to her a never-failing source, are not to be conceived; but my cares were always ineffectual.

Neither of these women ever called themselves to an account, and, notwithstanding all my efforts, every thing I acquired was dissipated as fast as it came. Notwithstanding the great simplicity of Thérèse's dress, the pension from Rey has never been sufficient to buy her cloaths, and I have every year been under the

necessity of adding something to it for that purpose. We are neither of us born to be rich, and this I certainly do not reckon amongst our misfortunes.

The Social Contract was soon printed. This was not the case with *Emilius*, for the publication of which I waited to go into the retirement I meditated. Duchesne, from time to time, sent me specimens of impression to choose from; when I had made my choice, instead of beginning he sent me others. When, at length, we were fully determined on the size and letter, and several sheets were already printed off; on some trifling alteration I made in a proof, he began the whole again, and at the end of six months we were in less forwardness than on the first day. During all these experiments I clearly perceived the work was printing in France as well as in Holland, and that two editions of it were preparing at the same time. What could I do? The manuscript was no longer mine. Far from having had any thing to do with the edition in France I was always against it; but since at length this was preparing in spite of all opposition, and was to serve as a model to the other, it was necessary I should cast my eyes over it, and examine the proofs, that my work might not be mutilated. It was besides printed so much by the consent of the magistrate, that it was he who, in some measure, directed the undertaking; he likewise wrote to me frequently, and once came to see me and converse on the subject upon an occasion of which I am going to speak.

Whilst Duchesne crept like a snail, Néaulme, whom he withheld, scarcely moved at all. The sheets were not regularly sent him as they were printed. He thought there was some trick in the manœuvre of Duchesne, that is of Guy who acted for him; and perceiving the terms of the agreement to be departed from, he wrote me letter after letter full of complaints; and it was less possible for me to remove the subject of them than that of those I myself had to make. His friend Guerin, who at that time came frequently to see my house, never ceased speaking to me about the work, but always with the greatest reserve. He knew and he did not know that it was printing in France, and that the magistrate had a hand in it. In expressing his concern for my embarrassment, he seemed to accuse me of imprudence without ever saying in what this consisted; he incessantly equivocated, and seemed to speak for no other purpose than to hear what I had to say. I thought myself so secure that I laughed at his mystery and circumspection as at a habit he had contracted with ministers and magistrates whose offices he much frequented. Certain of having conformed to every rule with the work, and strongly persuaded that I had not only the consent and protection of the magistrate, but that the book merited and had obtained the favour of the minister, I congratulated myself upon my courage in doing good, and laughed at my pusillanimous friends who seemed uneasy on my account. Duclos was one of these, and

I confess my confidence in his understanding and uprightness might have alarmed me, had I had less in the utility of the work, and in the probity of those by whom it was patronised. He came from the house of M. Baille to see me whilst Emilius was in the press; he spoke to me concerning it: I read to him the Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar, to which he listened attentively, and, as it seemed to me, with pleasure. When I had finished, he said: "What! citizen, this is a part of a work now printing at Paris?" "Yes," answered I, "and it ought to be printed at the Louvre by order of the king." "I confess it," replied he, "but pray do not mention to any body your having read to me this fragment."

This striking manner of expressing himself surprised without alarming me. I knew Duclos was intimate with M. de M——s, and I could not conceive how it was possible he should think so differently from him upon the same subject.

I had lived at Montmorenci for the four last years without ever having had there one day of good health. Although the air is excellent, the water is bad, and this may possibly be one of the causes which contributed to increase my habitual complaints. Towards the end of the autumn of 1761, I fell quite ill, and passed the whole winter in suffering almost without intermission. The physical ill augmented by a thousand inquietudes, rendered these terrible. For some time past my mind had been disturb-

ed by melancholy forebodings without my knowing to what these directly tended. I received anonymous letters of an extraordinary nature, and others, that were signed, much of the same import. I received one from a counsellor of the parliament of Paris, who, dissatisfied with the present constitution of things, and foreseeing nothing but disagreeable events, consulted me upon the choice of an asylum at Geneva, or in Switzerland, to retire to with his family. Another was brought me from M. de —, *President à mortier* of the parliament of —, who proposed to me to draw up for this parliament, which was then at variance with the court, memoirs and remonstrances, and offering to furnish me with all the documents and materials necessary to that purpose.

When I suffer I am subject to ill humour. This was the case when I received these letters, and my answers to them, in which I flatly refused every thing that was asked of me, bore strong marks of the effect they had had upon my mind. I do not however reproach myself with this refusal, as the letters might be so many snares laid by my enemies*, and what was required of me was contrary to the principles from which I was less willing than ever to swerve. But having it in my power to refuse with politeness, I did it with brutality, and in this consists my error.

The two letters, of which I have just spoken,

* I knew for instance the President de ——— to be connected with the *Encyclopedists* and the H———s.

will be found amongst my papers. The letter from the chancellor did not absolutely surprise me, because I agreed with him in opinion, and with many others, that the declining constitution of France threatened an approaching destruction. The disasters of an unsuccessful war, all of which proceeded from a fault in the government; the incredible confusion in the finances; the perpetual drawings upon the treasury by the administration, which was then divided between two or three ministers, amongst whom reigned nothing but discord, and who, to counteract the operations of each other, let the kingdom go to ruin; the discontent of the people, and of every other rank of subjects; the obstinacy of a woman who, constantly sacrificing her judgment, if she indeed possessed any, to her inclinations, kept from public employments persons capable of discharging the duties of them, to place in them such as pleased her best; every thing concurred in justifying the foresight of the counsellor, that of the public, and my own. This made me several times consider whether or not I myself should seek an asylum out of the kingdom before it was torn by the dissensions by which it seemed to be threatened; but relieved from my fears by my insignificance, and the peacefulness of my disposition, I thought, that in the state of solitude in which I was determined to live, no public commotion could reach me. I was sorry only that, in this state of things, M. de Luxembourg should accept commissions which tended

to injure him in the opinion of the persons of the place of which he was governor. I could have wished he had prepared himself there a retreat, in case the great machine had fallen in pieces, which seemed much to be apprehended; and it still appears to me beyond a doubt, that if the reins of government had not fallen into a single hand, the French monarchy would now be at the last gasp. *Prohibition*

Whilst my situation became worse, the printing of *Emilius* went on more slowly, and was at length suspended without my being able to learn the reason why; Guy did not deign to answer my letter of inquiry, and I could obtain no information from any person of what was going forward, M. de M——s being then in the country. A misfortune never makes me uneasy provided I know in what it consists; but it is my nature to be afraid of darkness, I tremble at the appearance of it: mystery always gives me inquietude, it is too opposite to my natural disposition in which there is an openness bordering on imprudence. The sight of the most hideous monster would, I am of opinion, alarm me but little; but if by night I saw a figure in a white sheet I should be afraid of it. My imagination, wrought upon by this long silence, was now employed in creating phantoms. I tormented myself the more in endeavouring to discover the impediment to the printing of my last and best production, as I had the publication of it much at heart; and, as I always carried every thing to

an extreme, I imagined that I perceived in the suspension the suppression of the work. Yet being unable to discover either the cause or manner of it, I remained in the most cruel state of suspense. I wrote letter after letter to Guy, to M. de M——s, and to Madame de Luxembourg, and not receiving answers, at least when I expected them, my head became so affected that I was not far from a delirium. I unfortunately heard that father Griffet, a Jesuit, had spoken of Emilius, and repeated from it some passages. My imagination instantly unveiled to me the mystery of iniquity; I saw the whole progress of it as clearly as if it had been revealed to me. I figured to myself that the Jesuits, furious on account of the contemptible manner in which I had spoken of colleges, were in possession of my work; that it was they who delayed the publication; that, informed by their friend Guerin of my situation, and foreseeing my approaching dissolution, of which I myself had no manner of doubt, they wished to delay the appearance of the work until after that event, with an intention to curtail and mutilate it, and, in favour of their own views, to attribute to me sentiments not my own. The number of facts and circumstances which occurred to my mind, in confirmation of this silly supposition, and gave it an appearance of truth supported by evidence and demonstration, is astonishing. I knew Guerin to be entirely in the interest of the Jesuits. I attributed to them all the friendly advances he had made

me ; I was persuaded he had, by their entreaties, pressed me to engage with Néaulme, who had given them the first sheets of my work ; that they had afterwards found means to stop the printing of it by Duchesne, and perhaps to get possession of the manuscript to make such alterations in it as they should think proper, that after my death they might publish it disguised in their own manner. I had always perceived, notwithstanding the wheedling of father B——r, that the Jesuits did not like me, not only as an Encyclopedist, but because all my principles were more in opposition to their maxims and influence than the incredulity of my colleagues, since atheistical and devout fanaticism, approaching each other by their common enmity to toleration, may become united ; a proof of which is seen in China, and in the cabal against myself ; whereas religion, both reasonable and moral, taking away all power over the conscience, deprives those who assume that power of every resource. I knew the chancellor was a great friend to the Jesuits, and I had my fears lest the son, intimidated by the father, should find himself under the necessity of abandoning the work he had protected. I besides imagined that I perceived this to be the case in the chicanery employed against me relative to the two first volumes, in which alterations were required for reasons of which I could not feel the force ; whilst the two other volumes were known to contain things of such a nature as, had the censor objected to them in

the manner he did, to the passages he thought exceptionable in the others, would have required their being entirely written over again. I also understood, and M. de M——s himself told me of it, that the Abbé de Grave, whom he had charged with the inspection of this edition, was another partisan of the Jesuits. I saw nothing but Jesuits, without considering that, upon the point of being suppressed, and wholly taken up in making their defence, they had something which interested them much more than the cavillings relative to a work in which they were not in question. I am wrong, however, in saying this did not occur to me ; for I really thought of it, and M. de M——s took care to make the observation to me the moment he heard of my extravagant suspicions. But by another of those absurdities of a man who, from the bosom of obscurity, will absolutely judge of the secret of great affairs, with which he is totally unacquainted, I never could bring myself to believe the Jesuits were in danger, and I considered the rumour of their suppression as an artful manoeuvre of their own to deceive their adversaries. Their past successes, which had been uninterrupted, gave me so terrible an idea of their power, that I already was grieved at the overthrow of the parliament. I knew M. de Choiseul had prosecuted his studies under the Jesuits, that Madame de Pompadour was not upon bad terms with them, and that their league with favourites and ministers had constantly appeared ad-

vantageous to their order against their common enemies. The court seemed to remain neuter, and, persuaded as I was that should the society receive a severe check it would not come from the parliament, I saw in the inaction of government the ground of their confidence and the omen of their triumph.

In fine, perceiving in the rumours of the day nothing more than art and dissimulation on their part, and thinking they, in their state of security, had time to watch over all their interests, I had not the least doubt of their shortly crushing Jansenism, the parliament, and the Encyclopedists, with every other association which should not submit to their yoke; and that if they ever suffered my work to appear, this would not happen until it should be so transformed as to favour their pretensions, and thus make use of my name the better to deceive my readers.

I felt my health and strength decline; and such was the horror with which my mind was filled, at the idea of dishonour to my memory in the work most worthy of myself, that I am surprised so many extravagant ideas did not occasion a speedy end to my existence. I never was so much afraid of death as at this time, and had I died with the apprehensions I then had upon my mind, I should have died in despair. At present, although I perceive no obstacle to the execution of the blackest and most dreadful conspiracy ever formed against the memory of a man, I shall die much more

in peace, certain of leaving in my writings a testimony in my favour, and which sooner or later will triumph over the calumnies of mankind.

M. de M——s, who discovered the agitation of my mind, and to whom I acknowledged it, used such endeavours to restore me to tranquillity as proved his excessive goodness of heart. Madame de Luxembourg aided him in this good work, and several times went to Duchesne to know in what state the edition was. At length the impression was again begun, and the progress of it became more rapid than ever, without my knowing for what reason it had been suspended. M. de M——s took the trouble to come to Montmorenci to calm my mind; in this he succeeded, and the full confidence I had in his uprightness having overcome the derangement of my poor head, gave efficacy to the endeavours he made to restore it. After what he had seen of my anguish and delirium, it was natural he should think I was to be pitied; and he really commiserated my situation. The expressions, incessantly repeated, of the philosophical cabal by which he was surrounded, occurred to his memory. When I went to live at the Hermitage, they, as I have already remarked, said I should not remain there long. When they saw I persevered, they charged me with obstinacy and pride, proceeding from a want of courage to retract, and insisted that my life was there a burden to me; in short, that

I was very wretched. M. de M——s believed this really to be the case, and wrote to me upon the subject. This error in a man for whom I had so much esteem gave me some pain, and I wrote to him four letters successively, in which I stated the real motives of my conduct, and made him fully acquainted with my taste, inclination, and character, and with the most interior sentiments of my heart. These letters, written hastily, almost without taking pen from paper, and which I neither copied, corrected, nor even read, are perhaps the only things I ever wrote with facility, which in the midst of my sufferings, was, I think, astonishing. I sighed, as I felt myself declining, at the thought of leaving in the minds of honest men an opinion of me so far from truth; and by the sketch hastily given in my four letters, I endeavoured, in some measure, to substitute them to the memoirs I had proposed to write. They are expressive of my grief to M. de M——s, who showed them in Paris, and are, besides, a kind of summary of what I here give in detail, and, on this account, merit preservation. The copy I begged of them some years afterward, will be found amongst my papers.

The only thing which continued to give me pain, in the idea of my approaching dissolution, was my not having a man of letters for a friend, to whom I could confide my papers, that after my death he might make a proper choice of such as were worthy of publication.

After my journey to Geneva, I conceived a friendship for M——u; this young man pleased me, and I could have wished him to receive my last breath. I expressed to him this desire, and am of opinion he would readily have complied with it, had not his affairs prevented him from so doing. Deprived of this consolation, I still wished to give him a mark of my confidence by sending him the Profession of Faith of the Savoyard Vicar before it was published. He was pleased with the work, but did not in his answer seem so fully to expect from it the effect of which I had but little doubt. He wished to receive from me some fragment which I had not given to any body else. I sent him the funeral oration of the late Duke of Orleans; this I had written for the Abbé Darty, who had not pronounced it, because, contrary to his expectation, another person was appointed to perform that ceremony.

The printing of *Emilius*, after having been again taken in hand, was continued and completed without much difficulty; and I remarked this singularity, that after the curtailings, so much insisted upon in the two first volumes, the two last were passed over without an objection, and their contents did not delay the publication for a moment. I had, however, some uneasiness which I must not pass over in silence. After having been afraid of the Jesuits, I began to fear the Jansenists and philosophers. An enemy to party, faction, and cabal, I never heard the least good of persons

concerned in them. The gossips had quitted their old abode, and taken up their residence by the side of me, so that in their chamber, every thing said in mine, and upon the terrace, was distinctly heard; and from their garden it would have been easy to scale the low wall by which it was separated from my alcove. This was become my study; my table was covered with proof-sheets of *Emilius* and the *Social Contract*, and stitching these sheets as they were sent to me, I had all my volumes a long time before they were published. My negligence and the confidence I had in M. Mathas, in whose garden I was shut up, frequently made me forget to lock the door at night, and in the morning I several times found it wide open: this, however, would not have given me the least inquietude had not I thought my papers seemed to have been deranged. After having several times made the same remark, I became more careful, and locked the door. The lock was a bad one, and the key turned in it no more than half round. As I became more attentive, I found my papers in a much greater confusion than they were when I left every thing open. At length I missed one of my volumes without knowing what was become of it until the morning of the third day, when I again found it upon the table. I never suspected either M. Mathas or his nephew M. du Moulin, knowing myself to be beloved by both, and my confidence in them was unbounded. That I had in the gossips began to dimi-

nish. Although they were Jansenists, I knew them to have some connection with D'Alembert, and moreover they all three lodged in the same house. This gave me some uneasiness, and put me more upon my guard. I removed my papers from the alcove to my chamber, and dropped my acquaintance with these people, having learned they had shown in several houses the first volume of *Emilius*, which I had been imprudent enough to lend them. Although they continued until my departure to be my neighbours, I never, after my first suspicions, had the least communication with them. The *Social Contract* appeared a month or two before *Emilius*. Rey, whom I had desired never secretly to introduce into France any of my books, applied to the magistrate for leave to send this book by Rouen, to which place he sent his package by sea. He received no answer, and his bales, after remaining at Rouen several months, were returned to him, but not until an attempt had been made to confiscate them; this, probably would have been done had not he made a great clamour. Several persons, whose curiosity the work had excited, sent to Amsterdam for copies, which were circulated without being much noticed. Maulion, who had heard of this, and had, I believe, seen the work, spoke to me on the subject with an air of mystery which surprised me, and would likewise have made me uneasy, if, certain of having conformed to every rule, I had not by virtue of my grand

maxim, kept my mind calm. I moreover had no doubt but M. de Choiseul, already well disposed towards me, and sensible of the eulogium of his administration which my esteem for him had induced me to make in the work, would support me against the malevolence of Madame de Pompadour.

I certainly had then as much reason as ever to hope for the goodness of M. de Luxembourg, and even for his assistance in case of need: for he never at any time had given me more frequent or more pointed marks of his friendship. At the journey of Easter, my melancholy state no longer permitting me to go to the Castle, he never suffered a day to pass without coming to see me, and, at length, perceiving my sufferings to be incessant, he prevailed upon me to determine to see Friar Come. He immediately sent for him, came with him, and had the courage, uncommon in a man of his rank, to remain with me during the operation, which was cruel and tedious. Upon the first examination, Come thought he found a great stone, and told me so; at the second, he could not find it again. After having made a third attempt with so much care and circumspection that I thought the time long, he declared there was no stone, but that the prostate gland was schirrous and considerably thickened. He besides added, that I had a great deal to suffer, and should live a long time. Should the second prediction be as fully accomplished as the first, my sufferings are far from being at an end.

It was thus I learned, after having been so many years treated for disorders which I never had, that my incurable disease, without being mortal, would last as long as myself. My imagination, repressed by this information, no longer presented to me in perspective a cruel death in the agonies of the stone.

Delivered from imaginary evils, more cruel to me than those which were real, I more patiently suffered the latter. It is certain I have since suffered less from my disorder than I had done before, and every time I recollect that I owe this alleviation to M. de Luxembourg, his memory becomes more dear to me.

Restored, as I may say, to life, and more than ever occupied with the plan according to which I was determined to pass the rest of my days, all the obstacle to the immediate execution of my design was the publication of Emilius. I thought of Touraine, where I had already been, and which pleased me much, as well on account of the mildness of the climate, as on that of the character of the inhabitants.

*La terra molle lieta e diletta
Simile a se l'habitator produce.*

I had already spoken of my project to M. de Luxembourg, who endeavoured to dissuade me from it; I mentioned it to him a second time as a thing resolved upon. He then offered me the Castle of Merlou, fifteen leagues from Paris, as an asylum which might be

agreeable to me, and where he and Madame de Luxembourg would have a real pleasure in seeing me settled. The proposition made a pleasing impression on my mind. But the first thing necessary was to see the place, and we agreed upon a day when the Marechal was to send his valet de chambre with a carriage to take me to it. On the day appointed, I was much indisposed; the journey was postponed, and different circumstances prevented me from ever making it. I have since learned the estate of Merlou did not belong to the Marechal but to his lady, on which account I was the less sorry I had not gone to live there.

Emilius was at length given to the public, without my having heard farther of retrenchments or difficulties. Previous to the publication, the Mareschal asked me for all the letters M. de M——s had written to me on the subject of the work. My great confidence in both, and the perfect security in which I felt myself, prevented me from reflecting upon this extraordinary and even alarming request. I returned all the letters, excepting one or two which, from inattention, were left between the leaves of a book. A little time before this, M. de M——s told me he should withdraw the letters I had written to Duchesne during my alarm relative to the Jesuits; and it must be confessed, these letters did no great honour to my reason. But in my answer I assured him I would not in any thing pass for being better than I was, and that he might leave the let-

ters where they were. I know not what he resolved upon.

The publication of this work was not succeeded by the applause which had followed that of all my other writings. No work was ever more highly spoken of in private, nor had any literary production ever had less public approbation. What was said and written to me upon the subject by persons most capable of judging, confirmed me in my opinion that it was the best, as well as the most important of all the works I had produced. But every thing favourable was said with an air of the most extraordinary mystery, as if there had been a necessity of keeping it a secret. Madame de Boufflers, who wrote to me that the author of the work merited a statue, and the homage of mankind, at the end of her letter desired it might be returned to her. D'Alembert, who in his note said the work gave me a decided superiority, and ought to place me at the head of men of letters, did not sign what he wrote, although he had signed every note I had before received from him. Duclos, a sure friend, a man of veracity, but circumspect, although he had a good opinion of the work, avoided mentioning it in his letters to me. La Condamine fell upon the Profession of Faith, and wandered from the subject. Clairaut confined himself to the same part; but he was not afraid of expressing to me the emotion which the reading of it had caused in him, and in the most direct terms wrote to me that it had warmed his old imagination; of all those to whom I had

sent my book, he was the only person who spoke freely what he thought of it.

Mathas, to whom also I had given a copy before the publication, lent it to M. de Blaire, counsellor in the parliament of Strasbourgh. M. de Blaire had a country-house at St. Gratien, and Mathas, his old acquaintance, sometimes went to see him there. He made him read *Emilius* before it was published. When he returned it to him, M. de Blaire expressed himself in the following terms, which were repeated to me the same day. "M. Mathas, this is a very fine work, but it will in a short time be spoken of more than, for the author, might be wished." I laughed at the prediction, and saw in it nothing more than the importance of a man of the robe, who treats every thing with an air of mystery. All the alarming observations repeated to me made no impression upon my mind, and, far from foreseeing the catastrophe so near at hand, certain of the utility and excellence of my work, and that I had in every respect conformed to established rules; convinced, as I thought I was, that I should be supported by all the credit of M. de Luxembourg, and the favour of the ministry, I was satisfied with myself for the resolution I had taken to retire in the midst of my triumphs, and at my return to crush those by whom I was envied.

One thing in the publication of the work alarmed me, less on account of my safety than for the unburdening of my mind. At the

Hermitage, and at Montmorenci I had seen with indignation, the vexations which the jealous care of the pleasures of princes causes to be exercised upon wretched peasants, forced to suffer the havock made by game in their fields, without daring to take any other measure to prevent this devastation than that of making a noise, passing the night amongst their beans and pease, with drums, kettles, and bells, to keep off the wild boars. As I had been a witness to the barbarous cruelty with which the Comte de C——s treated these poor people, I had towards the end of Emilius exclaimed against it. This was another infraction of my maxims, which has not remained unpunished. I was informed that the people of the prince of Conti were but little less severe upon his estates; I trembled lest that prince, for whom I was penetrated with respect and gratitude, should take to his own account what shocked humanity had made me say on that of others, and feel himself offended. Yet, as my conscience fully acquitted me upon this article, I made myself easy, and by so doing, acted wisely: at least I have not heard this great prince took notice of the passage, which besides, was written long before I had the honour of being known to him.

A few days either before or after the publication of my work, for I do not exactly recollect the time, there appeared another work upon the same subject, taken verbatim from my first volume, except a few stupid things

which were joined to the extract. The book bore the name of a Genevese, one Balexsert, and according to the title page, had gained the premium in the academy of Harlem. I easily imagined the academy and the premium to be newly founded, the better to conceal the plagiarism from the eyes of the public; but I farther perceived there was some prior intrigue which I could not unravel; either by the lending of my manuscript, without which the theft could not have been committed, or for the purpose of forging the story of the pretended premium, to which it was necessary to give some foundation. It was not until several years afterwards, that by a word which escaped d'Ivernois, I penetrated the mystery, and discovered those by whom Balexsert had been brought forward.

The low murmurings which precede a storm began to be heard, and men of penetration clearly saw there was something gathering, relative to me and my book, which would shortly break over my head. For my part, my stupidity was such, that, far from foreseeing my misfortune, I did not suspect even the cause of it after I had felt its effect. It was artfully given out that, while the Jesuits were treated with severity, no indulgence could be shown to books nor the authors of them in which religion was attacked. I was reproached with having put my name to *Emilius*, as if I had not put it to all my other works, of which nothing was said. Government seemed to fear it should be obliged

to take some steps which circumstances rendered necessary on account of my imprudence. Rumours to this effect reached my ears, but gave me not much uneasiness; it never even came into my head, that there could be the least thing in the whole affair which related to me personally, so perfectly irreproachable and well supported did I think myself; having besides conformed to every ministerial regulation, I did not apprehend Madame de Luxembourg would leave me in difficulties for an error, which, if it existed, proceeded entirely from herself. But knowing the manner of proceeding in like cases, and that it was customary to punish booksellers while authors were favoured, I had some uneasiness on the account of poor Duchesne, whom I saw exposed to danger, should M. de M——s abandon him.

My tranquillity still continued. Rumours increased and soon changed their nature. The public, and especially the parliament, seemed irritated by my composure. In a few days the fermentation became terrible, and the object of the menaces being changed, these were immediately addressed to me. The parliamentarians were heard to declare that burning books was of no effect, the authors also should be burned with them: not a word was said of the booksellers. The first time these expressions, more worthy of an inquisitor of Goa than of a senator, were related to me, I had no doubt of their coming from the *Holbachiques* with an intention to alarm me, and drive me from

France. I laughed at their puerile manœuvre, and said they would, had they known the real state of things, have thought of some other means of inspiring me with fear; but the rumour at length became such that I perceived the matter was serious. M. and Madame de Luxembourg had this year come to Montmorenci in the month of June, which, for their second journey, was more early than common. I heard but little there of my new books, notwithstanding the noise they made at Paris; neither the Marechal nor his lady said a single word to me on the subject. However one morning when M. de Luxembourg and I were together, he asked me if, in the Social Contract, I had spoken ill of M. de Choiseul. I! said I, retreating a few steps with surprise; no, I swear to you I have not; but on the contrary I have made on him, and with a pen not given to praise, the finest eulogium a minister ever received; I then showed him the passage. And in Emilius? replied he. Not a word, said I: there is not in it a single word which relates to him. Ah! said he, with more vivacity than was common to him, you should have taken the same care in the other book, or have expressed yourself more clearly! I thought, replied I, what I wrote could not be misconstrued; my esteem for him was such as to make me extremely cautious not to be equivocal.

He was again going to speak; I perceived him ready to open his mind: he stopt short, and held his tongue. Wretched policy of a cour-

tier, which, in the best of hearts, subjugates friendship itself!

This conversation, although short, explained to me my situation, at least in certain respects, and gave me to understand that it was against myself the anger of administration was raised. The unheard of fatality, which turned to my prejudice all the good I did and wrote, afflicted my heart. Yet, feeling myself shielded in this affair by Madame de Luxembourg and M. de M——s, I did not perceive in what my persecutors could deprive me of their protection. However I, from that moment, was convinced equity and justice were no longer in question, and that no pains would be spared in examining whether or not I was culpable. The storm became still more menacing. Nèaulme himself expressed to me, in the excess of his babbling, how much he repented having had any thing to do in the business, and his certainty of the fate with which the book and the author were threatened. One thing, however, alleviated my fears: Madame de Luxembourg was so calm, satisfied, and cheerful, that I concluded she must necessarily be certain of the sufficiency of her credit, especially as she did not seem to have the least apprehension on my account; moreover she said not to me a word either of consolation or apology, and saw the turn the affair took with as much unconcern as if she had nothing to do with it, or any thing else that related to me. What surprised me most was her silence. I thought she should

have said something on the subject. Madame de Boufflers seemed rather uneasy. She appeared agitated, strained herself a good deal, assuring me the Prince of Conti was taking great pains to ward off the blow about to be directed against my person, and which she attributed to the nature of present circumstances, in which it was of importance to the parliament not to leave the Jesuits an opening whereby they might bring an accusation against it as being indifferent with respect to religion. She did not however seem to depend much either upon the success of her own efforts, or even those of the prince. Her conversations, more alarming than consolatory, all tended to persuade me to leave the kingdom and go to England, where she offered me an introduction to many of her friends, amongst others one to the celebrated Hume with whom she had long been upon a footing of intimate friendship. Seeing me still unshaken, she had recourse to other arguments more capable of disturbing my tranquillity. She intimated that, in case I was arrested and interrogated, I should be under the necessity of naming Madame de Luxembourg, and that her friendship for me required, on my part, such precautions as were necessary to prevent her being exposed. My answer was, that should what she seemed to apprehend come to pass, she need not be alarmed; that I should do nothing by which the lady she mentioned might become a sufferer. She said such a resolution was more easily taken than

adhered to; and in this she was right, especially with respect to me, determined as I always have been neither to prejudice myself nor lie before judges, whatever danger there might be in speaking the truth.

Perceiving this observation had made some impression upon my mind, without however inducing me to resolve upon evasion, she spoke of the Bastille for a few weeks, as a means of placing me beyond the reach of the jurisdiction of the parliament, which has nothing to do with prisoners of state. I had no objection to this singular favour, provided it were not solicited in my name. As she never spoke of it a second time, I afterwards thought her proposition was made to sound me, and that the party did not think proper to have recourse to an expedient which put an end to every thing.

A few days afterwards the Marechal received from the Curé de Deuil, the friend of Grimm and Madame D'y, a letter informing him, as from good authority, the parliament was to proceed against me with the greatest severity, and that on such a day, which he mentioned, an order was to be given to arrest me. I imagined this was fabricated by the *Holbachiques*; I knew the parliament to be very attentive to forms, and that, on this occasion, beginning by arresting me, before it was juridically known I avowed myself the author of the book, was violating them all. I observed to Madame de B——s that none but persons accused of crimes

which tend to endanger the public safety were, on a simple information, ordered to be arrested lest they should escape punishment. But when government wish to punish a crime like mine, which merits honour and recompense, the proceedings are directed against the book, and the author is as much as possible left out of the question.

Upon this she made some subtile distinction, which I have forgotten, to prove that ordering me to be arrested, instead of summoning me to be heard, was a matter of favour. The next day I received a letter from Guy, who informed me that, having in the morning been with the attorney-general, he had seen in his office the rough draft of a requisition against Emilius and the author. Guy, it is to be remembered, was the partner of Duchesne, who had printed the work, and, without apprehensions on his own account, charitably gave this information to the author. The credit I gave to him may be judged of.

It was, no doubt, a very probable story, that a bookseller, admitted to an audience by the attorney-general, should read at ease scattered rough drafts in the office of that magistrate! Madame de Boufflers and others confirmed what he had said. By the absurdities which were incessantly rung in my ears, I was almost tempted to believe every body I heard speak had lost their senses.

Clearly perceiving there was some mystery, which not one thought proper to explain to

me, I patiently waited the event, depending upon my integrity and innocence, and thinking myself happy, let the persecution which awaited me be what it would, to be called to the honour of suffering in the cause of truth. Far from being afraid and concealing myself, I went every day to the castle, and in the afternoon took my usual walk. On the eighth of June, the evening before the order was concluded on, I walked in company with two professors of the oratory, Father Alamanni and Father Mandard. We carried to Champeaux a little collation, which we ate with a keen appetite. We had forgotten to bring glasses, and supplied the want of them by stalks of rye, through which we sucked up the wine from the bottle, piquing ourselves upon the choice of large tubes to vie with each other in pumping up what we drank. I never was more cheerful in my life.

I have related in what manner I lost my sleep during my youth. I had since that time contracted a habit of reading every night in my bed, until I found my eyes begin to grow heavy. I then extinguished my wax taper and endeavoured to slumber for a few moments, which were in general very short. The book I commonly read at night was the Bible, which, in this manner, I read five or six times from the beginning to the end. This evening, finding myself less disposed to sleep than ordinary, I continued my reading beyond the usual hour, and read the whole book, which finishes

at the Levite of Ephraim, the book of Judges, if I mistake not, for since that time I have never once seen it. This history affected me exceedingly, and, in a kind of dream, my imagination still ran on it, when suddenly I was roused from my stupor by a noise and light. Thérèse, carrying a candle, lighted M. la Roche, who perceiving me hastily raise myself up, said, Do not be alarmed; I come from Madame de Luxembourg, who, in her letter, encloses you another from the Prince of Conti. In fact, in the letter of Madame de Luxembourg I found another, which an express from the prince had brought her, stating that, notwithstanding all his efforts, it was determined to proceed against me with the utmost rigour. The fermentation, said he, is extreme; nothing can ward off the blow; the court requires it, and the parliament will absolutely proceed; at seven o'clock in the morning an order will be made to arrest him, and persons will immediately be sent to execute it. I have obtained a promise that he shall not be pursued if he makes his escape; but if he persists in exposing himself to be taken, this will immediately happen. La Roche conjured me in behalf of Madame de Luxembourg to rise and go and speak to her. It was two o'clock, and she had just retired to bed. She expects you, added he, and will not go to sleep without speaking to you. I dressed myself in haste and ran to her.

She appeared to be agitated; this was for the first time. Her distress affected me. In

this moment of surprise, and in the night, I myself was not free from emotion; but on seeing her I forgot my own situation, and thought of nothing but the melancholy part she would have to act should I suffer myself to be arrested; for feeling I had sufficient courage strictly to adhere to truth, although I might be certain of its being prejudicial or even destructive to me, I was convinced I had not presence of mind, address, nor perhaps firmness enough, not to expose her should I be closely pressed. This determined me to sacrifice my reputation to her tranquillity, and to do for her that which nothing could have prevailed upon me to do for myself. The moment I had come to this resolution, I declared it, wishing not to diminish the magnitude of the sacrifice by giving her the least trouble to obtain it. I am sure she could not mistake my motive, although she said not a word, which proved to me she was sensible of it. I was so much shocked at her indifference, that I, for a moment, thought of retracting; but the Marechal came in, and Madame de Boufflers arrived from Paris a few moments afterwards. They did what Madame de Luxembourg ought to have done. I suffered myself to be flattered; I was ashamed to retract; and the only thing that remained to be determined upon, was the place of my retreat and the time of my departure. M. de Luxembourg proposed to me to remain incognito a few days at the castle, that we might deliberate at leisure, and take such

measures as should seem most proper; to this I would not consent, no more than to go secretly to the temple. I was determined to set off the same day rather than remain concealed in any place whatever.

Knowing I had secret and powerful enemies in the kingdom, I thought, notwithstanding my attachment to France, I ought to quit it, the better to insure my future tranquillity. My first intention was to retire to Geneva; but a moment of reflection was sufficient to dissuade me from committing that act of folly; I knew the ministry of France, more powerful at Geneva than at Paris, would not leave me more at peace in one of these cities than in the other, were a resolution taken to torment me. I was also convinced the discourse upon Inequality had excited against me in the council a hatred the more dangerous as the council dared not make it manifest. I had also learned, that when the *New Eloisa* appeared, the same council had immediately forbidden the sale of that work, upon the solicitation of doctor Tronchin; but perceiving the example not to be imitated, not even in Paris, the members were ashamed of what they had done, and withdrew the prohibition.

I had no doubt but, finding in the present case a more favourable opportunity, they would be very careful to take advantage of it. Notwithstanding exterior appearances, I knew there reigned against me in the heart of every Genevese, a secret jealousy, which, in the first

favourable moment, would publicly show itself. Nevertheless, the love of my country called me to it, and could I have flattered myself I should there have lived in peace, I should not have hesitated; but neither honour nor reason permitting me to take refuge as a fugitive in a place of which I was a citizen, I resolved to approach it only, and to wait in Switzerland until something relative to me should be determined upon in Geneva. This state of uncertainty did not, as it will soon appear, continue long.

Madame de Boufflers highly disapproved this resolution, and renewed her efforts to induce me to go to England, but all she could say was of no effect; I have never loved England nor the English, and the eloquence of Madame de Boufflers, far from conquering my repugnancy, seemed to increase it, without my knowing why. Determined to set off the same day, I was from the morning inaccessible to every body, and La Roche, whom I sent to fetch my papers, would not tell Thérèse whether or not I was gone. Since I had determined to write my own memoirs, I had collected a great number of letters and other papers, so that he was obliged to return several times. A part of these papers, already selected, were laid aside, and I employed the morning in sorting the rest, that I might take with me such only as were necessary and destroy what remained. M. de Luxembourg was kind enough to assist me in this business, which we

could not finish before it was necessary I should set off, and I had not time to burn a single paper. The Marechal offered to take upon himself to sort what I should leave behind me, and throw into the fire every sheet that he found useless, without trusting to any person whomsoever, and to send me those of which he should make choice. I accepted his offer, very glad to be delivered from that care, that I might pass the few hours I had to remain with persons so dear to me, from whom I was going to separate for ever. He took the key of the chamber in which I left these papers; and, at my earnest solicitation, sent for my poor aunt, who, not knowing what was become of me, or what was to become of herself, and in momentary expectation of the arrival of the officers of justice, without knowing how to act or what to answer them, was miserable to an extreme. La Roche accompanied her to the castle in silence; she thought I was already far from Montmorenci: on perceiving me, she made the place resound with her cries, and threw herself into my arms. Oh, friendship! affinity of sentiment, habit, and intimacy!

In this pleasing, yet cruel moment, the remembrance of so many days of happiness, tenderness, and peace passed together, augmented the grief of a first separation after an union of seventeen years, during which we had scarcely lost sight of each other for a single day.

The Marechal, who saw this embrace, could not withhold his tears. He withdrew. Thérèse

determined never more to leave me out of her sight. I made her feel the inconvenience of accompanying me at that moment, and the necessity of her remaining to take care of my effects and collect my money. When an order is made to arrest a man, it is customary to seize his papers, and put a seal upon his effects, or to make an inventory of them, and appoint a guardian to whose care they are entrusted. It was necessary Thérèse should remain to observe what passed, and get every thing settled in the most advantageous manner possible. I promised her she should shortly come to me; the Marechal confirmed my promise; but I did not choose to tell her to what place I was going, that, in case of being interrogated by the persons who came to take me into custody, she might with truth plead ignorance upon that head. In embracing her, the moment before we separated, I felt within me a most extraordinary emotion, and I said to her, with an agitation which, alas! was but too prophetic: "My dear girl, you must arm yourself with courage. You have partaken of my prosperity; it now remains to you, since you have chosen it, to partake of my misery. Expect nothing in future but insult and calamity in following me. The destiny begun for me by this melancholy day will pursue me until my latest hour."

I had now nothing to think of but my departure. The officers were to arrive at ten o'clock. It was four in the afternoon when I set off, and they were not yet come. It was

determined I should take post. I had no carriage. The Marechal made me a present of a cabriolet, and lent me horses and a postillion, the first stage, where, in consequence of the measures he had taken, I had no difficulty in procuring others.

As I had not dined at table, nor made my appearance in the castle, the ladies came to bid me adieu in the entresol, where I had passed the day. Madame de Luxembourg embraced me several times with a melancholy air; but I did not in these embraces feel the pressing I had done in those she had lavished upon me two or three years before. Madame de Boufflers also embraced me, and said to me many civil things. An embrace which surprised me more than all the rest had done, was one from Madame de Mirepoix, for she also was at the castle. Madame la Marechale de Mirepoix is a person extremely cold, decent, and reserved, and did not, at least as she appeared to me, seem quite exempt from the natural haughtiness of the house of Lorraine. She had never shown me much attention. Whether, flattered by an honour I had not expected, I endeavoured to enhance the value of it; or that there really was in the embrace a little of that commiseration natural to generous hearts, I found in her manner and look something energetical which penetrated me. I have since that time frequently thought that, acquainted with my destiny, she could not refrain from a momentary concern for my fate.

The Marechal did not open his mouth; he was as pale as death. He would absolutely accompany me to the carriage, which waited at the watering place. We crossed the garden, without uttering a single word. I had a key of the park with which I opened the gate, and, instead of putting it again into my pocket, I held it out to the Marechal, without saying a word. He took it with a vivacity which surprised me, and which has since frequently intruded itself upon my thoughts. I have not in my whole life had a more bitter moment than that of this separation. Our embrace was long and silent: we both felt this was our last adieu.

Between Barre and Montmorenci, I met, in a hired carriage, four men in black, who saluted me smiling. According to what Thérèse has since told me of the officers of justice, the hour of their arrival, and their manner of behaviour, I have no doubt that they were the persons I met, especially as the order to arrest me, instead of being made out at seven o'clock, as I had been told it would, had not been given till noon. I had to go through Paris. A person in a cabriolet is not much concealed. I saw several persons in the streets who saluted me with an air of familiarity, but I did not know one of them. The same evening I changed my route to pass Villeroy. At Lyons the couriers were conducted to the commandant. This might have been embarrassing to a man unwilling either to lie or change his

name. I went with a letter from Madame de Luxembourg, to beg M. de Villeroy would spare me this disagreeable ceremony. M. de Villeroy gave me a letter, of which I made no use, because I did not go through Lyons. This letter still remains sealed up amongst my papers. The duke pressed me to sleep at Villeroy, but I preferred returning to the great road, which I did, and travelled two more stages the same evening.

My carriage was inconvenient and uncomfortable, and I was too much indisposed to go far in a day. My appearance, besides, was not sufficiently distinguished, for me to be well served, and in France post-horses feel the whip, in proportion to the favourable opinion the postillion has of his temporary master. By paying the guides generously, I thought I should make up for my shabby appearance: this was still worse. They took me for a worthless fellow, who was carrying orders, and, for the first time in my life, travelling post. From that moment I had nothing but worn out hacks, and I became the sport of the postillions. I ended as I should have begun, by being patient, holding my tongue, and suffering myself to be driven as my conductors thought proper.

I had sufficient matter of reflection to prevent me from being weary on the road, employing myself in the recollection of that which had just happened; but this was neither my turn of mind nor the inclination of my

heart. The facility with which I forget past evils, however recent they may be, is astonishing. The remembrance of them becomes feeble, and, sooner or later, effaced, in the inverse proportion to the greater degree of fear with which the approach of them inspires me. My cruel imagination, incessantly tormented by the apprehension of evils still at a distance, diverts my attention, and prevents me from recollecting those which are past. Caution is needless after the evil has happened, and it is time lost to give it a thought. I, in some measure, put a period to my misfortunes before they happen; the more I have suffered at their approach the greater is the facility with which I forget them; whilst, on the contrary, incessantly recollecting my past happiness, I, if I may so speak, enjoy it a second time at pleasure. It is to this happy disposition I am indebted for an exemption from that ill humour which ferments in a vindictive mind, by the continual remembrance of injuries received, and torments it with all the evil it wishes to do its enemy. Naturally choleric, I have felt all the force of anger, which in the first moments has sometimes been carried to fury, but a desire of vengeance never took root within me. I think too little of the offence to give myself much trouble about the offender. I think of the injury I have received from him, on account of that he may do me a second time, but were I certain he would never do me another the first would be instantly forgotten. Pardon

of offences is continually preached to us. I knew not whether or not my heart would be capable of overcoming its hatred, for it never yet felt that passion, and I give myself too little concern about my enemies to have the merit of pardoning them. I will not say to what a degree, in order to torment me, they torment themselves. I am at their mercy, they have unbounded power, and make of it what use they please. There is but one thing in which I set them at defiance: which is in tormenting themselves about me, to force me to give myself the least trouble about them.

The day after my departure I had so perfectly forgotten what had passed, the parliament, Madame de Pompadour, M. de C——l, Grimm, and D'Alembert, with their conspiracies, that, had not it been for the necessary precautions during the journey, I should have thought no more of them. The remembrance of one thing which supplied the place of all these, was what I had read the evening before my departure. I recollected also the pastorals of Gessner, which his translator Hubert had sent me a little time before. These two ideas occurred to me so strongly, and were connected in such a manner in my mind, that I was determined to endeavour to unite them by treating, after the manner of Gessner, the subject of the Levite of Ephraim. His pastoral and simple style appeared to me but little fitted to so horrid a subject, and it was not to be presumed the situation I was then in would

furnish me with such ideas as would enliven it. However I attempted the thing, solely to amuse myself in my cabriolet, and without the least hope of success. I had no sooner begun, than I was astonished at the liveliness of my ideas, and the facility with which I expressed them. In three days I composed the three first cantos of the little poem which I finished at Motiers, and I am certain of not having done any thing in my life in which there is a more interesting mildness of manners, a greater brilliancy, more colouring, more simple delineations, greater exactness of proportion, or more antique simplicity in general, notwithstanding the horror of the subject which in itself is abominable. that besides every other merit I had still of a difficulty conquered. If the *Lev* Ephraim be not the best of my works, it may ever be that most esteemed. I have never read, nor shall I ever read it again without feeling interiorly the applause of a heart without acrimony, which, far from being embittered by misfortunes, is susceptible of consolation in the midst of them, and finds within itself a resource by which they are counterbalanced. Assemble the great philosophers, so superior in their books to adversity which they do not suffer, place them in a situation similar to mine, and, in the first moments of the indignation of their injured honour, give them a like work to compose, and it will be seen in what manner they will acquit themselves of the task.

When I set off from Montmorenci to go into

Switzerland, I had resolved to stop at Yverdon at the house of my old friend Roguin, who had several years before retired to that place, and had invited me to go and see him. I was told Lyons was not the direct road, for which reason I avoided going through it. I was obliged to pass through Besançon, a fortified town, and consequently subject to the same inconvenience. I took it into my head to turn about and go to Salins, under the pretence of going to see M. de M——n, the nephew of M. D——n, who had an employment at the salt-works, and formerly had given me invitations to his house. The expedient failed: M. de M——n was not in the way, and, consequently, not being obliged to stop, I continued my journey without being spoken to by any one.

The moment I was within the territory of Berne, I ordered the postilion to stop; I got out of my carriage, prostrated myself, kissed the ground, and exclaimed in a transport of joy: "Heaven, the protector of virtue be praised, I touch a land of liberty!" Thus, blind and unsuspecting in my hopes, have I ever been passionately attached to that which was to make me unhappy. The man thought me mad. I got into the carriage, and a few hours afterwards I had the pure and lively satisfaction of feeling myself pressed within the arms of the respectable Roguin. Ah! let me breathe for a moment with this worthy host! It is necessary I should gain strength and courage before I proceed farther. I shall soon find that in my

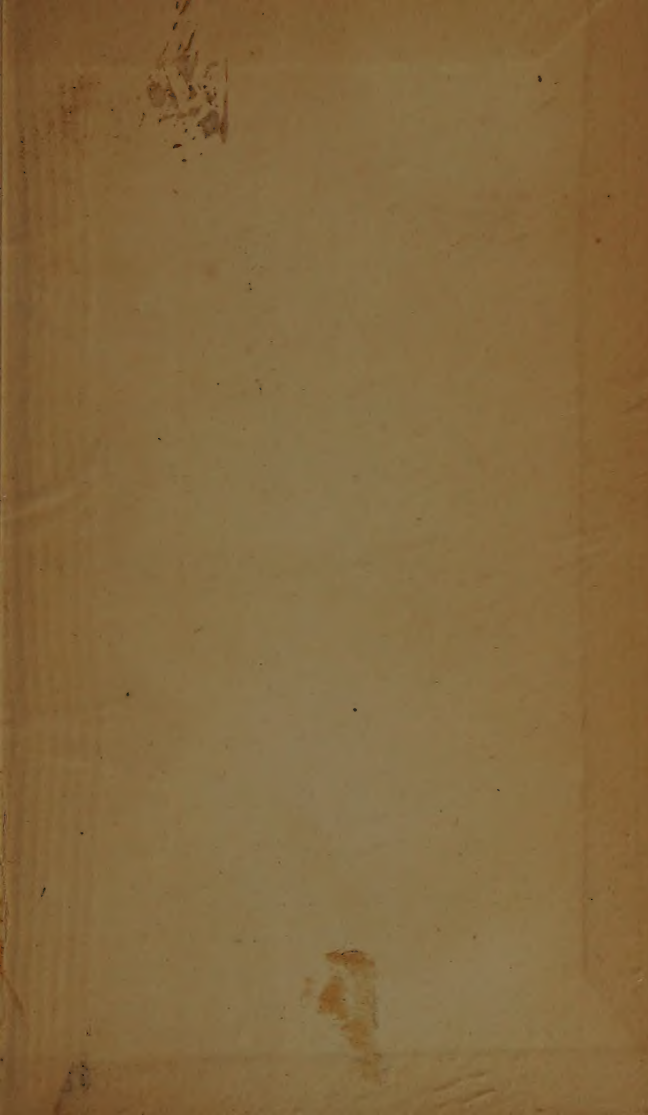
way which will give employment to them both. It is not without reason that I have been diffuse in the recital of all the circumstances I have been able to recollect. Although they may seem uninteresting, yet, when once the thread of the conspiracy is got hold of, they may throw some light upon the progress of it; and, for instance, without giving the first idea of the problem I am going to propose, afford some aid in resolving it.

Suppose, that, for the execution of the conspiracy of which I was the object, my absence was absolutely necessary, every thing tending to that effect could not have happened otherwise than it did; but if, without suffering myself to be alarmed by the nocturnal embassy of Madame de Luxembourg, I had continued to hold out, and, instead of remaining at the castle, had returned to my bed and quietly slept until morning, should I have equally had an order of arrest made out against me? This is a great question upon which the solution of many others depends, and for the examination of it, the hour of the comminatory decree of arrest, and that of the real decree may be remarked to advantage. A rude but sensible example of the importance of the least detail in the exposition of facts, of which the secret causes are sought for to discover them by induction.

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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